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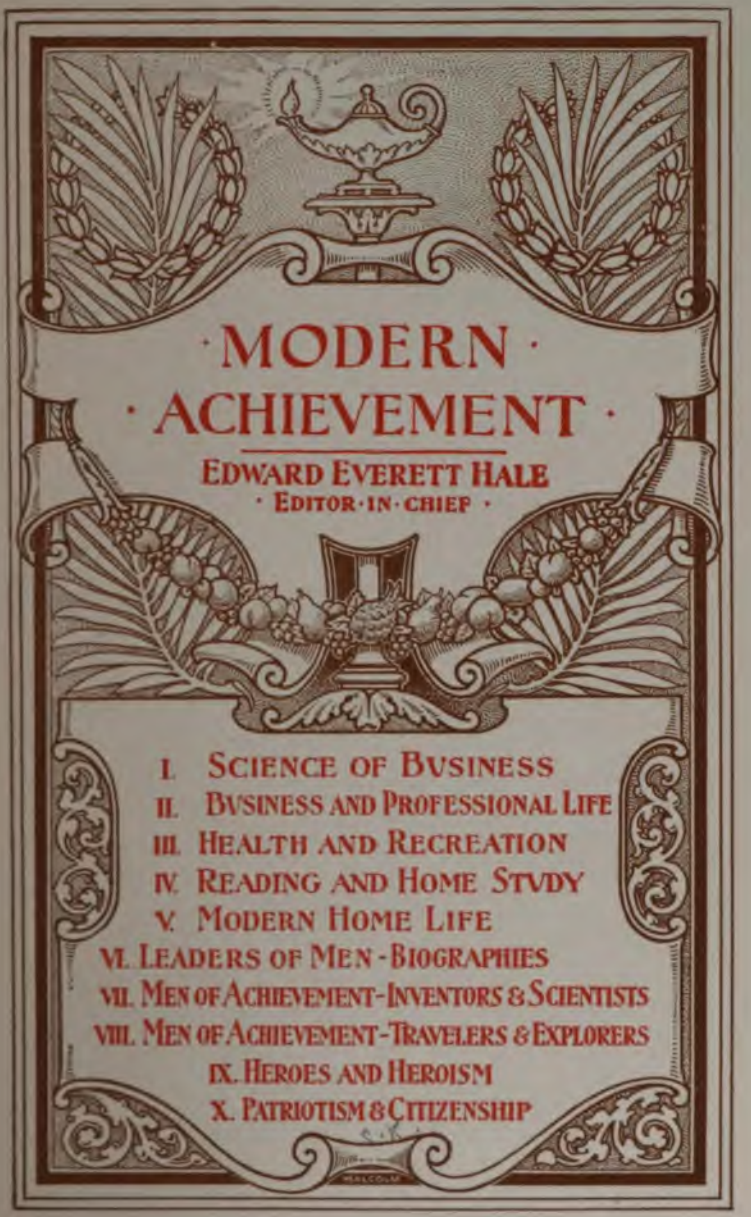
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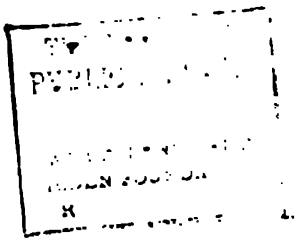

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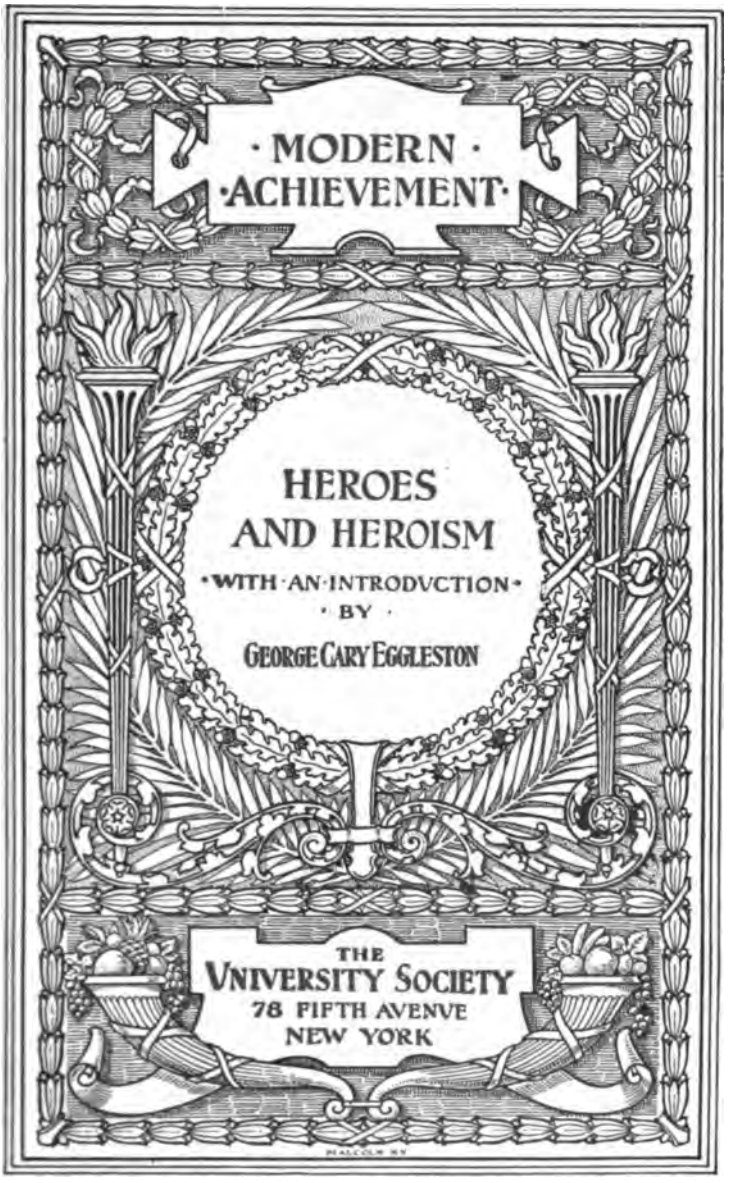
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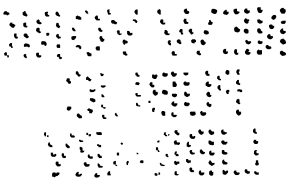

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INTRODUCTION

THE real hero is the very greatest of mankind, for heroism in the true sense of the word is the highest virtue possible to humanity. It commands the reverent admiration of all sorts and conditions of men; and the stories of it with which literature from its earliest dawn has been illuminated, the stories of it that have come down to us by tradition from an age that antedated literature, have made and still make an irresistible appeal to every human heart and soul for their uplifting and ennoblement.

Heroism in its highest form is something quite apart from physical courage—something greatly superior to that. The experiences of all wars have taught no lesson more clearly than that the courage which boldly faces mere physical danger is one of the most universal of human qualities, and especially is this the case in battle, where the stimulus of action excites the mind, and where the rewards of bravery are as certain as are the punishments of cowardice. Most men acquit themselves with credit under such circumstances. During our American Civil War there were about three million men brought under fire on both sides, and yet the records show that less than a score in all that three millions were even charged with cowardice.

By the word Heroism, then, we may—we *should* mean something, something much higher and nobler than good fighting. Heroism endures hardship and suffering as resolutely as it braves danger; and endurance is immeasurably greater than daring. Heroism is renunciation—the putting aside of all selfish personal concern in behalf of higher aspirations and especially in devotion to the welfare of others or to the advancement of some noble cause.

This idea, of the "great renunciation" of self, underlies and inspires all the lovable religions that have commanded the alle-

giance of mankind. Moses, abandoning his assured glories as a ruler in Egypt, where alone in his time a great civilization existed, and going forth into the wilderness to lead a forlorn, ill-equipped, despised, and enslaved race to liberty; Gautama cheerfully inviting death for himself in order that others might live and be free; and, above all, Jesus of Nazareth, wearing his crown of thorns and suffering the cruelest of deaths for the uplifting of mankind—each of these represented and illustrated that great renunciation which is the essence, the inspiring spirit —the very marrow of heroism.

What of the men who stood so long to the defense of Leyden against the world-power of Spain—against famine and disease and despair—stood for the civil and religious liberty of their race—ay, and of mankind. Motley tells you the story in these pages that are to follow. What of the Spartans and Platæans who died at Thermopylæ—a willing sacrifice that Greece might remain free! Shall not our blood stir when we read the tale of their deeds as it is here narrated, and, in later days, can we not see, even in the dry, official report, those men of the Birkenhead standing firm in their ranks, while the women and children were being carried to the boats: going down in their ranks for the honor of Anglo-Saxon discipline and the ennoblement of man? Through history and story it is all the same. Who doubts that Washington facing the dreary winter at Valley Forge—rising calm and steadfast above discouragement, desertion, calumny, and unnumbered obstacles thrown in his path by men who should have made it clear—who doubts that this Washington was even more heroic than the leader of the most reckless charge or the rallier of the most hopeless retreat! Were not the Pilgrim Fathers who braved the great unknown for conscience' sake nobler than the Spanish adventurers who sought the same perils for empire and for gold? and when the burghers of Calais marched out with halters about their necks for the English hangmen to draw tight, were they not greater than when they fought with weapons of the flesh and with whatever courage to defend their walls? Philip of Pokanoket, Andreas Hofer, Toussaint L'Ouverture, Decius Mus—these are the men whose stories we shall tell along with those

of transcendent daring, and you shall judge which are the greater.

Moreover, Heroism, if it be of the genuine sort, should carry with it the greatness of soul that recognizes itself with respect and high honor, when it finds its reflection in the deeds of an adversary. "East is East and West is West!" exclaims one of the two heroes of Rudyard Kipling's soul-stirring ballad, and we see that the chivalry that inspires the one also inspires the other. It is indeed an essential part of Heroism that it shall respect Heroism wherever it discerns its manifestation.

But while war affords more frequent and more conspicuous opportunities for the exercise of this virtue than do the occupations of peace, nevertheless not a few of its very best examples are found elsewhere than on the battlefield, and certainly otherwise than in strenuous fighting. Tennyson has nobly celebrated the charge of the Light Brigade, but a far more heroic thing than that charge was done by Florence Nightingale, whose brave and self-sacrificing work as a nurse during the Crimean War resulted in such an amelioration of horrors as had not before occurred since the early days when brutal and savage men first began to fight each other with such rude weapons as they could find or fashion to their hands. That frail woman did more and dared more than any English soldier at Balaklava or at Inkerman. You will find her full biography included in our volume of Lives, but the thought of her should not be absent from our minds in reading here.

And let us reverently read the story of Father Damien as it is told in this volume. Surely no military hero from the boy David to the patriots of the South African veldt ever more courageously offered his life "a willing sacrifice" to his high conceptions of duty, than did this obscure Belgian priest and missionary. Can we question that the voluntary dedication of himself to a tediously dreadful—to the most loathsome of all deaths in order that he might aid those who had no other claim upon him except that of a common humanity, was a far nobler example of that "great renunciation" which we have defined the best heroism to be? Such courage and devotion and self-

sacrifice seem to me utterly unmatched in all the annals of war or peace.

But true heroism does not wait even for such opportunities as these for the display of its high qualities. Common, ordinary, every-day life abounds in notable exhibitions of the heroic mold of mind and soul. In a Memphis graveyard there is a stone erected to commemorate the heroism of a pilot—mistakenly celebrated as an engineer by our present secretary of state, Mr. John Hay—who, when fire was rapidly enveloping him at his post, refused to obey his captain's order to escape while there was yet a chance, but remained by his wheel, landed his boat so that all others might go safely ashore, and then, when escape was no longer possible for him, calmly stood there, ringing his signal bells, till the deck burned away under him and he sank into the fiery furnace below.

How often is a like heroism witnessed on the part of the firemen in our great cities! Theirs is the duty of putting out fires and preventing its extension to other buildings than those at first involved. But, like the heroes they are, they rush eagerly to that far more perilous work of rescuing men and women and little children under circumstances where the odds against their own escape are often as a hundred to one. Nor are these men buoyed up, as are the soldiers, by thoughts of a mention in general orders, or a promotion to high rank—nay, of the voice of History herself ringing down the long ages to come. They are simply heroes born, men capable, whatever their position in life may happen to be, of that "great renunciation" which is the essence and the substance of heroism.

Of like quality are the poor, overworked, and utterly underpaid members of our life-saving service along threatening coasts. Their service is rendered always under circumstances that involve incredible suffering and ever-present danger to themselves. Ships do not go ashore in calm weather, or, if they do, their crews and passengers are easily able to save themselves in the boats which all ships carry for that purpose. It is in the time of tempest, of hurricane, and high, raging seas, of sleet and ice and intense cold, that the men of the life-saving crews are called upon to do their work. And the records of their achieve-

ments, of their sufferings, and of their too frequent self-immolation in others' behalf is one that does honor to humanity and makes one to rejoice that he is a man—a fellow-being with these men of heroic soul.

Charles Kingsley wrote: "God gives it to few men to carry a line to a stranded ship." But it is only that which we must all unite in naming the loftiest heroism that can seek such duty as a reward or rejoice when the opportunity comes to win it.

Yet again, beyond and quite aside from these signal and stirring glimpses of man at his highest and best, may I venture to suggest that the opportunity for true heroism enters into the daily lives and conduct of men and women in a much greater degree than is commonly thought; greater in that even the stories of it cannot hope to be told and read for their very vagueness and the lack of dramatic interest in the commonplace of their setting. Think of the heroic self-sacrifice that some women practice every day in aid of husbands, fathers, or children! How instantly and unflinchingly ready a good woman is to take upon her slender shoulders the severest burdens of life when they befall! how eagerly she assumes to herself what others should properly bear! and how cheerfully she endures! It will do us all good to dwell long upon the tales of heroism that are never told, of self-sacrifice by which we profit all unknowing. We celebrate our Antigones in song and story: we make pictures of our Grace Darlings: we honor our Clara Bartons and our "Tombs angels," such as that noble woman who, after a life-time of well-doing in behalf of others, herself cruelly perished in the Park Avenue Hotel fire; but how very meagerly do we recognize and reward the heroism of those women of more secluded lives, whose renunciation and self-sacrifice are the daily and hourly history of their being.

This volume is devoted to heroes and to an exemplification of heroism, as history and legend and story and song have portrayed that highest of human virtues. It is only in my introduction that I can speak of the stories that have not been written. Do not forget them as you read those whereat your blood quickens its flow. That the reading must interest you who turn these pages is beyond doubt or question, if you have hearts to

beat faster; but if they do not also inspire you to a loftier conception of human duty, a more unselfish desire for higher and nobler and more generous conduct than that which is purely self-regarding, they will gravely disappoint us who have put them forth.

CONTENTS

HEROISM IN NATIONAL SERVICE

PAGE

The Defense of Leyden 1
By John Lothrop Motley

Nathan Hale 25

Toussaint L'Ouverture 37
By Wendell Phillips

Andreas Hofer 52
By W. D. McCrackan

David and Goliath 64

Washington at Valley Forge 69
By George Bancroft

Philip of Pokanoket 81
By Washington Irving

General Gordon at Sebastopol 97

The Ballad of the "Revenge" 99
By Alfred Tennyson

Paul Jones and the "Bon Homme Richard" . . . 110
By Alexander Slidell Mackenzie

Lord Nelson's Victories 125
By Oliver H. G. Leigh

Farragut and Craven at Mobile 129
By Rossiter Johnson

The Sinking of the "Albemarle" 133
By Admiral David D. Porter

The "Monitor's" Great Fight 143
By William Swinton

HEROISM OF DAILY LIFE

PAGE

Everyday Heroism 154
By Gustav Kobbé

Heroes of the Royal Humane Society 165
By Ray Stannard Baker

Heroes of the Deep 176
By Herbert Dickinson Ward

Heroes of the Railway Service 188
By Charles De Lano Hine

Volunteer Life Savers 196
By Gustav Kobbé

HEROISM OF DUTY

Scott in Adversity 200
By Richard Holt Hutton

The Wreck of the "Birkenhead" 212

Heroes of the Life Saving Service 218
By Gustav Kobbé

Heroes Who Fight Fire 229
By Jacob Riis

HEROISM OF WOMEN

Joan of Arc 241
By Oliver H. G. Leigh

Grace Darling 246

Clara Barton 248

A Heroine in Humble Life 250

The Conqueror's Grave 251
By William Cullen Bryant

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HEROISM IN RELIGIOUS DEVOTION

PAGE

The Founding of New England 254
By Edward Everett

Barclay of Ury 265
By John Greenleaf Whittier

Father Damien among the Lepers . . . 270
By Charles Warren Stoddard

HEROISM OF SELF-SACRIFICE

The Keys of Calais 283
By Charlotte M. Yonge

Sir Philip Sidney 293
By George William Curtis

The Forty-seven Rônins 307
By Algernon Bertram Mitford

The Death of Sydney Carton 325
By Charles Dickens

HEROISM UNDER ADVERSE FATE

The Last Days of General Grant 341

Presidents Garfield and McKinley . . . 342

Untrumpeted Heroes and Heroines . . . 345

Charles Darwin 346

HEROISM OF THE ANCIENTS

The Defenders of Thermopylæ . . . 348
By Charlotte M. Yonge

The Death of Decius Mus 357
From Titius Livius and Thomas Arnold, D.D.

PAGE

The Death of Socrates 363
By Plato

Last Days of the Emperor Otho . . . 368
By Publius Cornelius Tacitus

HEROISM IN LEGEND

Prometheus 372
By George William Cox

The Story of Antigone 379
By Alfred John Church

Parting of Hector and Andromache 389
By the Earl of Derby

Heroism 395
By Ralph Waldo Emerson

The Defense of Leyden

By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

[John Lothrop Motley was born at Dorchester, Mass., April 15, 1814. He received his education at the Round Hill School, Northampton, and at Harvard, graduating in 1831. He spent two years at the universities of Göttingen and Berlin, and after travel in Germany, Austria, Italy, France, and England he returned to Boston in 1835. Two years later he married Mary Benjamin, sister of Park Benjamin. He studied law, gave his heart to literature, and dallied with politics, which latter, upon the Whig ascendency in 1841, resulted in his being appointed secretary of legation to the American minister to Russia. He returned, however, in three months, and in 1849 was elected to the Massachusetts Legislature. Politics, as such, had become distasteful to him. He wrote two novels which won little or no success, and had already determined upon his great historical series of the foundation period of the Netherlands. After three years' work at home he went abroad again in 1857 and continued his researches among the archives of Dresden, the Hague, and Brussels. "The Rise of the Dutch Republic" was published in 1856. "The United Netherlands" followed some years later, and "The Life and Death of John of Barneveld," published in 1874, completed his work in the field of Dutch history. During the prosecution of these labors he lived in the different capitals of Europe, but at the outbreak of the Civil War had returned to America, and was appointed by President Lincoln minister to Austria. In 1869 President Grant appointed him minister to England, whence he was recalled a year later. He died near Dorchester, England, on May 29, 1877. Few historians have possessed the brilliant epical power of Motley. A deep and painstaking student, his work has nevertheless been somewhat colored by his strong sympathies, and his praises and condemnations are apt to be written, as it were, in italics.]

THE invasion of Louis of Nassau had effected the raising of the first siege of Leyden. That leaguer had lasted from October 31, 1573, to March 21, 1574, when the soldiers were summoned away to defend the frontier. By an extraordinary and culpable carelessness, the citizens, neglecting the advice of the prince, had not taken advantage of the breathing time thus

afforded them to victual the city and strengthen the garrison. They seemed to reckon more confidently upon the success of Count Louis than he had even done himself; for it was very probable that, in case of his defeat, the siege would be instantly resumed. This natural result was not long in following the battle of Mookerheyde.

On the twenty-sixth of May Valdez reappeared before the place, at the head of 8,000 Walloons and Germans, and Leyden was now destined to pass through a fiery ordeal. This city was one of the most beautiful in the Netherlands. Placed in the midst of broad and fruitful pastures, which had been reclaimed by the hand of industry from the bottom of the sea, it was fringed with smiling villages, blooming gardens, fruitful orchards. The ancient and, at last, decrepit Rhine, flowing languidly toward its sandy death-bed, had been multiplied into innumerable artificial currents, by which the city was completely interlaced. These watery streets were shaded by lime trees, poplars, and willows, and crossed by one hundred and forty-five bridges, mostly of hammered stone. The houses were elegant, the squares and streets spacious, airy, and clean, the churches and public edifices imposing, while the whole aspect of the place suggested thrift, industry, and comfort. Upon an artificial elevation in the center of the city rose a ruined tower of unknown antiquity. By some it was considered to be of Roman origin, while others preferred to regard it as a work of the Anglo-Saxon Hengist, raised to commemorate his conquest of England. Surrounded by fruit trees, and overgrown in the center with oaks, it afforded from its moldering battlements a charming prospect over a wide expanse of level country, with the spires of neighboring cities rising in every direction. It was from this commanding height, during the long and terrible summer days which were approaching, that many an eye was to be strained anxiously seaward, watching if yet the ocean had begun to roll over the land.

Valdez lost no time in securing himself in the possession of Maeslandsluis, Vlaardingen, and the Hague. Five hundred English, under command of Colonel Edward Chester, abandoned the fortress of Valkenburg, and fled toward Leyden. Refused

admittance by the citizens, who now with reason distrusted them, they surrendered to Valdez, and were afterward sent back to England. In the course of a few days Leyden was thoroughly invested, no less than sixty-two redoubts, some of them having remained undestroyed from the previous siege, now girdling the city, while the besiegers already numbered nearly 8,000, a force to be daily increased. On the other hand, there were no troops in the town, save a small corps of "free-booters," and five companies of the burgher guard. John Van der Does, Seigneur of Nordwyck, a gentleman of distinguished family, but still more distinguished for his learning, his poetical genius, and his valor, had accepted the office of military commandant.

The main reliance of the city, under God, was on the stout hearts of its inhabitants within the walls, and on the sleepless energy of William the Silent without. The prince, hastening to comfort and encourage the citizens, although he had been justly irritated by their negligence in having omitted to provide more sufficiently against the emergency while there had yet been time, now reminded them that they were not about to contend for themselves alone, but that the fate of their country and of unborn generations would in all human probability depend on the issue about to be tried. Eternal glory would be their portion if they manifested a courage worthy of their race and of the sacred cause of religion and liberty. He implored them to hold out at least three months, assuring them he would within that time devise the means of their deliverance. The citizens responded courageously and confidently to these missives and assured the prince of their firm confidence in their own fortitude and his exertions.

And truly they had a right to rely on that calm and unflinching soul as on a rock of adamant. All alone, without a being near him to consult, his right arm struck from him by the death of Louis, with no brother left to him but the untiring and faithful John, he prepared without delay for the new task imposed upon him. France, since the defeat and death of Louis and the busy intrigues which had followed the accession of Henry III., had but small sympathy for the Netherlands.

The English government, relieved from the fear of France, was more cold and haughty than ever. An Englishman, employed by Requesens to assassinate the Prince of Orange, had been arrested in Zealand, who impudently pretended that he had undertaken to perform the same office for Count John, with the full consent and privity of Queen Elizabeth. The provinces of Holland and Zealand were stanch and true, but the inequality of the contest between a few brave men, upon that handsbreadth of territory, and the powerful Spanish Empire, seemed to render the issue hopeless.

Moreover, it was now thought expedient to publish the amnesty which had been so long in preparation, and this time the trap was more liberally baited. The pardon, which had passed the seals upon the eighth of March, was formally issued by the grand commander on the sixth of June. By the terms of this document the king invited all his erring and repentant subjects to return to his arms, and to accept a full forgiveness for their past offenses, upon the sole condition that they should once more throw themselves upon the bosom of the Mother Church. There were but few exceptions to the amnesty, a small number of individuals, all mentioned by name, being alone excluded; but although these terms were ample, the act was liable to a few stern objections. It was easier now for the Hollanders to go to their graves than to mass, for the contest in its progress had now entirely assumed the aspect of a religious war. Instead of a limited number of heretics in a state which, although constitutional, was Catholic, there was now hardly a Papist to be found among the natives. To accept the pardon then was to concede the victory, and the Hollanders had not yet discovered that they were conquered. They were resolved, too, not only to be conquered, but annihilated, before the Roman Church should be re-established on their soil, to the entire exclusion of the Reformed worship. They responded with steadfast enthusiasm to the sentiment expressed by the Prince of Orange, after the second siege of Leyden had been commenced: "As long as there is a living man left in the country we will contend for our liberty and our religion." The single condition of the amnesty assumed, in a phrase, what Spain

had fruitlessly striven to establish by a hundred battles, and the Hollanders had not faced their enemy on land and sea for seven years to succumb to a phrase at last.

Moreover, the pardon came from the wrong direction. The malefactor gravely extended forgiveness to his victims. Although the Hollanders had not yet disembarrassed their minds of the supernatural theory of government, and felt still the reverence of habit for regal divinity, they naturally considered themselves outraged by the trick now played before them. The man who had violated all his oaths, trampled upon all their constitutional liberties, burned and sacked their cities, confiscated their wealth, hanged, beheaded, burned, and buried alive their innocent brethren, now came forward, not to implore, but to offer forgiveness. Not in sackcloth, but in royal robes; not with ashes, but with a diadem upon his head, did the murderer present himself vicariously upon the scene of his crimes. It may be supposed that even in the sixteenth century there were many minds which would revolt at such blasphemy. Furthermore, even had the people of Holland been weak enough to accept the pardon, it was impossible to believe that the promise would be fulfilled. It was sufficiently known how much faith was likely to be kept with heretics, notwithstanding that the act was fortified by a papal bull, dated on the thirtieth of April, by which Gregory XIII. promised forgiveness to those Netherland sinners who duly repented and sought absolution for their crimes, even although they had sinned more than seven times seven.

For a moment the prince had feared lest the pardon might produce some effect upon men wearied by interminable suffering, but the event proved him wrong. It was received with universal and absolute contempt. No man came forward to take advantage of its conditions, save one brewer in Utrecht, and the son of a refugee peddler from Leyden. With these exceptions, the only ones recorded, Holland remained deaf to the royal voice. The city of Leyden was equally cold to the messages of mercy, which were especially addressed to its population by Valdez and his agents. Certain Netherlanders, belonging to the king's party, and familiarly called "Glippers,"

dispatched from the camp many letters to their rebellious acquaintances in the city. In these epistles the citizens of Leyden were urgently and even pathetically exhorted to submission by their loyal brethren, and were implored "to take pity upon their poor old fathers, their daughters, and their wives." But the burghers of Leyden thought that the best pity which they could show to those poor old fathers, daughters, and wives, was to keep them from the clutches of the Spanish soldiery; so they made no answer to the Glippers, save by this single line, which they wrote on a sheet of paper, and forwarded, like a letter, to Valdez:

"Fistula dulce canit, volucrem cum decipit auceps."*

According to the advice early given by the Prince of Orange, the citizens had taken an account of their provisions of all kinds, including the live stock. By the end of June the city was placed on a strict allowance of food, all the provisions being purchased by the authorities at an equitable price. Half a pound of meat and half a pound of bread was allotted to a full-grown man, and to the rest a due proportion. The city being strictly invested, no communication, save by carrier-pigeons, and by a few swift and skillful messengers, called jumpers, was possible. Sorties and fierce combats were, however, of daily occurrence, and a handsome bounty was offered to any man who brought into the city gates the head of a Spaniard. The reward was paid many times, but the population was becoming so excited and so apt that the authorities felt it dangerous to permit the continuance of these conflicts. Lest the city, little by little, should lose its few disciplined defenders, it was now proclaimed, by sound of church bell, that in future no man should leave the gates.

The prince had his headquarters at Delft and at Rotterdam. Between those two cities an important fortress, called Polderwaert, secured him in the control of the alluvial quadrangle, watered on two sides by the Yssel and the Meuse. On the twenty-ninth of June the Spaniards, feeling its value, had made an unsuccessful effort to carry this fort by storm. They had

* "The pipe sounds sweetly, when the fowler beguiles the bird."

been beaten off, with the loss of several hundred men, the prince remaining in possession of the position, from which alone he could hope to relieve Leyden. He still held in his hand the keys with which he could unlock the ocean gates and let the waters in upon the land, and he had long been convinced that nothing could save the city but to break the dikes. Leyden was not upon the sea, but he could send the sea to Leyden, although an army fit to encounter the besieging force under Valdez could not be levied. The battle of Mookerheyde had for the present quite settled the question of land relief, but it was possible to besiege the besiegers with the waves of the ocean. The Spaniards occupied the coast from the Hague to Vlaardingen, but the dikes along the Meuse and Yssel were in possession of the prince. He determined that these should be pierced, while at the same time the great sluices at Rotterdam, Schiedam, and Delfthaven should be opened. The damage to the fields, villages, and growing crops would be enormous, but he felt that no other course could rescue Leyden, and with it the whole of Holland from destruction. His clear expositions and impassioned eloquence at last overcame all resistance. By the middle of July the estates fully consented to his plan, and its execution was immediately undertaken. "Better a drowned land than a lost land," cried the patriots with enthusiasm, as they devoted their fertile fields to desolation. The enterprise for restoring their territory, for a season, to the waves, from which it had been so patiently rescued, was conducted with as much regularity as if it had been a profitable undertaking. A capital was formally subscribed, for which a certain number of bonds were issued payable at a long date. In addition to this preliminary fund, a monthly allowance of forty-five guldens was voted by the estates, until the work should be completed, and a large sum was contributed by the ladies of the land, who freely furnished their plate, jewelry, and costly furniture to the furtherance of the scheme.

Meantime Valdez, on the thirtieth of July, issued most urgent and ample offers of pardon to the citizens if they would consent to open their gates and accept the king's authority, but his overtures were received with silent contempt, notwithstand-

ing that the population was already approaching the starvation point. Although not yet fully informed of the active measures taken by the prince, yet they still chose to rely upon his energy and their own fortitude, rather than upon the honeyed words which had formerly been heard at the gates of Haarlem and of Naarden. On the third of August the prince, accompanied by Paul Buys, chief of the commission appointed to execute the enterprise, went in person along the Yssel, as far as Kappelle, and superintended the rupture of the dikes in sixteen places. The gates at Schiedam and Rotterdam were opened, and the ocean began to pour over the land. While waiting for the waters to rise, provisions were rapidly collected, according to an edict of the prince, in all the principal towns of the neighborhood, and some two hundred vessels of various sizes had also been got ready at Rotterdam, Delfthaven, and other ports.

The citizens of Leyden were, however, already becoming impatient, for their bread was gone, and of its substitute, malt cake, they had but slender provision. On the twelfth of August they received a letter from the prince, encouraging them to resistance, and assuring them of a speedy relief, and on the twenty-first they addressed a dispatch to him in reply, stating that they had now fulfilled their original promise, for they had held out two months with food, and another month without food. If not soon assisted, human strength could do no more; their malt cake would last but four days, and after that was gone there was nothing left but starvation. Upon the same day, however, they received a letter dictated by the prince, who now lay in bed at Rotterdam with a violent fever, assuring them that the dikes were all pierced, and that the water was rising upon the "Land-scheiding," the great outer barrier which separated the city from the sea. He said nothing, however, of his own illness, which would have cast a deep shadow over the joy which now broke forth among the burghers.

The letter was read publicly in the market-place, and to increase the cheerfulness, Burgomaster Van der Werf, knowing the sensibility of his countrymen to music, ordered the city musicians to perambulate the streets, playing lively melodies

and martial airs. Salvos of cannon were likewise fired, and the starving city for a brief space put on the aspect of a holiday, much to the astonishment of the besieging forces, who were not yet aware of the prince's efforts. They perceived very soon, however, as the water everywhere about Leyden had risen to the depth of ten inches, that they stood in a perilous position. It was no trifling danger to be thus attacked by the waves of the ocean, which seemed about to obey with docility the command of William the Silent. Valdez became anxious and uncomfortable at the strange aspect of affairs; for the besieging army was now in its turn beleaguered, and by a stronger power than man's. He consulted with the most experienced of his officers, with the country people, with the most distinguished among the Glippers, and derived encouragement from their views concerning the prince's plan. They pronounced it utterly futile and hopeless. The Glippers knew the country well, and ridiculed the desperate project in unmeasured terms.

Even in the city itself a dull distrust had succeeded to the first vivid gleam of hope, while the few royalists among the population boldly taunted their fellow-citizens to their faces with the absurd vision of relief which they had so fondly welcomed. "Go up to the tower, ye beggars," was the frequent and taunting cry, "go up to the tower, and tell us if ye can see the ocean coming over the dry land to your relief!"—and day after day they did go up to the ancient tower of Hengist, with heavy heart and anxious eye, watching, hoping, praying, fearing, and at last almost despairing of relief by God or man. On the twenty-seventh they addressed a desponding letter to the estates, complaining that the city had been forgotten in its utmost need, and on the same day a prompt and warm-hearted reply was received, in which the citizens were assured that every human effort was to be made for their relief. "Rather," said the estates, "will we see our whole land and all our possessions perish in the waves than forsake thee, Leyden. We know full well, moreover, that with Leyden all Holland must perish also." They excused themselves for not having more frequently written, upon the ground that the whole management of the measures for their relief had been entrusted to the

prince, by whom alone all the details had been administered, and all the correspondence conducted.

The fever of the prince had, meanwhile, reached its height. He lay at Rotterdam, utterly prostrate in body, and with mind agitated nearly to delirium by the perpetual and almost unassisted schemes which he was constructing. Relief, not only for Leyden, but for the whole country, now apparently sinking into the abyss, was the vision which he pursued as he tossed upon his restless couch. Never was illness more unseasonable. His attendants were in despair, for it was necessary that his mind should for a time be spared the agitation of business. The physicians who attended him agreed as to his disorder only in this, that it was the result of mental fatigue and melancholy, and could be cured only by removing all distressing and perplexing subjects from his thoughts, but all the physicians in the world could not have succeeded in turning his attention for an instant from the great cause of his country. Leyden lay, as it were, anxious and despairing at his feet, and it was impossible for him to close his ears to her cry. Therefore, from his sick-bed he continued to dictate words of counsel and encouragement to the city; to Admiral Boisot commanding the fleet, minute directions and precautions. Toward the end of August a vague report had found its way into his sick-chamber that Leyden had fallen, and although he refused to credit the tale, yet it served to harass his mind and to heighten the fever. Cornelius Van Mierop, receiver-general of Holland, had occasion to visit him at Rotterdam, and strange to relate, found the house almost deserted. Penetrating, unattended, to the prince's bed-chamber, he found him lying quite alone. Inquiring what had become of all his attendants, he was answered by the prince in a very feeble voice that he had sent them all away. The receiver-general seems from this to have rather hastily arrived at the conclusion that the prince's disorder was the pest, and that his servants and friends had all deserted him from cowardice. This was very far from being the case. His private secretary and his *maître d'hôtel* watched day and night by his couch, and the best physicians of the city were in constant attendance. By a singular accident, all had been dispatched on different

errands, at the express desire of their master, but there had never been a suspicion that his disorder was the pest, or pestilential. Nerves of steel and a frame of adamant could alone have resisted the constant anxiety and the consuming fatigue to which he had so long been exposed. His illness had been aggravated by the rumor of Leyden's fall, a fiction which Cornelius Mierop was now enabled flatly to contradict. The prince began to mend from that hour. By the end of the first week of September he wrote a long letter to his brother, assuring him of his convalescence, and expressing, as usual, a calm confidence in the divine decrees—"God will ordain for me," said he, "all which is necessary for my good and my salvation. He will load me with no more afflictions than the fragility of this nature can sustain."

The preparations for the relief of Leyden, which, notwithstanding his exertions, had grown slack during his sickness, were now vigorously resumed. On the first of September Admiral Boisot arrived out of Zealand with a small number of vessels, and with eight hundred veteran sailors. A wild and ferocious crew were those eight hundred Zealanders. Scarred, hacked, and even maimed, in the unceasing conflicts in which their lives had passed; wearing crescents in their caps, with the inscription, "Rather Turkish than Popish"; renowned far and wide, as much for their ferocity as for their nautical skill; the appearance of these wildest of the "Sea Beggars" was both eccentric and terrific. They were known never to give nor to take quarter, for they went to mortal combat only, and had sworn to spare neither noble nor simple, neither king, kaiser, nor pope, should they fall into their power.

More than two hundred vessels had been now assembled, carrying generally ten pieces of cannon, with from ten to eighteen oars, and manned with 2,500 veterans, experienced both on land and water. The work was now undertaken in earnest. The distance from Leyden to the outer dike, over whose ruins the ocean had already been admitted, was nearly fifteen miles. This reclaimed territory, however, was not maintained against the sea by these external barriers alone. The flotilla made its way with ease to the Land-scheiding, a strong dike within five

miles of Leyden, but here its progress was arrested. The approach to the city was surrounded by many strong ramparts, one within the other, by which it was defended against its ancient enemy, the ocean, precisely like the circumvallations by means of which it was now assailed by its more recent enemy the Spaniard. To enable the fleet, however, to sail over the land, it was necessary to break through this twofold series of defenses. Between the Land-scheiding and Leyden were several dikes, which kept out the water; upon the level territory, thus encircled, were many villages, together with a chain of sixty-two forts, which completely occupied the land. All these villages and fortresses were held by the veteran troops of the king, the besieging force being about four times as strong as that which was coming to the rescue.

The prince had given orders that the Land-scheiding, which was still one and a half feet above water, should be taken possession of at every hazard. On the night of the tenth and eleventh of September this was accomplished by surprise, and in a masterly manner. The few Spaniards who had been stationed upon the dike were all dispatched or driven off, and the patriots fortified themselves upon it, without the loss of a man. As the day dawned the Spaniards saw the fatal error which they had committed in leaving this bulwark so feebly defended, and from two villages which stood close to the dike the troops now rushed in considerable force to recover what they had lost. A hot action succeeded, but the patriots had too securely established themselves. They completely defeated the enemy, who retired, leaving hundreds of dead on the field, and the patriots in complete possession of the Land-scheiding. This first action was sanguinary and desperate. It gave an earnest of what these people, who came to relieve their brethren, by sacrificing their property and their lives, were determined to effect. It gave a revolting proof, too, of the intense hatred which nerved their arms. A Zealander, having struck down a Spaniard on the dike, knelt on his bleeding enemy, tore his heart from his bosom, fastened his teeth in it for an instant, and then threw it to a dog, with the exclamation, "'Tis too bitter." The Spanish heart was, however, rescued, and kept for years, with the

marks of the soldier's teeth upon it, a sad testimonial of the ferocity engendered by this war for national existence.

The great dike having been thus occupied, no time was lost in breaking it through in several places, a work which was accomplished under the very eyes of the enemy. The fleet sailed through the gaps; but after their passage had been effected in good order the admiral found, to his surprise, that it was not the only rampart to be carried. The prince had been informed by those who claimed to know the country, that when once the Land-scheiding had been passed the water would flood the country as far as Leyden, but the "Green-way," another long dike, three-quarters of a mile further inward, now rose at least a foot above the water, to oppose their further progress. Fortunately, by a second and still more culpable carelessness, this dike had been left by the Spaniards in as unprotected a state as the first had been. Promptly and audaciously Admiral Boisot took possession of this barrier also, leveled it in many places, and brought his flotilla in triumph over its ruins. Again, however, he was doomed to disappointment. A large mere, called the Fresh-water Lake, was known to extend itself directly in his path about midway between the Land-scheiding and the city. To this piece of water, into which he expected to have instantly floated, his only passage lay through one deep canal. The sea which had thus far borne him on, now diffusing itself over a very wide surface, and under the influence of an adverse wind, had become too shallow for his ships. The canal alone was deep enough, but it led directly toward a bridge strongly occupied by the enemy. Hostile troops, moreover, to the amount of 3,000 occupied both sides of the canal. The bold Boisot, nevertheless, determined to force his passage, if possible. Selecting a few of his strongest vessels, his heaviest artillery, and his bravest sailors, he led the van himself, in a desperate attempt to make his way to the mere. He opened a hot fire upon the bridge, then converted into a fortress, while his men engaged in hand-to-hand combat with a succession of skirmishers from the troops along the canal. After losing a few men, and ascertaining the impregnable position of the enemy, he was obliged to withdraw, defeated and almost despairing.

A week had elapsed since the great dike had been pierced, and the flotilla now lay motionless in shallow water, having accomplished less than two miles. The wind, too, was easterly, causing the sea rather to sink than to rise. Everything wore a gloomy aspect, when fortunately on the eighteenth the wind shifted to the northwest, and for three days blew a gale. The waters rose rapidly, and before the second day was closed the armada was afloat again. Some fugitives from Zoetermeer village now arrived, and informed the admiral that by making a detour to the right he could completely circumvent the bridge and the mere. They guided him, accordingly, to a comparatively low dike, which lay between the villages of Zoetermeer and Benthuyzen. A strong force of Spaniards was stationed in each place, but, seized with a panic, instead of sallying to defend the barrier, they fled inwardly toward Leyden, and halted at the village of North Aa. It was natural that they should be amazed. Nothing is more appalling to the imagination than the rising ocean tide, when man feels himself within its power; and here were the waters, hourly deepening and closing around them, devouring the earth beneath their feet, while on the waves rode a flotilla, manned by a determined race, whose courage and ferocity were known throughout the world. The Spanish soldiers, brave as they were on land, were not sailors, and in the naval contests which had taken place between them and the Hollanders had been almost invariably defeated. It was not surprising, in these amphibious skirmishes, where discipline was of little avail, and habitual audacity faltered at the vague dangers which encompassed them, that the foreign troops should lose their presence of mind.

Three barriers, one within the other, had now been passed, and the flotilla, advancing with the advancing waves, and driving the enemy steadily before it, was drawing nearer to the beleaguered city. As one circle after another was passed the besieging army found itself compressed within a constantly contracting field. The "Ark of Delft," an enormous vessel, with shot-proof bulwarks, and moved by paddle-wheels turned by a crank, now arrived at Zoetermeer, and was soon followed by the whole fleet. After a brief delay, sufficient to allow the

few remaining villagers to escape, both Zoetermeer and Benthuyzen, with the fortifications, were set on fire and abandoned to their fate. The blaze lighted up the desolate and watery waste around and was seen at Leyden, where it was hailed as the beacon of hope. Without further impediment the armada proceeded to North Aa; the enemy retreating from this position also, and flying to Zoeterwoude, a strongly fortified village but a mile and three-quarters from the city walls. It was now swarming with troops, for the bulk of the besieging army had gradually been driven into a narrow circle of forts within the immediate neighborhood of Leyden. Besides Zoeterwoude, the two posts where they were principally established were Lammen and Leyderdorp, each within three hundred rods of the town. At Leyderdorp were the headquarters of Valdez; Colonel Borgia commanded in the very strong fortress of Lammen.

The fleet was, however, delayed at North Aa by another barrier called the "Kirk-way." The waters, too, spreading once more over a wider space and diminishing under an east wind which had again arisen, no longer permitted their progress, so that very soon the whole armada was stranded anew. The waters fell to the depth of nine inches, while the vessels required eighteen and twenty. Day after day the fleet lay motionless upon the shallow sea. Orange, rising from his sick-bed as soon as he could stand, now came on board the fleet. His presence diffused universal joy; his words inspired his desponding army with fresh hope. He rebuked the impatient spirits who, weary of their compulsory idleness, had shown symptoms of ill-timed ferocity, and those eight hundred mad Zealanders, so frantic in their hatred to the foreigners who had so long profaned their land, were as docile as children to the prince. He reconnoitered the whole ground, and issued orders for the immediate destruction of the Kirk-way, the last important barrier which separated the fleet from Leyden. Then, after a long conference with Admiral Boisot, he returned to Delft.

Meantime, the besieged city was at its last gasp. The burghers had been in a state of uncertainty for many days; being aware that the fleet had set forth for their relief, but knowing full well the thousand obstacles which it had to sur-

mount. They had guessed its progress by the illumination from the blazing villages; they had heard its salvos of artillery on its arrival at North Aa; but since then all had been dark and mournful again, hope and fear, in sickening alternation, distracting every breast. They knew that the wind was unfavorable, and at the dawn of each day every eye was turned wistfully to the vanes of the steeples. So long as the easterly breeze prevailed they felt, as they anxiously stood on towers and housetops, that they must look in vain for the welcome ocean. Yet, while thus patiently waiting, they were literally starving; for even the misery endured at Haarlem had not reached that depth and intensity of agony to which Leyden was now reduced. Bread, malt cake, horseflesh, had entirely disappeared; dogs, cats, rats, and other vermin were esteemed luxuries. A small number of cows, kept as long as possible for their milk, still remained; but a few were killed from day to day, and distributed in minute proportions, hardly sufficient to support life among the famishing population. Starving wretches swarmed daily around the shambles where these cattle were slaughtered, contending for any morsel which might fall, and lapping eagerly the blood as it ran along the pavement; while the hides, chopped and boiled, were greedily devoured. Women and children, all day long, were seen searching gutters and dunghills for morsels of food, which they disputed fiercely with the famishing dogs. The green leaves were stripped from the trees, every living herb was converted into human food, but these expedients could not avert starvation. The daily mortality was frightful—infants starved to death on the maternal breasts, which famine had parched and withered; mothers dropped dead in the streets, with their dead children in their arms. In many a house the watchmen, in their rounds, found a whole family of corpses, father, mother, and children, side by side, for a disorder called the plague, naturally engendered of hardship and famine, now came, as if in kindness, to abridge the agony of the people. The pestilence stalked at noonday through the city, and the doomed inhabitants fell like grass beneath its scythe. From 6,000 to 8,000 human beings sank before this scourge alone, yet the people resolutely held out—

women and men mutually encouraging each other to resist the entrance of their foreign foe—an evil more horrible than pest or famine.

The missives from Valdez, who saw more vividly than the besieged could do the uncertainty of his own position, now poured daily into the city, the enemy becoming more prodigal of his vows as he felt that the ocean might yet save the victims from his grasp. The inhabitants, in their ignorance, had gradually abandoned their hopes of relief, but they spurned the summons to surrender. Leyden was sublime in its despair. A few murmurs were, however, occasionally heard at the steadfastness of the magistrates, and a dead body was placed at the door of the burgomaster, as a silent witness against his inflexibility. A party of the more faint-hearted even assailed the heroic Adrian Van der Werf with threats and reproaches as he passed through the streets. A crowd had gathered around him, as he reached a triangular place in the center of the town, into which many of the principal streets emptied themselves, and upon one side of which stood the church of Saint Pancras, with its high brick tower surmounted by two pointed turrets, and with two ancient lime trees at its entrance. There stood the burgomaster, a tall, haggard, imposing figure, with dark visage, and a tranquil but commanding eye. He waved his broad-leaved felt hat for silence, and then exclaimed, in language which has been almost literally preserved, "What would ye, my friends? Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards? a fate more horrible than the agony which she now endures. I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city, and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once; whether by your hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me, not so that of the city entrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved; but starvation is preferable to the dishonored death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not; my life is at your disposal; here is my sword, plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender, so long as I remain alive."

The words of the stout burgomaster inspired a new courage in the hearts of those who heard him, and a shout of applause and defiance arose from the famishing but enthusiastic crowd. They left the place, after exchanging new vows of fidelity with their magistrate, and again ascended tower and battlement to watch for the coming fleet. From the ramparts they hurled renewed defiance at the enemy. "Ye call us rat-eaters and dog-eaters," they cried, "and it is true. So long, then, as ye hear dog bark or cat mew within the walls ye may know that the city holds out. And when all has perished but ourselves, be sure that we will each devour our left arms, retaining our right to defend our women, our liberty, and our religion against the foreign tyrant. Should God, in His wrath, doom us to destruction and deny us all relief, even then will we maintain ourselves forever against your entrance. When the last hour has come, with our own hands we will set fire to the city and perish, men, women, and children together in the flames, rather than suffer our homes to be polluted and our liberties to be crushed." Such words of defiance, thundered daily from the battlements, sufficiently informed Valdez as to his chance of conquering the city, either by force or fraud, but at the same time he felt comparatively relieved by the inactivity of Boisot's fleet, which still lay stranded at North Aa. "As well," shouted the Spaniards derisively to the citizens, "as well can the Prince of Orange pluck the stars from the sky as bring the ocean to the walls of Leyden for your relief."

On the twenty-eighth of September a dove flew into the city, bringing a letter from Admiral Boisot. In this dispatch the position of the fleet at North Aa was described in encouraging terms, and the inhabitants were assured that in a very few days at furthest the long-expected relief would enter their gates. The letter was read publicly upon the market-place and the bells were rung for joy. Nevertheless, on the morrow the vanes pointed to the east, the waters so far from rising, continued to sink, and Admiral Boisot was almost in despair. He wrote to the prince that if the spring-tide, now to be expected, should not, together with a strong and favorable wind, come immediately to their relief, it would be in vain to attempt anything

further, and that the expedition would of necessity be abandoned. The tempest came to their relief. A violent equinoctial gale, on the night of the first and second of October, came storming from the northwest, shifting after a few hours full eight points, and then blowing still more violently from the southwest. The waters of the North Sea were piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland, and then dashed furiously landward, the ocean rising over the earth and sweeping with unrestrained power across the ruined dikes.

In the course of twenty-four hours the fleet at North Aa, instead of nine inches, had more than two feet of water. No time was lost. The Kirk-way, which had been broken through according to the prince's instructions, was now completely overflowed, and the fleet sailed at midnight, in the midst of the storm and darkness. A few sentinel vessels of the enemy challenged them as they steadily rowed toward Zoeterwoude. The answer was a flash from Boisot's cannon, lighting up the black waste of waters. There was a fierce naval midnight battle; a strange spectacle among the branches of those quiet orchards, and with the chimney-stacks of half-submerged farm-houses rising around the contending vessels. The neighboring village of Zoeterwoude shook with the discharges of the Zealanders' cannon, and the Spaniards assembled in that fortress knew that the rebel admiral was at last afloat and on his course. The enemy's vessels were soon sunk, their crews hurled into the waves. On went the fleet, sweeping over the broad waters which lay between Zoeterwoude and Zwieten. As they approached some shallows, which led into the great mere, the Zealanders dashed into the sea, and with sheer strength shouldered every vessel through. Two obstacles lay still in their path—the forts of Zoeterwoude and Lammen, distant from the city five hundred and two hundred and fifty yards respectively. Strong redoubts, both well supplied with troops and artillery, they were likely to give a rough reception to the light flotilla; but the panic, which had hitherto driven their foes before the advancing patriots, had reached Zoeterwoude. Hardly was the fleet in sight when the Spaniards, in the early morning, poured out from the fortress and fled precipitately to the left, along

a road which led in a westerly direction toward the Hague. Their narrow path was rapidly vanishing in the waves, and hundreds sank beneath the constantly deepening and treacherous flood. The wild Zealanders, too, sprang from their vessels upon the crumbling dike and drove their retreating foes into the sea. They hurled their harpoons at them, with an accuracy acquired in many a polar chase; they plunged into the waves in the keen pursuit, attacking them with boat-hook and dagger. The numbers who thus fell beneath these corsairs, who neither gave nor took quarter, were never counted, but probably not less than a thousand perished. The rest effected their escape to the Hague.

The first fortress was thus seized, dismantled, set on fire, and passed, and a few strokes of the oars brought the whole fleet close to Lammen. This last obstacle rose formidable and frowning directly across their path. Swarming as it was with soldiers, and bristling with artillery, it seemed to defy the armada either to carry it by storm or to pass under its guns into the city. It appeared that the enterprise was, after all, to founder within sight of the long expecting and expected haven. Boisot anchored his fleet within a respectful distance, and spent what remained of the day in carefully reconnoitering the fort, which seemed only too strong. In conjunction with Leyderdorp, the headquarters of Valdez, a mile and a half distant on the right, and within a mile of the city, it seemed so insuperable an impediment that Boisot wrote in despondent tone to the Prince of Orange. He announced his intention of carrying the fort, if it were possible, on the following morning, but if obliged to retreat, he observed with something like despair that there would be nothing for it but to wait for another gale of wind. If the waters should rise sufficiently to enable them to make a wide detour, it might be possible, if, in the mean time, Leyden did not starve or surrender, to enter its gates from the opposite side.

Meantime, the citizens had grown wild with expectation. A dove had been dispatched by Boisot, informing them of his precise position, and a number of citizens accompanied the burgomaster, at nightfall, toward the tower of Hengist.—

"Yonder," cried the magistrate, stretching out his hand toward Lammen, "yonder, behind that fort, are bread and meat, and brethren in thousands. Shall all this be destroyed by the Spanish guns, or shall we rush to the rescue of our friends?" "We will tear the fortress to fragments with our teeth and nails," was the reply, "before the relief, so long expected, shall be wrested from us." It was resolved that a sortie in conjunction with the operations of Boisot should be made against Lammen with the earliest dawn. Night descended upon the scene, a pitch-dark night, full of anxiety to the Spaniards, to the armada, to Leyden. Strange sights and sounds occurred at different moments to bewilder the anxious sentinels. A long procession of lights issuing from the fort was seen to flit across the black face of the waters, in the dead of night, and the whole of the city wall between the Cow-gate and the Tower of Burgundy fell with a loud crash. The horror-struck citizens thought that the Spaniards were upon them at last; the Spaniards imagined the noise to indicate a desperate sortie of the citizens. Everything was vague and mysterious.

Day dawned at length, after the feverish night, and the admiral prepared for the assault. Within the fortress reigned a death-like stillness, which inspired a sickening suspicion. Had the city, indeed, been carried in the night; had the massacre already commenced; had all this labor and audacity been expended in vain? Suddenly a man was descried, wading breast-high through the water from Lammen toward the fleet, while at the same time one solitary boy was seen to wave his cap from the summit of the fort. After a moment of doubt the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled panic-struck during the darkness. Their position would still have enabled them with firmness to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots, but the hand of God, which had sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise. The lights which had been seen moving during the night were the lanterns of the retreating Spaniards, and the boy who was now waving his triumphant signal from the battlements had alone witnessed the spectacle. So confident was he in the conclusion to which it led him that

he had volunteered at daybreak to go thither all alone. The magistrates, fearing a trap, hesitated for a moment to believe the truth, which soon, however, became quite evident. Valdez, flying himself from Leyderdorp, had ordered Colonel Borgia to retire with all his troops from Lammen. Thus the Spaniards had retreated at the very moment that an extraordinary accident had laid bare a whole side of the city for their entrance. The noise of the wall, as it fell, only inspired them with fresh alarm; for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness, to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruction. All obstacles being now removed, the fleet of Boisot swept by Lammen and entered the city on the morning of the third of October. Leyden was relieved.

The quays were lined with the famishing population, as the fleet rowed through the canals, every human being who could stand coming forth to greet the preservers of the city. Bread was thrown from every vessel among the crowd. The poor creatures who for two months had tasted no wholesome human food, and who had literally been living within the jaws of death, snatched eagerly the blessed gift, at last too liberally bestowed. Many choked themselves to death in the greediness with which they devoured their bread; others became ill with the effects of plenty thus suddenly succeeding starvation—but these were isolated cases, a repetition of which was prevented. The admiral, stepping ashore, was welcomed by the magistracy, and a solemn procession was immediately formed. Magistrates and citizens, wild Zealanders, emaciated burgher guards, sailors, soldiers, women, children—nearly every living person within the walls, all repaired without delay to the great church, stout Admiral Boisot leading the way. The starving and heroic city, which had been so firm in its resistance to an earthly king, now bent itself in humble gratitude before the King of kings. After prayers the whole vast congregation joined in the thanksgiving hymn. Thousands of voices raised the song, but few were able to carry it to its conclusion, for the universal emotion, deepened by the music, became too full for utterance. The hymn was abruptly suspended, while the multitude wept like children. This scene of honest pathos terminated, the necessary measures

for distributing the food and for relieving the sick were taken by the magistracy. A note dispatched to the Prince of Orange was received by him at two o'clock as he sat in church at Delft. It was of a somewhat different purport from that of the letter which he had received early in the same day from Boisot—the letter in which the admiral had informed him that the success of the enterprise depended after all upon the desperate assault upon a nearly impregnable fort. The joy of the prince may be easily imagined, and so soon as the sermon was concluded he handed the letter just received to the minister to be read to the congregation. Thus all participated in his joy and united with him in thanksgiving.

The next day, notwithstanding the urgent entreaties of his friends, who were anxious lest his life should be endangered by breathing, in his scarcely convalescent state, the air of the city where so many thousands had been dying of the pestilence, the prince repaired to Leyden. He, at least, had never doubted his own or his country's fortitude. They could, therefore, most sincerely congratulate each other, now that the victory had been achieved. "If we are doomed to perish," he had said a little before the commencement of the siege, "in the name of God, be it so. At any rate we shall have the honor to have done what no nation ever did before us—that of having defended and maintained ourselves, unaided, in so small a country, against the tremendous efforts of such powerful enemies. So long as the poor inhabitants here, though deserted by all the world, hold firm, it will still cost the Spaniards the half of Spain, in money and in men, before they can make an end of us."

The termination of the terrible siege of Leyden was a convincing proof to the Spaniards that they had not yet made an end of the Hollanders. It furnished, also, a sufficient presumption that until they had made an end of them, even unto the last Hollander, there would never be an end of the struggle in which they were engaged. It was a slender consolation to the governor-general that his troops had been vanquished, not by the enemy, but by the ocean. An enemy whom the ocean obeyed with such docility might well be deemed invincible by man. In the headquarters of Valdez, at Leyderdorp, many

plans of Leyden and the neighborhood were found lying in confusion about the room. Upon the table was a hurried farewell of that general to the scenes of his discomfiture, written in a Latin worthy of Juan Vargas: "*Vale civitas, valete castelli parvi, qui relicti estis propter aquam et non per vim inimicorum!*" In his precipitate retreat before the advancing rebels, the commander had but just found time for this elegant effusion, and for his parting instructions to Colonel Borgia that the fortress of Lammen was to be forthwith abandoned. These having been reduced to writing, Valdez had fled so speedily as to give rise to much censure and more scandal. He was even accused of having been bribed by the Hollanders to desert his post, a tale which many repeated, and a few believed. On the fourth of October, the day following that on which the relief of the city was effected, the wind shifted to the northeast, and again blew a tempest. It was as if the waters, having now done their work, had been rolled back to the ocean by an Omnipotent hand, for in the course of a few days the land was bare again, and the work of reconstructing the dikes commenced.

After a brief interval of repose Leyden had regained its former position. The prince, with advice of the estates, had granted the city, as a reward for its sufferings, a ten days' annual fair, without tolls or taxes, and as a further manifestation of the gratitude entertained by the people of Holland and Zealand for the heroism of the citizens, it was resolved that an academy or university should be forthwith established within their walls. The University of Leyden, afterward so illustrious, was thus founded in the very darkest period of the country's struggle.

Notes and Queries.—What country first established religious liberty after the close of the Middle Ages? What statesman was mainly instrumental in this great innovation in European law? Why is Leyden a place of the greatest interest to Americans among the cities of Europe? Read "The Founding of New England" in this volume. Name several notable attributes of the Dutch character. If you feel an interest in love of liberty and an incredible stubbornness in fighting against oppression or conquest, no matter how great the odds or how numerous the defeats and disasters sustained, the reading of Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic" will well repay you.

HEROISM IN NATIONAL SERVICE

Nathan Hale

From "PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE" for MAY, 1856

ON June 6, 1755, in the quaint old town of Coventry, Connecticut, there was rejoicing in a sober, Puritan household, for the blessed gift of a new-born child. In the stern, disciplinary faith of Richard and Elizabeth Hale, the sweet attractions of infancy were theoretically overshadowed by the imputations of Genevan theology; but, in the mother's heart of Elizabeth, there was an instinct of undying love for the helpless innocent which was truer to the great claims of humanity than any frozen creed. In that frail child, there were unfolded germs of promise to which maternal devotion was never blind. As he grew and developed into the bright, active boy, though one of twelve children he was loved and recognized, trained and furnished for the battle of life with affectionate forethought, and, perhaps, with the tenderness of presentiment. None can tell how deeply the quiet scenery, the firmly rounded hills, the beautiful miniature lake, and the cold, solemn winters of Coventry, sank into the slowly forming character of this frolicsome and spirited lad. All these influences of nature must, however, have had their effect in nurturing that firm undergrowth of sentiment and soul, whence generous deeds were to bud forth spontaneously, as organic unfoldings of the maturer man. He was not yet twelve years old when his mother died. But in his excellent grandmother, as in another Lois, there was a faith unfeigned which shed its blessed influence over the critical formation-period of his youth. A second marriage of his father gave him a second mother, to whom he became very much at-

tached. In his father's calm and orderly life, he had daily before his eyes an habitual example of devotion to duty.

When a thoroughly effective man is to be formed, the hills and vales, the homes and schools, the discipline and daily life of rural New England may well be invoked. The blendings of labor and training, of endurance and indulgence, of action and reflective repose, have a special faculty for generating firm will, high purpose, obedient strength, and personal force. Nathan Hale's education was of the genuine New-England type. A manly spirit had been lodged, by birth, in his breast; education gave to this an outward and fitting expression. His vivacity of character guarded him from the worst result of New England training, by making it impossible that he should ever become a phlegmatic, calculating lump of inert proprieties. He was too merry a rogue to don a premature long face. He had too much native sense to be always sensible. Quick to learn and ambitious of scholarly honors, young Hale drank in classic lore from his pastor, Dr. Joseph Huntington, who chanced to be a truly able man. At the age of sixteen he was duly admitted to the privileges of venerable old Yale. He there won special praises from good President Dwight, whose saintly muse touched the elegiac strain in commemoration of the sad death of our hero, "in duty firm, in danger calm," "to friends unchanging and sincere to heaven." Various collegiate vestigia show Hale to have been a marked young man. He was distinguished for scholarship and conduct. Not mere dummy conformity, but wide-awake, active good conduct. A prodigious leap, whose traces were long preserved at Yale, showed that he, like Washington, was possessed of rare bodily power. He was active in founding the Yale Linonian Society, and was not behindhand in debates. In 1773 he left college, with many friends, a good reputation, and an ambition chastened but exalted. Furnished with a diploma, he set about teaching in his turn, according to New England usage. In East Haddam, a town so secluded that he, jestingly, declared it "inaccessible, either by friends, acquaintances, or letters," he passed the winter of 1773–74, wielding that scepter to which our young republicans are, with one accord, compelled to bow. How pleasant

the memories he there left is thus testified: "Everybody loved him; he was so sprightly, intelligent, and kind, and withal, *so* handsome." In the spring he left the shadow of Mount Tom, to take charge of the Union Grammar School at New London. There, for £70 per annum, he indoctrinated thirty-two select boys with Latin and English wisdom, besides teaching twenty young ladies in a morning school. Teaching is a severe ordeal. It tries a man's metal. To succeed entirely is a rare result, and it betokens either a special faculty for this vocation, or a goodly share of genuine manliness. Hale succeeded to admiration. "The scholars, young and old, were attached to him. They loved him for his tact and amiability. He was wholly without severity, and had a wonderful control over the boys." These were the sons of "the first gentlemen of New London"; just the best judges of reality, and the severest critics of shams. Boys respect a man who can "jump from the bottom of one empty hogshead over and down into a second," and from this to the bottom of a third, and thence "over and out like a cat." The athletic, genial, humorous, affectionate man will win the love of boys in spite of a head full of learning and a heart full of earnest principles of duty. Hale's New London experience proved this. Let us hope the art survives him.

His heart, also, held a more tender devotion. When in college, he became engaged to one whom his father's second marriage had brought beneath his native roof. Alice Adams was a sister by adoption, but by his heart's adoption she was more than sister. The events of a long life, the transformations of four-score and eight years passed over her head. In life's extremity, when shadows came and went, and earth was receding dimly, the first loved name was the last word on her lips. Peaceful be her eternal life, and not wanting meet compensations for every silent suffering which one great sorrow wove into her earthly pilgrimage!

The time was now at hand when learning and love could no more bear sway. Words which were deeds had inaugurated deeds which were to become enduring watchwords. The colonial heart was on fire with its swelling Marseillaise, boldly resounding to one firm purpose. The clock of the ages had, at

Lexington, struck an epoch, and the era of political liberty was inaugurated. There was then need of men of action, bold doers and patient endurers; for much was to be done and more was to be suffered. The contest was to be long, strenuous, and doubtful; but it was one to which true, far-seeing patriotism gave its most solemn consecration. Defeat could not fail to bring the shame and misery of downright degradation and deliberate vassalage. Success would, at the least, preserve, unimpaired, the spirit of manhood, and the freedom of individual endeavor. What more it might bring was then unknown, even to the sagacious architects of our present political fabric. The sacrifice of personal ease and fortune to the patriotic call was quickly resolved by the well-esteemed and accomplished young teacher of New London. He had but to continue his quiet calling, and his outward prosperity was assured. He chose the nobler part with a calm zeal which gave assurance of the man. A stripling in years, he had a man's strong heart and purposes. As a man, he was esteemed, and as one worthy of special confidence, he was commissioned. In addressing a meeting, which the news of Lexington had assembled, Hale said: "Let us march immediately, and never lay down our arms until we obtain our independence!" To his father he wrote that "a sense of duty urged him to sacrifice everything for his country." Having been appointed a lieutenant in the Seventh Connecticut regiment, under Colonel Webb, he resigned his charge of the select school with strong mutual regrets, and embraced, as he hoped, "for good reasons," this "opportunity for more extended public service." He soon became captain, and after some sea-coast guard duty, at New London, marched his company, in September, 1775, to join the main army around Boston. The siege of that city was in progress, and though Hale's position was at times "more perilous than any other in the camp," the policy of masterly inactivity prevailed, and, except some slight skirmishes of outposts, no direct conflict fell to his lot. But the opportunity of distinction was not wholly denied. As a disciplinarian, he was so successful that his company became a model for others. He acted out the views thus recorded in his diary: "It is of the utmost importance that an officer should be anxious to know

his duty; but of greater, that he should carefully perform what he does know. The present irregular state of the army is owing to a capital neglect in both of these" particulars.

It was a time of trial to patriotic hearts when the enlistments of our improvised army began to expire. The unwillingness of the men to re-enlist was a sign of ill omen. They had, unfortunately, real grievances of which to complain. A scanty supply of ill-served provisions, a remissness in the pay department, and an undisciplined camp administration, are evils which soon extinguish patriotic enthusiasm. In November, 1775, our army bade fair to vanish by expiring enlistments. It was a disease of organization so profound as only to be checked with extreme difficulty. Among those who helped to cheer and rouse both officers and men, and to urge the claims of patriotism against this threatening abandonment, Hale was conspicuous. His note-book contains this entry: "Promised the men, if they would tarry another month, they should have my wages for that time." He did more; for he actually borrowed the amount so promised, as an advance on the credit of his pay. Congress having reorganized the army, Hale was retained as a captain in the Continental line. The desire freely manifested to enlist in his company, was a flattering proof of his peculiar fitness for command.

Boston being purged of invaders, New York became the center of hostilities. Hale's company participated in the general transfer of the Continental troops. Having spent about three weeks on Long Island, his company was stationed about a mile above the city, and then again changed to Long Island. In June, the full complement of ninety men would seem to have been enlisted in Hale's company. He wrote truly: "It is a critical period." Numbers of "unnatural monsters," in the colony of New York, and "in the western part of Connecticut, would have been glad to imbrue their hands in their country's blood." A force of about 25,000 open foes was to be withstood. No waters were secure about the threatened island. A dashing exploit, which Hale conceived and executed, must have been a pleasant "crumb of comfort" within the American lines. He succeeded in surprising and capturing a British sloop, laden

with supplies, and anchored in the East River, under the protection of His British Majesty's ship-of-war "Asia," of sixty-four guns. With a little selected boat party, he proceeded, under cover of the night, to row a barge alongside the sloop. Silently and unobserved, they reached her. She was instantly boarded, and "away she came, with Captain Hale at the helm, and the British tars in the hold." On reaching the wharf, "Hale distributed the prize goods to feed the hungry and clothe the naked of our own army."

The battle of Long Island was approaching, and near the close of August its premonitions maintained constant vigilance and solicitude. It came, big with disaster, and left gloom and despair in the American camp. The masterly retreat from Long Island had given a momentary security. Though not directly engaged, Hale was on Long Island, and had every means of knowing and feeling the extent of threatening dangers. Our army was scattered along the entire length of New York Island. From the Battery to Kingsbridge, our troops, not exceeding 14,000 effectives, were posted. They were dispirited, ill supplied, poorly and unpunctually paid, sickly, badly housed, and threatened by impending winter. Desertions, individually and in masses, became alarmingly frequent; while insubordination, importunity, and laxity of discipline unblushingly prevailed. The British were decidedly superior in numbers, training, equipment, and commissariat. They had the entire command of the water. The American position was extremely insecure. To protect the city was a great object, but this endangered the entire army. Had the main British force been thrown across the East River, at or above Throgg's Point, and then closed down on the city from the north, it is hard to conceive what could have saved our army or our cause. Commanding both rivers, and driving in post after post of the American line thus turned, the combined army and navy of the assailants would have so completely surrounded the Americans as to have made surrender almost inevitable. This was a threatening danger, and one only to be guarded against by having such a knowledge of the enemy's intentions as to thwart such a purpose by timely retreat. To evacuate New York

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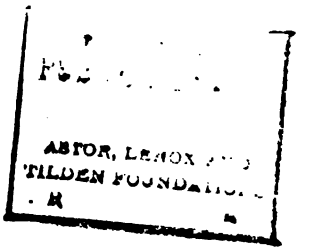
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDA

before it was strictly necessary would have been to yield an important advantage. To cover it until the army could no longer be extricated would have been the extreme of bad generalship. Safely to navigate between such a Scylla and such a Charybdis was too much to expect even of Washington, without clear indications of his antagonist's designs.

How was this intelligence to be procured? In some way it must be obtained, or New York must at once be so far abandoned as to secure a retreat for the army. It was a momentous stake, and unusual measures of precaution were demanded. What would General Howe next attempt? The solution of this question would give the key to Washington's policy and operations. He had no power to take the initiative, except by a complete abandonment of New York Island, and even then he could only initiate measures of a defensive character or of petty attack. To Howe, all avenues were open. He could sail up the East River or the North River at will with forces sufficient to hem in our army. He could attack New York directly, or could cross over from Long Island at whatever point might be thought advantageous. What would he do? Washington wrote: "We cannot learn, nor have we been able to procure the least information of late." In this dilemma, was he to stake all on holding his present lines? Ought he to evacuate the city or the whole island, or ought he to urge on such works of defense as could be hastily constructed? All turned on procuring precisely that information which he had hitherto failed to obtain, and which Howe was most carefully keeping to himself. It was a case in which no mere mercenary could be of service. No deserters' stories could be trusted. It demanded nothing less than that the trained intelligence of a truly military eye should closely scrutinize all the arrangements of the hostile camp, and thence deduce the purposes underlying these dispositions. It was impossible to make a forced reconnoissance, or indeed any open reconnoissance worthy of trust. In a council of his officers, Washington announced it as his conclusion that in some way the enemy's camp must be penetrated, and in this view the council fully coincided. The selection of some person competent to discharge this delicate and dangerous mission

was confided to Colonel Knowlton. It was clear that no common soldier or rash adventurer would do. Skill, judgment, coolness, and professional training were required. No officer could be ordered or detailed to undertake the function of a spy. Were it an open reconnoissance of any sort, so that the dress and character of an officer could be preserved, a simple order would have served the purpose. But the function of a spy, declared infamous by the military code, could not be imposed by authority. If assumed at all, it must be as a volunteer service.

Knowlton, therefore, appealed to the assembled officers of his own regiment, and some others, and, in the name of Washington, invited a volunteer for this service. A long, sad silence was the response. The vision of ignominious death; a shrinking from what usage has branded with disgrace; the dangerous, doubtful nature of the proposed service, whence no glory could be won; these were too powerful pleaders to be vanquished by any patriotic impulse. At a late moment Hale had entered, pale with recent sickness, and he it was who broke the sad thraldom of this trying hour by the deep response: "I will undertake it." A general voice of remonstrance from his friends protested against his assuming a duty so dangerous to life, so ignominious in quality. They said that he was wanted for other and less ambiguous service. They stoutly forbade this abnegation of all his promised distinction, this assumption of a character forbidden by the military code.

For simplicity and directness, for profound allegiance to patriotic promptings, and for transparent excellence of ruling motive, the answer of Hale may claim companionship with the noblest utterances of historic heroism. "With warmth and decision," yet with a mature appreciation, little betokening the wonted rashness of a youth, numbering only twenty-one years of life-discipline, Hale thus vindicated his course:

"I think I owe to my country the accomplishment of an object so important and so much desired by the commander of her armies—and I know no other mode of obtaining the information, than by assuming a disguise, and passing into the enemy's camp. I am fully sensible of the consequences of discovery and capture in such a situation. But for a year I have

been attached to the army, and have not rendered any material service, while receiving a compensation for which I make no return. Yet I am not influenced by the expectation of promotion or pecuniary reward. I wish to be useful, and every kind of service, necessary for the public good, becomes honorable by being necessary. If the exigencies of my country demand a peculiar service, its claims to the performance of that service are imperious."

He reported to Washington, and received from him full and particular instructions. He was to penetrate the enemy's camp, learn all the details of his positions and defenses, and observe all the indications which could unveil the mystery of his contemplated movements. He proceeded by land up the Sound as far as Norwalk, where he engaged an armed sloop to carry him across to Huntington Bay, and to be on the lookout for his return. He assumed the dress and character of a schoolmaster, in which he could deport himself with due fidelity. He left behind him all tokens of his real station, and only took his college diploma, as an auxiliary to his assumed character. He landed before daybreak at "the Cedars," on Great Neck. From this time till his capture but little is known of his movements. He penetrated the enemy's lines, made drawings of his works, with descriptive Latin notes, and, indeed, fully succeeded in the main object of his mission. After his departure, Howe had landed at Kip's Bay, and Clinton had thrown a cordon across New York Island, "between the seventh and eighth milestone." Hale succeeded in crossing to New York, examining the newly assumed stations, and again crossing to Long Island. He made his way back to "the Cedars," where his expected boat was to receive him. This not being there, it would appear that he ventured into a Tory rendezvous called "Mother Clitch's tavern," where one story says he was recognized by a person who conveyed the intelligence to the British guard-ship, "Halifax," lying near by. A barge approached which he unfortunately mistook for the one he was expecting. He walked down deliberately to meet it, when his mistake was made apparent by the crew suddenly standing up, leveling their muskets at him, and ordering him to "surrender or die." They were so near at hand that

any escape seemed hopeless, and he could only resign himself to his fate. His real character seems not to have been known; but the military plans and descriptive notes, found in his pumps, pretty clearly indicated the truth. All the circumstances seemed suspicious. Captain Quarme, of the "Halifax," when the boat brought Hale on board, became convinced he was a spy, and dispatched him with the evidences of his assumed character, in a boat of the "Halifax," to New York. He afterward, with a touch of generosity, then too rare in the British service, expressed his regrets "that so fine a fellow should have fallen into his hands."

September 21, 1776, was a day to be remembered in New York. From Whitehall to Barclay Street, a conflagration raged along both sides of Broadway, in which four hundred and ninety-three houses, or about one-third of the city, were laid in ashes. The College green and a change of wind only arrested the swift destruction. On the same day, the dignified, harsh, cold, and courtly Howe had his headquarters in the Beekman House (now standing at the corner of Fifty-first Street and First Avenue), on the East River, about three and a quarter miles from the Park. The conflagration, checked but not subdued, still clouded the air, when a generous youth, of high intelligence, kindly manners, and noble character, was brought into the presence of this stern dignitary. That youth was charged with being a spy, and the allegation was substantiated by some military sketches and notes, found on his person. In this court of last resort, Hale dropped all disguises, and at once proclaimed himself an American officer, and a spy. He attempted no plea of extenuation, he promised no transfer of allegiance, he besought no pardoning clemency. He waited calmly, and with no unmanly fears, the too evident sentence which was to snap his brittle thread of life. Howe kept him not long in waiting, but at once wrote a brief precept, giving to William Cunningham, provost-marshal of the royal army, the care and custody of the body of Nathan Hale, captain in the rebel army, this day convicted as a spy, and directing him to see that he be hung by the neck until dead, "to-morrow morning at daybreak."

Submitting ourselves to the guidance of the most authentic evidences, we must suppose that Hale was removed at once, for his one remaining night, to the old Provost prison. It is difficult to conceive a night of greater distress, or more thronged with memories, endurances, and anticipations. Never was prison presided over by a more insatiate monster than this Cunningham. All the surroundings were of the most forbidding aspect. The coming morning was to conduct the prisoner, through unspeakable contumely, to the portals of eternity. He calmly asked that his hands might be loosed, and that a light and writing materials might be supplied, to enable him, for the last time, to write to his parents and friends. Cunningham denied the request! Hale asked for the use of a Bible, and even this was savagely refused. Thank God, there was one there with enough the heart and feelings of a man to be roused to energetic remonstrance by such malignant inhumanity. The lieutenant of Hale's guard earnestly and successfully besought that these requests should be granted. In the silent hours, so swiftly bearing him on to the verge of his dear and happy life, the strong soul of the martyr was permitted to write for loved eyes its parting message. On came the swift and fatal morning, and with it came the diabolical Cunningham, greedy to luxuriate in another's woe. Hale handed him the letters he had written; Cunningham at once read them, and, growing furious at their high spirit, tore them to pieces before the writer's eyes. He afterward gave as his reason, "that the rebels should never know they had a man who could die with so much firmness."

Had you stood in what is now City Hall Park, on the early morn of September 22, 1776, you would have seen a tragedy such as no tears could have washed from your memory. You would have seen a human brother who, having endured his Gethsemane, there suffered on his Calvary. You would have seen his youthful face transfigured with the calm peace of a triumphant martyr. A life, suffused with religious sensibilities, and blooming with holy love, then and there culminated. You would have seen, too, a being utterly depraved and reprobate. Had Satan come to earth to act as hangman, he would

have had too much taste and gentility to have appeared as Cunningham. This monster had mixed arsenic in the flour for his prisoners, to save or steal their rations. He delighted, from sheer malice, to threaten the excellent Dr. Mathew with a speedy hanging. He murdered his prisoners near the prison yard, "five or six of them of a night," till "certain women in the neighborhood, pained by the cries for mercy which they heard, went to the commander-in-chief and made the case known." To call his prisoners "dogs," "rebel spawn," and to drive them to their "kennels," was the recreation of the provost-marshal of the royal army. Confronted by this representative of His Majesty, cheered by no voice of friendship or even of sympathy, beset by the emblems and ministers of ignominious death, Hale stood on the fatal spot. The ritual of disgrace had been performed, and a single refinement of malice was all that even Cunningham's ingenuity had in reserve—he demanded "a dying speech and confession." Humanity had begun to assert itself in the crowd of curious gazers, for pity was swelling up in many hearts, and finding expression in stifled sobs. Firm and calm, glowing with purification and self-sacrifice, Hale seemed to gather up his soul from out his body, as, with solemn emphasis, he gave answer to this last demand of malignity: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

Ashur Wright, who was Hale's personal attendant, was so completely overwhelmed by his fate that his understanding reeled from its throne, never to be fully reinstated. There was such lamentation among relatives, friends, and brother officers, as betokened how dear this young hero had grown. The memory of the man has been reverently cherished in quiet places. The admiration of a later generation has hewn a granite monument to his memory, which stands in his native town, silent and sad, among ancestral graves. A faithful and loving biographer has now reared a monument, which will carry to many young hearts the unction of patriotic devotion. New York has erected a statue, on the very spot, in the City Hall grounds, on which Nathan Hale was put to death. His name is not destined to be forgotten while patriotism is esteemed a virtue.

HEROISM IN NATIONAL SERVICE

Toussaint L'Ouverture

By WENDELL PHILLIPS

[Wendell Phillips, philanthropist and orator, was born at Boston, November 29, 1811. His father was the first mayor of Boston. He graduated from Harvard in 1831, studied in the law-school at Cambridge, and was admitted to the bar in 1834. He first allied himself with the abolition cause in October, 1835, at the time when William Lloyd Garrison, chief among the abolitionists, barely escaped with his life from the hands of a Boston mob composed of men of property and high standing. In 1837 he spoke in Faneuil Hall in defense of the freedom of the press, at a meeting held to condemn the murder of Rev. Elijah Lovejoy, who had met his fate for uttering similar sentiments. In 1839 he abandoned his law practise because he could not conscientiously swear allegiance to the federal Constitution. Believing it an unrighteous compact between freedom and slavery, he also refused to recognize its authority by voting, and really advocated disunion up to the time of the Civil War, when he favored sustaining the government, foreseeing the conflict would end in the freeing of the slaves. In 1863–64 he advocated arming, educating, and enfranchising the freedmen, and in 1865 became president of the Anti-Slavery Society, which continued its existence until the passing of the Fifteenth Amendment in 1870. The rest of his life was devoted to lecturing and public pleading. He spoke in behalf of temperance and labor reform, standing on this platform as the candidate for the governorship of Massachusetts in 1870. He also advocated woman's suffrage, prohibitory liquor laws, and prison reform, and spoke in opposition to capital punishment. Besides these special objects of his oratorical endeavor, he delivered, in many places, his famous lectures on "The Lost Arts" and "Toussaint L'Ouverture." He died at Boston, February 2, 1884.]

I HAVE been requested to offer you a sketch made some years since of one of the most remarkable men of the last generation, Toussaint L'Ouverture, the great St. Domingo chief—an unmixed negro, with no drop of white blood in his veins.

The island of St. Domingo was originally tenanted by the filibusters, French and Spanish, of the early commercial epochs,

the pirates of that day as of ours. The Spanish took the eastern two-thirds, the French the western third of the island, and they gradually settled into colonies. The French, to whom my story belongs, became the pet colony of the mother land. Guarded by peculiar privileges, enriched by the scions of wealthy houses, aided by the unmatched fertility of the soil, it soon was the richest gem in the Bourbon crown; and at the period to which I call your attention, about the era of our Constitution, 1789, its wealth was almost incredible. The effeminacy of the white race rivaled that of the sybarite of antiquity, while the splendor of their private life outshone Versailles, and their luxury found no mate but in the mad prodigality of the Cæsars. At this time the island held about 30,000 whites, 20,000 or 30,000 mulattoes, and 500,000 slaves. The slave trade was active. About 25,000 slaves were imported annually; this only sufficed to fill the gap which the murderous culture of sugar annually produced. The mulattoes, as with us, were children of the slave-holders, but unlike us, the French slave-holder never forgot his child by a bond-woman. He gave him everything but his name—wealth, rich plantations, gangs of slaves; sent him to Paris for his education, summoned the best culture of France for the instruction of his daughters, so that in 1790 the mulatto race held one-third of the real estate, and one-quarter of the personal estate of the island. But though educated and rich, he bowed under the yoke. Subjected to special taxes, he could hold no public office, and if convicted of any crime, was punished with double severity. His son might not sit on the same seat at school with a white boy; he might not enter a church where a white man was worshiping; if he reached a town on horseback he must dismount and lead his horse by the bridle; and when he died, even his dust could not rest in the same soil with a white body. Such was the white race and the mulatto—a thin film of a civilization beneath which surged the dark mass of 500,000 slaves.

It was over this population that there burst in 1789 the thunder-storm of the French Revolution. The first words which reached the island were the motto of the Jacobin Club—"Liberty, Equality." The white man heard them aghast. He

had read of the streets of Paris running blood. The slave heard them with indifference; it was a quarrel in the upper air, between other races, which did not concern him. The mulatto heard them with a welcome which no dread of other classes could quell. Hastily gathered into conventions, they sent to Paris a committee of the whole body, laid at the feet of the National Convention the free gift of 6,000,000 francs, pledged one-fifth of their annual rental toward the payment of the national debt, and only asked in return that this yoke of civil and social contempt should be lifted from their shoulders.

You may easily imagine the temper in which Mirabeau and Lafayette welcomed this munificent gift of the free mulattoes of the West Indies, and in which the petition for equal civil rights was received by a body which had just resolved that all men were equal. The Convention hastened to express its gratitude and issued a decree which commences thus: "All free-born Frenchmen are equal before the law." Ogé was selected—the friend of Lafayette, a lieutenant-colonel in the Dutch service, the son of a wealthy mulatto woman, educated in Paris, the comrade of all the leading French Republicans,—to carry the decree and the message of French democracy to the island. He landed. The decree of the National Convention was laid on the table of the General Assembly of the island. One old planter seized it, tore it in fragments, trampled it under his feet. They took an old mulatto, worth a million, who had simply asked for his rights under that decree, and hung him. A white lawyer of seventy who drafted the petition, they hung at his side. They took Ogé, broke him on the wheel, ordered him to be drawn and quartered, and one-quarter of his body to be hung up in each of the four principal cities of the island; and then they adjourned.

You can conceive better than I can describe the mood in which Mirabeau and Danton received the news that their decree had been torn in pieces and trampled under foot by the petty legislature of an island colony, and their comrade drawn and quartered by the orders of its governor. Robespierre rushed to the tribune, and shouted: "Perish the colonies rather than sacrifice one iota of our principles!" The Convention reaf-

firmed their decree and sent it out a second time to be executed.

But it was not then as now, when steam has married the continents. It took months to communicate; and while this news of the death of Ogé and the defiance of the National Convention was going to France and the answer returning, great events had transpired in the island itself. The Spanish or the eastern section, perceiving these divisions, invaded the towns of the western, and conquered many of its cities. One-half of the slave-holders were republicans, in love with the new constellation which had just gone up in our northern sky, seeking to be admitted a state in this republic, plotting for annexation. The other half were loyalists, anxious, deserted, as they supposed themselves, by the Bourbons, to make alliance with George III. They sent to Jamaica, and entreated its governor to assist them in their intrigue. At first he sent them only a few hundred soldiers. Sometime later, General Howe and Admiral Parker were sent with several thousand men, and finally, the English government entering more seriously into the plot, General Maitland landed with 4,000 Englishmen on the north side of the island, and gained many successes. The mulattoes were in the mountains, awaiting events. They distrusted the government, which a few years before they had assisted to put down an insurrection of the whites, and which had forfeited its promise to grant them civil privileges. Deserted by both sections, Blanchelande, the governor, had left the capital and fled for refuge to a neighboring city.

In this state of affairs the second decree reached the island. The whites forgot their quarrel, sought out Blanchelande, and obliged him to promise that he would never publish the decree. Affrighted, the governor consented to that course, and they left him. He then began to reflect that in reality he was deposed, that the Bourbons had lost the scepter of the island. He remembered his successful appeal to the mulattoes five years before to put down an insurrection. Deserted now by the whites, and by the mulattoes, only one force was left him in the island —that was the blacks. They had always remembered with gratitude the *code noir*, the black code of Louis XIV., the first

interference of any power in their behalf. To the blacks Blanchelande appealed. He sent a deputation to the slaves. He was aided by the agents of the Count d'Artois, afterward Charles X., who was seeking to do in St. Domingo what Charles II. did in Virginia (whence its name of Old Dominion), institute a reaction against the rebellion at home. The two joined forces and sent first to Toussaint. Nature made him a Metternich, a diplomatist. He probably wished to avail himself of this offer, foreseeing the advantage to his race, but to avail himself of it so cautiously as to provide against failure, risking as little as possible until the intentions of the other party had been tested, and so managing as to be able to go on or withdraw as the best interest of his race demanded. He had practised well the Greek rule, "Know thyself," and thoroughly studied his own part. Later in life, when criticizing his great mulatto rival, Rigaud, he showed how well he knew himself. "I know Rigaud," he said; "he drops the bridle when he gallops, he shows his arm when he strikes. For me, I gallop also, but know where to stop; when I strike I am felt, not seen. Rigaud works only by blood and massacre, I know how to put the people in movement; but when I appear all must be calm."

He therefore said to the envoys: "Where are your credentials?" "We have none." "I will have nothing to do with you." They then sought François and Biassou, two other slaves of strong passions, considerable intellect, and great influence over their fellow-slaves, and said: "Arm, assist the government, put down the English on the one hand, and the Spanish on the other"; and on August 21, 1791, 15,000 blacks led by François and Biassou, supplied with arms from the arsenal of the government, appeared in the midst of the colony. It is believed that Toussaint, unwilling himself to head the movement, was still desirous that it should go forward, trusting, as proved the case, that it would result in benefit to his race. He is supposed to have advised François in his course—saving himself for a more momentous hour.

This is what Edward Everett calls the Insurrection of St. Domingo. It bore for its motto on one side of its banner, "Long live the King," and on the other, "We Claim the Old

Laws." Singular mottoes for a rebellion! In fact, it was the *posse comitatus;* it was the only French army on the island; and it was the only force that had a right to bear arms; and what it undertook, it achieved. It put Blanchelande in his seat; it put the island beneath his rule. When it was done, the blacks said to the governor they had created, "Now grant us one day in seven; give us one day's labor; we will buy another and with the two buy a third"—the favorite method of emancipation at that time. Like the Blanchelande of five years before, he refused. He said: "Disarm! disperse!" and the blacks answered, "The right hand that has saved you—the right hand that has saved the island for the Bourbons may, perchance, clutch some of our own rights," and they stood still.

Now, let me stop a moment and remind you of one thing. I am about to open to you a chapter of bloody history—no doubt of it. Who set the example? Who dug up from its grave of a hundred years the hideous punishment of the wheel, and broke Ogé, every bone, a living man? Who flared in the face of indignant and astonished Europe the forgotten barbarity of quartering the yet palpitating body? Our race. And if the black man learned the lesson but too well, it does not lie in our lips to complain. During this whole struggle, the record is, mark you, by the white man—the whole picture from the pencil of the white race—that for one life the negro took in battle, in hot and bloody fight, the white race took, in the cool malignity of revenge, three to answer for it. Notice also that up to this moment the slave had taken no part in the struggle except at the bidding of the government; and even then not for himself, but only to sustain the laws.

At this moment, then, the island stands thus: The Spaniard is on the east, triumphant; the Englishman is on the northwest, entrenched; the mulattoes are in the mountains, waiting; the blacks are in the valleys, victorious; one-half the French slaveholding element is republican, the other half royalist; the white race against the mulatto and the black; the black against both; the Frenchman against the English and Spaniard; the Spaniard against both. It is a war of races and a war of nations. At such a moment L'Ouverture appeared.

He had been born a slave on a plantation in the north of the island—an unmixed negro, his father stolen from Africa. If anything, therefore, that I say of him to-night moves your admiration, remember the black race claims it all—we have no part nor lot in it. He was fifty years old at this time. An old negro had taught him to read. His favorite books were Epictetus, Raynal, Military Memoirs, Plutarch. In the woods he learned some of the qualities of herbs, and was village doctor. On the estate the highest place he ever reached was that of coachman. At fifty he joined the army as a physician. Before he went he placed his master and mistress on shipboard, freighted the vessel with a cargo of sugar and coffee, and sent them to Baltimore, and never afterward did he forget to send them year by year ample means of support.

Let me add another thing. If I stood here to-night to tell the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. If I were to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts—you, who think no marble white enough in which to carve the name of the Father of his Country. I am about to tell you the story of a negro who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of Britons, Frenchmen, Spaniards —men who despised him as a negro and a slave, and hated him because he had beaten them in many a battle. All the materials for his biography are from the lips of his enemies.

The second story told of him is this: About the time he reached the camp, the army had been subjected to two insults. First, their commissioners summoned to meet the French committee were ignominiously and insultingly dismissed; and when, afterward, François, their general, was summoned to a second conference, and went to it on horseback, accompanied by two officers, a young lieutenant, who had known him as a slave, angered at seeing him in the uniform of an officer, raised his riding-whip and struck him over the shoulders. If he had been the savage which the negro is painted to us, he had only to breathe the insult to his 25,000 soldiers and they would have trodden out the Frenchman in blood. But the indignant chief

rode back in silence to his tent, and it was twenty-four hours before his troops heard of this insult to their general. Then the word went forth: "Death to every white man!" They had 1,500 prisoners. Ranged in front of the camp, they were about to be shot. Toussaint, who had a vein of religious fanaticism like most great leaders,—like Mohammed, like Napoleon, like Cromwell—he could preach as well as fight—mounting a hillock and getting the ear of the crowd, exclaimed: "Brothers, this blood will not wipe out the insult offered to our chief, only the blood in yonder French camp can wipe it out; to shed that is courage, to shed this is cowardice and cruelty beside"; and he saved 1,500 lives.

I cannot stop to give in detail every one of his efforts. This was in 1793. Leap with me over seven years; come to 1800; what has he achieved? He has driven the Spaniard back into his own cities; conquered him there, and put the French banner over every Spanish town; and for the first time, and almost the last, the island obeys one law. He has put the mulatto under his feet. He has attacked Maitland, defeated him in pitched battles, and permitted him to retreat to Jamaica; and when the French army rose upon Laveaux, their general, and put him in chains, Toussaint defeated them, took Laveaux out of prison, and put him at the head of his own troops. The grateful French in return named him general-in-chief. "*Cet homme fait l'ouverture partout*," said one. "This man makes an opening everywhere"—hence his soldiers named him L'Ouverture, the opening.

This was the work of seven years. Let us pause a moment and find something to measure him by. You remember that Macaulay says, comparing Cromwell with Napoleon, that Cromwell showed the greater military genius, if we consider that he never saw an army till he was forty; while Napoleon was educated from a boy in the best military schools of Europe; Cromwell manufactured his own army; Napoleon at the age of twenty-seven was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. They were both successful; but, says Macaulay, with such disadvantages the Englishman showed the greater genius. Whether you allow the inference or not, you will at

least allow that it is a fair mode of measurement. Apply it to Toussaint. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army—out of what? Englishmen—the best blood in Europe. This man manufactured his army out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery, 100,000 of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed and as you say, despicable mass, he forged a thunderbolt and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. Now if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier.

Further, Cromwell was only a soldier; his fame stops there. Not one line in the statute-book of Britain can be traced to Cromwell; not one step in the social life of England finds its motive power in his brain. The state he founded went down with him to his grave. But this man no sooner found himself at the helm of state than the ship steadied with an upright keel and he began to evince a statesmanship as marvelous as his military genius. History says that the most statesmanlike act of Napoleon was his proclamation of 1802, at the Peace of Amiens, when believing that the indelible loyalty of a native-born heart is always a sufficient basis on which to found an empire, he said: "Frenchmen, come home. I pardon the crimes of the last twelve years; I blot out its parties; I found my throne on the hearts of all Frenchmen," and twelve years of unclouded success showed how wisely he judged. Now that was in 1802. In 1800 this negro made a proclamation; it runs thus: "Sons of St. Domingo, come home. We never meant to take your houses or your lands. The negro only asked that liberty which God gave him. Your houses wait for you, your lands are ready; come and cultivate them";—and from Madrid and Paris, from Baltimore and New Orleans, the emigrant planters crowded home to enjoy their estates,

under the pledged word that was never broken, of a victorious slave.

Again, Carlyle has said: "The natural king is one who melts all wills into his own." At this moment he turned to his armies, poor, ill-clad, and half-starved—and said to them: "Go back and work on these estates you have conquered; for an empire can be founded only on order and industry and you can learn these virtues only there." And they went. The French admiral who witnessed the scene, said that in a week his army melted back into peasants.

It was 1800. The world waited fifty years before, in 1846, Robert Peel dared to venture, as a matter of practical statesmanship, the theory of free trade. Adam Smith theorized, the French statesmen dreamed, but no man at the head of affairs had ever dared to risk it as a practical measure. Europe waited till 1846 before the most practical intellect in the world, the English, adopted the great economic formula of unfettered trade. But in 1800 this black, with the instinct of statesmanship, said to the committee who were drafting for him a Constitution: "Put at the head of the chapter of commerce that the ports of St. Domingo are open to the trade of the world."

With lofty indifference to race, superior to all envy, or prejudice, Toussaint had formed this committee of eight white proprietors, and one mulatto—not a soldier nor a negro on the list, although Haytian history proves that with the exception of Rigaud, the rarest genius has always been shown by pure negroes.

Again it was 1800, at a time when England was poisoned on every page of her statute-book with religious intolerance, when a man could not enter the House of Commons without taking an Episcopal communion, when every State in the Union, except Rhode Island, was full of the intensest religious bigotry. This man was a negro. You say that is a superstitious blood. He was uneducated. You say that makes a man narrow-minded. He was a Catholic. Many say that is but another name for intolerance. And yet—negro, Catholic, slave—he took his place by the side of Roger Williams, and said to his committee: "Make it the first line of my Constitution that I know no difference between religious beliefs."

It was 1801. The Frenchmen who lingered on the island described its prosperity and order as almost incredible. You might trust a child with a bag of gold to go from Samana to Port-au-Prince without risk. Peace was in every household; the valleys laughed with fertility; culture climbed the mountains; the commerce of the world was represented in its harbors. At this time Europe concluded the Peace of Amiens, and Napoleon took his seat on the throne of France. He glanced his eyes across the Atlantic, and with a single stroke of his pen reduced Cayenne and Martinique back into chains. He then said to his council: "What shall I do with St. Domingo?" The slave-holder said: "Give it to us." Napoleon turned to the Abbé Gregoire. "What is your opinion?" "I think those men would change their opinions if they changed their skins." Colonel Vincent, who had been private secretary to Toussaint, wrote a letter to Napoleon in which he said: "Sire, leave it alone; it is the happiest spot in your dominions; God raised this man to govern; races melt under his hand. He has saved you this island, for I know of my own knowledge that when the republic could not have lifted a finger to prevent it, George III. offered him any title and revenue if he would hold the island under the British crown. He refused and saved it for France." Napoleon turned away from his council, and is said to have remarked: "I have 60,000 idle troops; I must find them something to do." He meant to say: "I am about to seize the crown; I dare not do it in the face of 60,000 republican soldiers; I must give them work at a distance to do."

Holland lent sixty ships. England promised by special message to be neutral; and you know neutrality means sneering at freedom and sending arms to tyrants. England promised neutrality, and the black looked out on the whole civilized world, marshaled against him. America, full of slaves, of course, was hostile. Only the Yankees sold him poor muskets at a very high price. Mounting his horse, and riding to the eastern end of the island, Samana, he looked out on a sight such as no native had ever seen before. Sixty ships of the line, crowded by the best soldiers of Europe, rounded the point. They were soldiers who never yet had met an equal, whose

tread like Cæsar's had shaken Europe, soldiers who had scaled the Pyramids, and planted the French banners on the walls of Rome. He looked a moment, counted the flotilla, let the reins fall on the neck of his horse, and, turning to Christophe, said: "All France is come to Hayti; they can only come to make us slaves; all is lost!" He then recognized the only mistake of his life—his confidence in Bonaparte, which had led him to disband his army.

Returning to the hills, he issued the only proclamation which bears his name and breathes vengeance: "My children, France comes to make us slaves. God gave us liberty; France has no right to take it away. Burn the cities, destroy the harvests, tear up the roads with cannon, poison the wells, show the white man the hell he comes to make"; and he was obeyed. When the great William of Orange saw Louis XIV. cover Holland with troops, he said: "Break down the dykes! give Holland back to ocean"; and Europe said: "Sublime!" When Alexander saw the armies of France descend upon Russia, he said: "Burn Moscow! starve back the invaders!" and Europe answered: "Sublime!" This black saw all Europe marshaled to crush him, and gave to his people the same heroic example of defiance.

It is true the scene grows bloodier as we proceed. But remember the white man fitly accompanied his infamous attempt to reduce freemen to slavery with every bloody and cruel device that bitter and shameless hate could invent. The black man met the attempt, as every such attempt should be met, with war to the hilt. In his first struggle to gain his freedom, he had been generous and merciful, saved lives and pardoned enemies. Now, to save his liberty the negro exhausted every means, seized every weapon and turned back the hateful invaders with the vengeance as terrible as their own.

Leclerc sent word to Christophe that he was about to land at Cape City. Christophe said: "Toussaint is governor of the island. I will send to him for permission. If without it a French soldier sets foot on shore, I will burn the town and fight over its ashes."

Leclerc landed. Christophe took 2,000 white men, women,

and children and carried them to the mountains in safety, and then with his own hands set fire to the splendid palace which French architects had just finished for him, and in forty hours the place was in ashes. The battle was fought in its streets, and the French driven back to their boats. Wherever they went they were met with fire and sword. Once, resisting an attack, the blacks, Frenchmen born, shouted the Marseilles hymn, and the French soldiers stood still; they could not fight the Marseillaise. And it was not till their officers sabered them on, that they advanced, and then they were beaten. Beaten in the field, the French then took to lies. They issued proclamations saying: "We do not come to make you slaves; this man Toussaint tells you lies. Join us, and you shall have the rights you claim." They cheated every one of his officers except Christophe and Dessalines, and his own brother Pierre, and finally these also deserted him, and he was left alone. He then sent word to Leclerc: "I will submit; I could continue the struggle for years—could prevent a single Frenchman from safely quitting your camp. But I hate bloodshed. I have fought only for the liberty of my race. Guarantee that. I will submit and come in."

He took the oath to be a faithful citizen; and on the same crucifix Leclerc swore that he should be faithfully protected and that the island should be free. As the French general glanced along the line of his splendidly equipped troops, and saw opposite Toussaint's ill-armed followers, he said to him: "L'Ouverture, had you continued the war, where could you have got arms?" "I would have taken yours," was the Spartan reply. He went down to his house in peace; it was summer. Leclerc remembered that the fever months were coming when his army would be in hospitals, and when one motion of that royal hand would sweep his troops into the sea. He was too dangerous to be left at large. So they summoned him to attend a council; and here is the only charge made against him—the only charge. They say he was fool enough to go. Grant it; what is the record? The white man lies shrewdly. Knight-errantry was truth. The foulest insult you can offer to a man since the Crusades is, you lie. Of Toussaint, Hermona, the

Spanish general, who knew him well, said: "He was the purest soul God ever put into a body." Of him history bears witness: "He never broke his word." Maitland was traveling in the depths of the woods to meet Toussaint, when he was met by a messenger, and told that he was betrayed. He went on; and met Toussaint, who showed him two letters, one from the French general, offering him any rank if he would put Maitland in his power and the other his reply. It was: "Sir, I have promised the Englishman that he shall go back." Let it stand, therefore, that the negro, truthful as a knight of old, was cheated by his lying foe.

But he was not cheated. He was under espionage. Suppose he had refused; the government would have doubted him —would have found some cause to arrest him. He probably reasoned thus: "If I go willingly, I shall be treated accordingly"; and he went. The moment he entered the room the officers drew their swords, and told him he was a prisoner; and one young lieutenant who was present says: "He was not at all surprised, but seemed very sad." They put him on shipboard, and weighed anchor for France. As the island faded from his sight, he turned to the captain and said: "You think you have rooted up the tree of liberty, but I am only a branch; I have planted the tree so deep that all France can never root it up." Arrived in Paris, he was flung into jail, and Napoleon sent his secretary, Caffarelli, to him, supposing he had buried large treasures. He listened a while, then replied: "Young man, it is true I have lost treasures, but they are not such as you come to seek." He was then sent to the Castle of St. Joux, to a dungeon twelve feet by twenty, built wholly of stone, with a narrow window, high upon the side, looking out on the snows of Switzerland. In winter, ice covers the floor; in summer it is damp and wet. In this living tomb, the child of the sunny tropic was left to die. From this dungeon he wrote two letters to Napoleon. One of them runs thus:

"Sire, I am a French citizen. I never broke a law. By the grace of God I have saved for you the best island of your realm. Sire, of your mercy grant me justice."

Napoleon never answered the letters. The commandant

allowed him five francs a day for food and fuel. Napoleon heard of it and reduced the sum to three. The luxurious usurper, who complained that the English government was stingy because it allowed him only $6,000 a month, stooped from his throne to cut down a dollar to a half, and still Toussaint did not die quick enough.

This dungeon was a tomb. The story is told that in Josephine's time a young French marquis was placed in it, and the girl to whom he was betrothed went to the empress and prayed for his release. Said Josephine to her: "Have a model of it made and bring it to me." Josephine placed it near Napoleon. He said: "Take it away; it is horrible!" She put it on his footstool and he kicked it from him. She held it to him the third time, and said: "Sire, in this horrible dungeon you have put a man to die." "Take him out," said Napoleon, and the girl saved her lover. In this tomb Toussaint was buried, but he did not die fast enough. Finally the commandant was told to go into Switzerland, to carry the keys of the dungeon with him and to stay four days; when he returned Toussaint was found starved to death. That imperial assassin was taken twelve years after to his prison at St. Helena planned for a tomb as he had planned that of Toussaint, and there he whined away his dying hours in pitiful complaints of curtains and titles, of dishes and rides. God grant that when some future Plutarch shall weigh the great men of our epoch, the whites against the blacks, he do not put that whining child at St. Helena into one scale and into the other the negro meeting death like a Roman without a murmur in the solitude of his icy dungeon!

Notes and Queries.—Has the experiment of negro self-government proved an ultimate success in St. Domingo? What seems to be the tendency with the negro race when left to itself? When the vast majority of a people are ignorant and prone to revert to barbarism is it always easy for the best to gain and hold the lead? Has the modern negro produced many characters in any way approaching Toussaint in virtue and ability? Who is its most notable example in this country to-day?

HEROISM IN NATIONAL SERVICE

Andreas Hofer*

By WILLIAM DENISON McCRACKAN

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A PLAY is acted annually at Meran in the Tirol, entitled "Tirol in the Year 1809." The performance is somewhat after the manner of the Passion Play at Oberammergau, in the open air. The scene setting represents a Tirolese mountain village, and the stage accommodates about four hundred performers, all chosen from Meran or the immediate neighborhood, most of these people, indeed, being descendants of the men who fought in the terrific national uprising of that year, 1809. The scenes are portrayed much as Defregger has portrayed them on his masterly canvases. In the last act the village schoolmaster, surrounded by young and old, tells the story of Andreas Hofer's leadership and martyrdom.

It is well that the supreme passion of this simple peasant should be retold every year, lest at any time his countrymen should forget the rarest and most heroic figure in their history. Ah, that year 1809! Napoleon had by that time fastened himself upon Europe; he *was* Europe. When the Archdukes Charles and John of Austria, brothers of the Austrian emperor,

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in a moment of genuine courage, summoned the great German race to take up arms against the Napoleonic supremacy, there was no response from the Danube to the Rhine, save in the mountains of the Tirol. Of all the various branches of the German race, the Tirolese alone heeded the summons. It was nobly pathetic. The nations of the plains, grown impotent with ceaseless war, looked on amazed, while Wordsworth sang encouragement to the mountaineers in his "Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty."

The call to arms of the Archdukes Charles and John was read at all the inns and shooting stands of the country. Knots of grim sharpshooters gathered in the mountain forges to discuss ways and means and to repair their weapons. Emissaries traveled through the valleys, recruiting men or collecting provisions and ammunition. Many devoted patriots, even from the ranks of the clergy, threw themselves unreservedly into the struggle. There was a certain Capuchin monk, Joachim Haspinger, who was later always seen in the thickest of the fight; staff in hand and a cross at his belt, he marched ahead exhorting his followers to brave deeds. Another popular hero was Joseph Speckbacher, a chamois hunter, who became an ideal leader of sharpshooters. He was always full of dash, never discouraged, never weary.

But the foremost leader of all was Andreas Hofer, innkeeper in the Passeier valley. His appearance is easy to reconstruct from the few portraits which have come down to us and from descriptions by fellow-patriots. He was a man of large build, a trifle above middle height, with broad shoulders that were bent forward a little from carrying heavy loads. His face was wholesome and ruddy, his voice gentle. But his most striking peculiarity was his long black beard, which often grew down to his belt. The Italian soldiers in French service nicknamed him *General Barbone* on account of it. His costume was that of the Passeier valley, slightly changed to suit his personal taste. There was a jacket of green cloth, a red vest with wide green suspenders, black buckskin breeches, a wide leather belt bearing his initials, blue woolen stockings, and a wide-brimmed black felt hat. To sum up, Andreas Hofer was a real peasant,

and never pretended to be anything else, even when he became commander of the army and regent of the Tirol. But he was by no means illiterate. He knew how to read and write—not so common an accomplishment a century ago among mountaineers. He could also speak Italian, besides his native German dialect.

The Passeier valley opens northward from Meran; and when you have passed beyond the village of St. Martin with its frescoed houses, you reach a tract which the torrent of the Passer has more than once laid waste. Here Hofer's inn stands by the roadside, opposite a big tree. The name is the *Wirth am Sand*, or the "Inn by the Gravel." Hofer was, therefore, commonly known as the *Sandwirth*, or the "Gravel Inn-keeper," by a form of contraction which sounds very comical to us, but is customary in the Tirol.

Andreas Hofer was born at the inn in 1767. His parents died when he was twenty-two, leaving him to carry on the business. As time passed, Hofer added to his regular occupation a commerce in grain, cattle, horses, wine, and brandy; he transported freight over the Jaufen Pass at the head of the valley, keeping as many as sixteen horses for the purpose. In this manner he became known all over the Tirol; his honesty, good nature, and homely wit made him a universal favorite; so that when the revolt took place, he was one of the men to whom the peasants naturally looked as a leader.

At the first sound of war, on April 11, 1809, Andreas Hofer crossed the Jaufen Pass with his brave comrades of the Passeier valley, and fell upon the town of Sterzing, forcing the garrison to flee. The French had not entered the field yet, and the place was held by Bavarian troops. Sterzing is a little town of some 1,500 inhabitants, with picturesque old buildings, arcades, balconies, and turrets, now a favorite summer resort. This position was extremely valuable to the Tirolese, but was by no means easy to maintain. Bavarian reinforcements came up, and a struggle took place out on the plain of the Sterzingermoos, as it is called. At first the Tirolese could make no headway against the Bavarian artillery. It was absolutely necessary to dislodge their cannon. Hofer, therefore, had three loaded

hay wagons driven forward, behind which his best sharpshooters could hide and pick off the Bavarian artillerymen. It is said that two fearless girls actually drove up the first two wagons. When a nation fights like that it becomes irresistible.

United with the Austrian troops which had entered the country in the mean time, the Tirolese marched upon Innsbruck driving the enemy before them, taking prisoners and collecting booty of war. A triumphal entry into Innsbruck followed, to the indescribable joy of the whole population of the Tirol. In a few days the peasants had captured two generals, one hundred and thirty officers, almost 6,000 men, seven cannons, and eight hundred horses—in truth a remarkable result for so short a campaign. There was not a hostile soldier to be found in the land nearer than Kufstein. In that fortress, however, the enemy still maintained themselves. And all this had been accomplished by the peasants alone, practically unaided—for the Austrian troops had been of little use, except to swell the numbers. So, when the bands of victors marched home again, what a jubilation there was in their native hamlets!

But the fate of the Tirol was inevitably linked to that of Europe in general. Napoleon was all-powerful. A second time he took Vienna, and the Austrians were obliged to withdraw their troops from the Tirol. Seeing the country open, a Bavarian army under General Wrede and a French one under Marshal Lefebre rapidly approached, and before the peasants could organize a proper defense, were once more in possession of Innsbruck.

That was on May 19, 1809. On the twenty-fifth, Andreas Hofer having gathered an army of 6,800 men and six cannon, took up a position on Berg Isel overlooking Innsbruck. The first day of the battle was indecisive. Both sides maintained their positions for several days. On the twenty-ninth the battle was renewed by Hofer. For ten hours both sides fought with alternate gains and losses until nightfall. But during the night the enemy wrapped the wheels of their cannon and their horses' hoofs in rags, left their camp-fires burning, and stole quietly away, out of the country.

Next morning the Tirolese held their second triumphal

entry into the capital of their beloved land. For the time being, even the news from the general European seat of war seemed favorable. Archduke Charles of Austria actually defeated Napoleon in the battle of Aspern. But shortly after came tidings of the murderous battle of Wagram, in which the tables were turned again. A humiliating truce was signed by Austria, which left the Tirol exposed as before to foreign invasion. Marshal Lefebre promptly reoccupied Innsbruck. The country seemed indeed lost at last. Napoleon ordered Lefebre to disarm everybody. Archduke John wrote advising the peasants to submit, saying that a definite peace would soon be concluded between Austria and France, in which the interests of the Tirol would be guarded as carefully as possible. It seemed a grim joke to the mountaineers, to ask them to let in the invaders without a struggle. They refused to believe that the Austrian emperor could counsel such cowardice. Andreas Hofer issued a proclamation in which he described this news of a truce as a piece of "devilish deceit." He called upon all patriots, old and young, to arm once more and fight for home and honor. Then the last band, the old fellows who had thought themselves of little use, came out to die for their country. They marched forth with ancient mediæval weapons on their shoulders, long disused halberds, spiked clubs or antiquated spears. They took leave of their old wives, as the younger men had parted from their sweethearts months before. Only the women and children and the wounded were left to look after their homes. Hofer called Speckbacher, the brave leader of the sharpshooters, and Haspinger, the undaunted Capuchin monk, to his side. The three giants of the Tirolese revolution stood side by side, shoulder to shoulder.

Marshal Lefebre advanced from Innsbruck to overrun the country. For want of artillery, the Tirolese erected what they called stone batteries, that is, above the roads they heaped stones upon platforms which were supported only by one or two pieces of timber. When the right moment came, they knocked away the supports, and the whole mass came crashing down upon the helpless foe below. Lefebre, now known as the Duke of Danzig, had already had so much experience with the

Tirolese that he preferred to send on his allies ahead, to reconnoiter. In this way it came about that a detachment of Saxons were the first to suffer from the fury of the peasants. Over 2,000 Saxons were caught in a defile near Mittewald, and almost annihilated by the stone batteries and the renowned Tirolese sharpshooters. Then Lefebre came up and received his beating. For three days he attempted in vain to dislodge the defenders. At one time the latter seemed to be getting the worst of it; but they recovered, and on the fourth day the newly created Duke of Danzig retired under a terrific fire upon Innsbruck. Hofer had posted detachments of sharpshooters in hiding all along the route, who thinned the ranks of the fugitives as they went. Lefebre himself would have been picked out by them, had he not disguised himself as a common soldier and walked on foot sheltered between two mounted dragoons.

On August 13, 1809, Hofer and his army stood once more on Berg Isel to attack Innsbruck. It was Sunday. Early in the morning the Tirolese heard mass, received absolution from their chaplains, and Hofer made a characteristic speech: "Now stand together, men of Tirol. You've heard mass, you've had your drink of brandy. Now in God's name, give it to them." The men cheered, and *gave it to them.* As in the previous battles, the first day was undecisive. The two sides were more equally matched than usual, the enemy having only a slight preponderance numerically, but being, of course, far superior in artillery and cavalry. No action took place on the second day, and on the third the French, as once before, withdrew quietly with their allies. Then Hofer gathered his officers about him on Berg Isel, knelt under the open sky in sight of Innsbruck, rosary in hand, to thank the Almighty and the Mother of God for the victory.

For the third time Hofer entered Innsbruck. He was the hero of the hour. When delegations of students came to greet him with music and banners, the pious peasant reproved them in his rude dialect: "Now pray don't shout and make music; not I, not you, He above has done this." An irresistible popular demand soon showed itself to make him governor of the Tirol, since Austria was unable to defend the country. At last

Hofer yielded, addressing the multitude in the following speech: "Well, I greet you, my dear people of Innsbruck. As you insist upon my being governor, here I am. But there are many by me who are not from Innsbruck. All who want to be my brothers in arms must fight for God, emperor, and country as brave, good, and honest Tirolese. Those who don't care to do that had better go home. My comrades in arms won't leave me. Nor will I leave you, as true as my name is Andreas Hofer. Now I've said it, you've seen me, and so God bless you."

Hofer, with considerable regret, took up his residence in the Castle of Innsbruck as regent of the Tirol. They told him it would never do to have the head of the state living in an inn. His sovereign, the Emperor of Austria, now sent him the golden locket and chain which is seen around his neck in his portrait. For six weeks he administered the affairs of the country with great simplicity and shrewdness, spending next to nothing upon himself. When he drove, however, he used a four-horse carriage, captured from a French general. Morning and evening he went to church. Priests and peasants always had free approach to him, but other persons had to be announced. His greatest difficulty was in raising money for the current expenses of the country, since it was practically exhausted from continual war. He had silver and copper currency coined, which had on one side the Tirolese eagle and on the reverse the Madonna. So little of this money was coined, however, and of that little so much was later melted back into Austrian money, that the few pieces in existence are excessively rare.

On October 14, 1809, Austria finally concluded the Peace of Vienna, which definitely sacrificed the Tirol to Bavaria. It was the culminating humiliation which Napoleon inflicted upon Austria, forcing her to sacrifice a full third of her territory.

In those days news traveled slowly and uncertainly. Hofer and his followers refused to believe the first reports of this abandonment, and when the Bavarians and French crossed the frontier to take possession, promptly engaged them. It took an autograph letter from Archduke John to make them pause.

A TYROLESE FAMILY

From a Painting by Franz Defregger.

The moment was decisive in Hofer's career. Should he obey the imperial mandate, or carry out the task to which he had vowed himself? In this predicament, Hofer for the first and last time lost his head. Fine distinctions between duty and honor were too much for him. The carriage was ready which was to take him to surrender, when Haspinger, the Capuchin monk, rushed up and told him that the news about the humiliating Peace of Vienna was a lie, that Archduke John would soon come to their help. To add to the impression created by these words, the messenger who brought the autograph letter happened to be an epileptic and fell in a fit, as if under punishment of God for telling a lie. Instead of surrendering, Hofer called the country to arms. But a few days later, finding that the news of the peace was correct, he issued a proclamation of surrender. In this manner he wavered several times, torn hither and thither by conflicting reports. Finally he withdrew into his native valley to fight it out to the death.

He crossed for the last time over the Jaufen Pass, where he had traveled many a time as boy and man with his wares. To show the pressure to fight which was brought to bear upon him, it should be related how in his native valley a man came to him with loaded rifle and said: "Andreas, now say, will you or will you not? You began it, you must carry it out. This rifle is as good for you as for any Frenchman."

In the neighborhood of Meran the Tirolese won their last stubborn victories over the French, displaying a power of resistance which astounded all Europe, crushed as it was under the heel of Napoleon. It caused Wordsworth to exclaim:

> "A few strong instincts and a few plain rules
> Among the herdsmen of the Alps have wrought
> More for mankind at this unhappy day,
> Than all the pride of intellect and thought."

One of these victories was won near Castle Tirol, as if by poetic justice, in the very heart of the country's history, at the meeting-place of its races. The French were driven from the Küchelberg and finally surrounded. In one place a detachment of French soldiers were entrapped between the peasants

and a precipice. Rather than face their infuriated foe, these prisoners stepped to the edge of the precipice and, horrible to relate, actually jumped one by one to a certain death below. In the end the surviving French army was obliged to evacuate Meran, with a loss of 1,200 men.

But that was not all. Another victory was in store for the Tirolese before the end of the war. In the same night in which the French evacuated Meran, a French company, knowing nothing of the defeat of their comrades, crossed the Jaufen Pass, and stopped at the village of St. Leonhard. Here they were hemmed in, four hundred of them were cut down, and the rest made prisoners.

With this the end of the war had come. From all sides the French poured into the country with reinforcements. The Tirolese, overpowered by superior numbers, withdrew to the mountains. Every night their watchfires were seen to climb higher and higher up the slopes, until they glowed from the summits themselves. On the noble peaks near Meran were kindled some of the last signals of revolt; in the woods were gathered some of the last knots of undaunted patriots, who did not know what it was to surrender. They preferred to starve or to be sought out, so that they could sell their lives dearly. The new French commander, Baron d'Hilliers, a humane man, who had conceived a strong admiration for Hofer, tried hard to save the national hero. He sent word to him that he would beg for his pardon at headquarters, if Hofer would only persuade the people of his valley to surrender. But Hofer paid no attention to these overtures. His soul was filled with a nameless sadness. On the second of December he climbed to the highest pasture on the mountain opposite his home, and hid there in a barn with his faithful clerk Sweth. Baron d'Hilliers issued a proclamation saying:

"Men of the Tirol, spare me the sorrow of punishing you. . . . I ask nothing of you, but that you remain quietly in your houses. Your property, your persons, your religion, laws, customs, all your privileges shall be respected; but those who break their word to me shall be destroyed."

Andreas Hofer, however, remained in hiding in his lofty re-

treat; and a price of 1,500 florins was placed upon his head. A commemoration tablet now marks the hut, sacred to all Tirolese patriots, where the defeated peasant commander spent almost two months during the winter of 1809–1810. Here his wife and son joined him, having been obliged to flee from their hiding place. Here too, at last, the whole party was betrayed and captured. Hofer was to become not only a patriot, but a martyr. A certain man of the Passeier valley, Joseph Raffl, whose name is still held in execration throughout the Tirol, was tempted by the blood money to tell the French commander at Meran of Hofer's hiding-place. And so it was that at four o'clock in the morning of January 28, 1810, six hundred Italian soldiers in the French service surrounded this hut and surprised its occupants. The snow was deep at that altitude. The soldiers dragged forth Hofer, his wife, his boy, and the clerk, bound them, and took them down into the valley.

The brutal soldiery could now vent their hatred upon the defenseless hero. They pulled out great handfuls from his beard, so that his face was bleeding and his hair frozen into a bloody mass. But no word of pain escaped from Hofer's lips. He merely comforted his dear ones. "Be brave and be patient," he said to them; "in this way you can absolve yourselves from some of your sins." On the way the sad party passed their old home, the Gravel Inn, which was plundered. In Meran the people wept loudly as their hero passed. He was given a hearing before the commander, Huard. To the latter he said simply that he was indeed the author of the Tirolese revolt; that he had been called to do this by His Majesty, the Emperor of Austria; that he would have surrendered after the Peace of Vienna, had not his followers threatened him with death if he did not continue the struggle.

Next day the prisoners were transported to Bozen, where d'Hilliers ordered Hofer's wife and boy to be liberated at once, and the prisoner to be treated with greater care. On the fifth of February, Hofer and his clerk arrived at the fortified city of Mantua in Northern Italy, having received endless testimonies of love and respect from the people on the way. Bisson, commander of the fortress, offered him freedom if he would enter

the French army; but Hofer only answered: "I was, I am, and always shall be true to the House of Austria and to my emperor." A few days later Hofer was tried by court-martial. No decisive verdict could at first be obtained. Word was sent to Napoleon, at that time stationed in Milan; and immediately there came from him the outrageous reply: "Andreas Hofer must be shot within twenty-four hours."

Napoleon probably feared that the Emperor Francis might request clemency, and it would have been embarrassing to refuse such a favor to a brother emperor. Hofer received his death sentence calmly, and when the time came strode firmly to his martyrdom. His fellow-prisoners and wounded comrades clung to him as he passed. He begged their forgiveness if he had been the cause of their misery. His face seemed transfigured by his divine self-sacrifice.

Hofer was greater in death than in life. At eleven o'clock on the morning of February 20, 1810, the drums beat on the bastion of Mantua. Hofer stood in the center of a square of soldiers. He prayed a few moments with the attendant priest, then stood up and faced his executioners. They offered him a handkerchief to bind over his eyes. He refused it. They ordered him to kneel, but he said: "I am going to give my soul to God standing." He is said to have cried, "Long live Emperor Francis," and then himself gave the word of command, "Fire!" Six bullets entered his body; but he only sank to his knees—they did not kill him. Six more bullets failed to put an end to his life. Then a soldier stepped forward and, placing the barrel of his musket close to Hofer's head, gave him a final thirteenth bullet. Little further remains to be said of the hero. Like a real peasant and innkeeper, his last words to the world are contained in a letter giving orders for a memorial service and wake, to be held in his native village of St. Martin at the inn of the Unterwirth. The letter was written at five o'clock in the morning before his execution. In it he comforts his wife and begs all his friends for their prayers; then he specifies that each mourner at the inn shall be served with soup, meat, and a half measure of wine. Below are added the following words, which deserve to become classic: "Fare-

well, base world; it is so easy for me to die that not even a tear comes to my eyes."

The good-natured innkeeper, the obstinate fighter, the superstitious peasant died for his country in a manner so dramatic that the world is destined to remember him only as a glorified personification of patriotism, and never to cease to thrill at the recital of his heroism. On Good Friday, every year, a Capuchin monk comes to hold service in front of the little chapel next to Hofer's old home, the Gravel Inn. The peasants stand bareheaded, while the reverend father prays for the soul of the man who has become the peasant-martyr of the Tirol, the one great national hero.

Notes and Queries.—What other brave and good man told of in this volume fell a victim to the ambition of Napoleon? Is there any very recent war that reminds you of the splendid fight made by Hofer and the Tirolese peasants against the organized military power of a powerful government? Are such conquests usually permanent? Does France rule the Tirol to-day? Does Spain govern the Netherlands?

David and Goliath

From 1 SAMUEL XVII

NOW the Philistines gathered together their armies to battle, and they were gathered together at Socoh, which belongeth to Judah, and pitched between Socoh and Azekah, in Ephesdammim. And Saul and the men of Israel were gathered together, and pitched in the vale of Elah, and set the battle in array against the Philistines. And the Philistines stood on the mountain on the one side, and Israel stood on the mountain on the other side: and there was a valley between them. And there went out a champion out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath, of Gath, whose height was six cubits and a span. And he had an helmet of brass upon his head, and he was clad with a coat of mail; and the weight of the coat was five thousand shekels of brass. And he had greaves of brass upon his legs, and a javelin of brass between his shoulders. And the staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam; and his spear's head weighed six hundred shekels of iron; and his shield bearer went before him. And he stood and cried unto the armies of Israel, and said unto them: "Why are ye come out to set your battle in array? am not I a Philistine, and ye servants to Saul? choose you a man for you, and let him come down to me. If he be able to fight with me, and kill me, then will we be your servants: but if I prevail against him, and kill him, then shall ye be our servants, and serve us." And the Philistine said: "I defy the armies of Israel this day; give me a man, that we may fight together." And when Saul and all Israel heard those words of the Philistine, they were dismayed, and greatly afraid.

Now David was the son of that Ephrathite of Bethlehem-judah, whose name was Jesse; and he had eight sons: and the man was an old man in the days of Saul, stricken in years among men. And the three eldest sons of Jesse had gone after Saul to the battle: and the names of his three sons that went to the battle were Eliab the first born, and next unto him Abinadab, and the third Shammah. And David was the youngest: and the three eldest followed Saul. Now David went to and fro from Saul to feed his father's sheep at Bethlehem. And the Philistine drew near morning and evening, and presented himself forty days.

And Jesse said unto David his son:

"Take now for thy brethren an ephah of this parched corn, and these ten loaves, and carry them quickly to the camp to thy brethren; and bring these ten cheeses unto the captain of their thousand, and look how thy brethren fare, and take their pledge."

Now Saul, and they, and all the men of Israel, were in the vale of Elah, fighting with the Philistines. And David rose up early in the morning, and left the sheep with a keeper, and took, and went, as Jesse had commanded him; and he came to the place of the wagons, as the host which was going forth to the fight shouted for the battle. And Israel and the Philistines put the battle in array, army against army. And David left his baggage in the hand of the keeper of the baggage, and ran to the army, and came and saluted his brethren. And as he talked with them, behold, there came up the champion, the Philistine of Gath, Goliath by name, out of the ranks of the Philistines, and spake according to the same words: and David heard them. And all the men of Israel, when they saw the man, fled from him, and were sore afraid. And the men of Israel said:

"Have ye seen this man that is come up? surely to defy Israel is he come up: and it shall be, that the man who killeth him, the king will enrich him with great riches, and will give him his daughter, and make his father's house free in Israel." And David spake to the men that stood by him, saying, "What shall be done to the man that killeth this Philistine, and taketh

away the reproach from Israel? for who is this uncircumcised Philistine, that he should defy the armies of the living God?" And the people answered him after this manner, saying, So shall it be done to the man that killeth him.

And Eliab his eldest brother heard when he spake unto the men; and Eliab's anger was kindled against David, and he said: "Why are thou come down? and with whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? I know thy pride, and the naughtiness of thine heart; for thou art come down that thou mightest see the battle." And David said: "What have I now done? Is there not a cause?" And he turned away from him toward another, and spake after the same manner: and the people answered him again after the former manner.

And when the words were heard which David spake, they rehearsed them before Saul; and he sent for him. And David said to Saul: "Let no man's heart fail because of him; thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine." And Saul said to David: "Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him: for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth." And David said unto Saul: "Thy servant kept his father's sheep; and when there came a lion, or a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock, I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth: and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him, and slew him. Thy servant smote both the lion and the bear: and this uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God." And David said: "The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine." And Saul said unto David: "Go, and the Lord shall be with thee!" And Saul clad David with his apparel, and he put an helmet of brass upon his head, and he clad him with a coat of mail. And David girded his sword upon his apparel, and he essayed to go; for he had not proved it. And David said unto Saul: "I cannot go with these; for I have not proved them." And David put them off him.

And he took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in the shepherd's

bag which he had, even in his scrip; and his sling was in his hand: and he drew near to the Philistine.

And the Philistine came on and drew near unto David; and the man that bare the shield went before him. And when the Philistine looked about, and saw David, he disdained him: for he was but a youth, and ruddy, and withal of a fair countenance. And the Philistine said unto David: "Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves?" And the Philistine cursed David by his gods. And the Philistine said to David: "Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field." Then said David to the Philistine: "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a javelin: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, which thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand; and I will smite thee, and take thine head from off thee; and I will give the carcases of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth; that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel; and that all this assembly may know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear: for the battle is the Lord's and he will give you into our hand!" And it came to pass, when the Philistine arose, and came and drew nigh to meet David, that David hastened, and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine. And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slung it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead; and the stone sank into his forehead, and he fell upon his face to the earth. So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone, and smote the Philistine, and slew him; but there was no sword in the hand of David. Then David ran, and stood over the Philistine, and took his sword, and drew it out of the sheath thereof, and slew him, and cut off his head therewith. And when the Philistines saw that their champion was dead, they fled. And the men of Israel and of Judah arose, and shouted, and pursued the Philistines, until thou comest to Gai, and to the gates of Ekron. And the wounded of the Philistines fell down by the way to Shaaraim, even unto Gath, and unto Ekron. And the children of Israel returned from chasing after the Philistines, and they

spoiled their camp. And David took the head of the Philistine, and brought it to Jerusalem; but he put his armor in his tent. . . .

And as David returned from the slaughter of the Philistine, Abner took him, and brought him before Saul with the head of the Philistine in his hand. . . . And Saul took him that day, and would let him go no more home to his father's house. . . .

And it came to pass as they came, when David returned from the slaughter of the Philistine, that the women came out of all the cities of Israel, singing and dancing, to meet King Saul, with timbrels, with joy, and with instruments of music And the women sang one to another in their play, and said,

> Saul hath slain his thousands,
> And David his ten thousands.

And Saul was very wroth, and this saying displeased him; and he said: "They have ascribed unto David ten thousands, and to me they have ascribed but thousands: and what can he have more but the kingdom?" And Saul eyed David from that day and forward.

And it came to pass on the morrow, that an evil spirit from God came mightily upon Saul, and he prophesied in the midst of the house: and David played with his hand, as he did day by day: and Saul had his spear in his hand. And Saul cast the spear; for he said: "I will smite David even to the wall." And David avoided out of his presence twice. And Saul was afraid of David, because the Lord was with him, and was departed from Saul. Therefore, Saul removed him from him, and made him his captain over a thousand; and he went out and came in before the people. And David behaved himself wisely in all his ways; and the Lord was with him. And when Saul saw that he behaved himself very wisely, he stood in awe of him. But all Israel and Judah loved David; for he went out and came in before them.

HEROISM IN NATIONAL SERVICE

Washington at Valley Forge*

By GEORGE BANCROFT

[George Bancroft, the historian, was born at Worcester, Mass., October 3, 1800. Graduating from Harvard in 1817, he went to Europe, and at Göttingen, Berlin, and Heidelberg studied ancient languages, philosophy, and history, and came into personal contact with von Humboldt, Savigny, Wolf, Voss, Schleiermacher, and Hegel. In 1821 he made a tour of the continent and met Byron and Goethe. In 1822 he returned to teach Greek at Harvard, and two years later established the Round Hill School at Northampton, where he combined writing for the periodical press with teaching. In 1834 he published the first volume of his "History of the United States," the second appearing three years later, during all which time he was actively engaged in politics. In 1837 President Van Buren appointed him collector of the port of Boston, and he, in turn, appointed Nathaniel Hawthorne to a post in the Custom House. In 1845 he was made secretary of the navy under Polk, and from 1846 to 1849 served as minister to Great Britain. During his residence in England his acquaintance with the leading men and the distinguished families gave him exceptional opportunities to inspect private documents in the prosecution of his great history. In 1867 he was sent as minister to Prussia and was accredited in turn to the North German Confederation, the Free Cities, Bavaria, and the German Empire. Besides the history his works embrace "Historical and Literary Miscellanies," published in 1855, containing his address before the New York Historical Society on "The Necessity, the Reality, and the Promise of the Progress of Mankind," which embodies the most perfect statement of his historical creed. In 1866 he published the eulogy on Lincoln, delivered at the request of Congress. He died at Washington, January 17, 1891.]

MILITARY affairs had thus far been superintended by Congress, through a committee of its own members. After some prelude in July, 1777, it was settled in the following October to institute an executive board of war of five persons not members of Congress.

Conway, a French officer of Irish descent, whom Greene and others describe as "worthless," had long been eager for higher rank. In a timely letter to Richard Henry Lee, a friend

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to Conway, Washington wrote: "His merits exist more in his own imagination than in reality; it is a maxim with him not to want anything which is to be obtained by importunity"; his promotion would be "a real act of injustice," likely to "incur a train of irremediable evils. To sum up the whole, I have been a slave to the service; I have undergone more than most men are aware of to harmonize so many discordant parts; but it will be impossible for me to be of any further service, if such insuperable difficulties are thrown in my way." These words might be interpreted as a threat of resignation in the event of Conway's promotion. Conway breathed out his discontent to Gates, writing in substance: "Heaven has been determined to save your country, or a weak general and bad counsellors would have ruined it." The correspondents of Gates did not scruple in their letters to speak of the commander-in-chief with bitterness or contempt. "This army," wrote Reed, "notwithstanding the efforts of our amiable chief, has as yet gathered no laurels. I perfectly agree with that sentiment which leads to request your assistance." On the sixth of November, Wilkinson, the principal aid of Gates, a babbling and unsteady sycophant praised by his chief for military genius, was made a brigadier. On the seventh, Mifflin, leaving his office of quartermaster-general, of which he had neglected the duties, yet retaining the rank of major-general, was elected to the board of war. The injurious words of Conway having through Wilkinson been reported to Washington, on the ninth he communicated his knowledge of them to Conway, and to him alone. Conway, in an interview, justified them, made no apology, and after the interview reported his defiance of Washington to Mifflin. On the tenth, Sullivan, second in rank in the army, knowing the opinion of his brother-officers and of his chief, and that on a discussion at a council of war about appointing an inspector-general, Conway's pretensions met with no favor, wrote to a member of Congress: "No man can behave better in action than General Conway; his regulations in his brigade are much better than any in the army; his knowledge of military matters far exceeds any officer we have. If the office of inspector-general with the rank of major-general was given him,

our army would soon cut a different figure from what they now do." On the same day Wayne expressed his purpose "to follow the line pointed out by the conduct of Lee, Gates, and Mifflin." On the eleventh, Conway, foreseeing that Gates was to preside at the board of war, offered to form for him a plan for the instruction of the army; and on the fifteenth, to advance his intrigue, he tendered his resignation to Congress. On the seventeenth, Lovell of Massachusetts wrote to Gates threatening Washington "with the mighty torrent of public clamor and vengeance," and subjoined: "How different your conduct and your fortune; this army will be totally lost unless you come down and collect the virtuous band who wish to fight under your banner." On the twenty-first, Wayne, forgetting the disaster that had attended his own rash confidence, disparaged Washington as having more than once slighted the favors of fortune. On the twenty-fourth, Congress received the resignation of Conway, and referred it to the board of war, of which Mifflin at that time was the head. On the twenty-seventh, they filled the places in that board, and appointed Gates its president. On the same day Lovell wrote to Gates: "We want you in different places; we want you most near Germantown. Good God, what a situation we are in! how different from what might have been justly expected!" and he represented Washington as a general who collected astonishing numbers of men to wear out stockings, shoes, and breeches, and "Fabiused affairs into a very disagreeable posture." On the twenty-eighth, Congress declared themselves by a unanimous resolution in favor of carrying on a winter's campaign with vigor and success, and sent three of their members with Washington's concurrence to direct every measure which circumstances might require. On the same day, Mifflin, explaining to Gates how Conway had braved the commander-in-chief, volunteered his own opinion that the extract from Conway's letter was "a collection of just sentiments." Gates, on receiving the letter, wrote to Conway: "You acted with all the dignity of a virtuous soldier." He wished "so very valuable and polite an officer might remain in the service." To Congress he complained of the betrayal of his correspondence to Wash-

ington, with whom he came to an open rupture. On the thirteenth of December, Congress, following Mifflin's report, appointed Conway inspector-general, promoted him to be a major general, made his office independent of the commander-in-chief, and referred him to the board of war for the regulations which he was to introduce. Some of those engaged in the cabal wished to provoke Washington to the resignation which he seemed to have threatened.

This happened just as Washington by his skill at Whitemarsh had closed the campaign with honor. The condition of his troops required repose. The problem which he must solve was to keep together through the cold winter an army without tents, and to confine the British to the environs of Philadelphia. There was no town which would serve the purpose. Valley Forge, on the Schuylkill, but twenty-one miles from Philadelphia, admitted of defense against the artillery of those days, and had more than one route convenient for escape into the interior. The ground lay sheltered between two ridges of hills, and was covered by a thick forest. From his life in the woods, Washington could see in the trees a town of log-cabins, built in regular streets, and affording shelter enough to save the army from dispersion.

As his men moved toward the spot selected for their winter resting-place, they had not clothes to cover their nakedness, nor blankets to lie on, nor tents to sleep under. For the want of shoes their marches through frost and snow might be traced by the blood from their feet, and they were almost as often without provisions as with them. On the nineteenth of December they arrived at Valley Forge, within a day's march of Howe's army, with no shelter till they could build houses for themselves. The order for their erection was received by officers and men as impossible of execution, and they were still more astonished at the ease with which, as the work of their Christmas holidays, they changed the forest into huts thatched with boughs in the order of a regular encampment. Washington's unsleeping vigilance and thorough system for receiving intelligence secured them against surprise; love of country and attachment to their general sustained them under their un-

paralleled hardships; with any other leader the army would have dissolved and vanished. Yet he was followed to Valley Forge by letters from Congress transmitting the remonstrance of the council and assembly of Pennsylvania against his going into winter-quarters. To this senseless reproof Washington on the twenty-third, after laying deserved blame upon Mifflin for neglect of duty as quartermaster-general, replied: "For the want of a two days' supply of provisions, an opportunity scarcely ever offered of taking an advantage of the enemy that has not been either totally obstructed or greatly impeded. Men are confined to hospitals or in farmers' houses for want of shoes. We have this day no less than 2,898 men in camp unfit for duty, because they are barefoot and otherwise naked. Our whole strength in Continental troops amounts to no more than 8,200 in camp fit for duty. Since the fourth instant, our numbers fit for duty from hardships and exposures have decreased nearly 2,000 men. Numbers still are obliged to sit all night by fires. Gentlemen reprobate the going into winter-quarters as much as if they thought the soldiers were made of stocks or stones. I can assure those gentlemen that it is a much easier and less distressing thing to draw remonstrances in a comfortable room by a good fireside, than to occupy a cold, bleak hill, and sleep under frost and snow without clothes or blankets. However, although they seem to have little feeling for the naked and distressed soldiers, I feel superabundantly for them, and from my soul I pity those miseries which it is neither in my power to relieve or prevent."

While the shivering soldiers were shaping the logs for their cabins, the clamor of the Pennsylvanians continued; and the day after Christmas, Sullivan, who held with both sides, gave his written advice to Washington to yield and attack Howe in Philadelphia, "risking every consequence in an action." The press was called into activity. On the last day in the year, an anonymous writer in the "New Jersey Gazette," at Trenton, supposed to be Benjamin Rush, began a series of articles under the name of a French officer, to set forth the unrivaled glory of Gates, who had conquered veterans with militia, pointing out plainly Washington's successor.

The year 1778 opened gloomily at Valley Forge. To the touching account of the condition of the army, Congress, which had not provided one magazine for winter, made no response except a promise to the soldiers of one month's extra pay and a renewal of authority to take the articles necessary for their comfortable subsistence. Washington was averse to the exercise of military power, not only from reluctance to give distress, but to avoid increasing the prevalent jealousy and suspicion. Seeing no movement toward a reform in the administration, on the fifth of January he renewed his remonstrances with respect and firmness: "The letter from the committee of Congress and board of war does not mention the regulations adopted for removing the difficulties and failures in the commissary line. I trust they will be vigorous or the army cannot exist. It will never answer to procure supplies of clothing or provision by coercive measures. The small seizures made of the former a few days ago, when that or to dissolve was the alternative, excited the greatest uneasiness even among our warmest friends. Such procedures may give a momentary relief, but, if repeated, will prove of the most pernicious consequence. Besides spreading disaffection, jealousy, and fear among the people, they never fail, even in the most veteran troops under the most rigid and exact discipline, to raise in the soldiery a disposition to plunder, difficult to suppress, and not only ruinous to the inhabitants, but, in many instances, to armies themselves. I regret the occasion that compelled us to the measure the other day, and shall consider it among the greatest of our misfortunes if we should be under the necessity of practising it again." Still Congress did no more than on the tenth and twelfth of January appoint Gates and Mifflin, with four or five others, to repair to headquarters and concert reforms.

While those who wished the general out of the way urged him to some rash enterprise, or, to feel the public pulse, sent abroad rumors that he was about to resign, Benjamin Rush in a letter to Patrick Henry represented the army of Washington as having no general at their head, and went on to say: "A Gates, a Lee, or a Conway would in a few weeks render them

an irresistible body of men. Some of the contents of this letter ought to be made public, in order to awaken, enlighten, and alarm our country." This communication, to which Rush dared not sign his name, Patrick Henry in his scorn noticed only by sending it to Washington. An anonymous paper of the like stamp, transmitted to the president of Congress, took the same direction.

Meantime the council and assembly of Pennsylvania renewed to Congress their wish that Philadelphia might be taken and the British driven away. Congress hailed the letter as proof of a rising spirit, and directed the committee appointed to go to camp to consult on the subject with the government of Pennsylvania and with General Washington.

Nor was this all. The board of war was ambitious of the fame of great activity, and also wished to detach Lafayette, the representative of France, from the commander-in-chief. In concert with Conway, but without consulting Washington, they induced Congress to sanction a winter expedition against Canada under Lafayette, who was not yet twenty-one years old, with Conway for his second in command, and with Stark. Assured at Yorktown by Gates that he would have a force of three thousand men, and that Stark would have already destroyed the shipping at St. Johns, Lafayette repaired to Albany, but not until he obtained from Congress Kalb as his second, and Washington as his direct superior. There the three major generals of the expedition met, and were attended or followed by twenty French officers. Stark wrote for orders. The available force for the conquest, counting a regiment which Gates detached from the army of Washington, did not exceed a thousand. For these there was no store of provision, nor clothing suited to the climate of Canada, nor means of transportation. Two years' service in the northern department cannot leave to Gates the plea of ignorance; his plan showed his utter administrative incapacity; it accidentally relieved the country of Conway, who, writing petulantly to Congress, found his resignation, which he had meant only as a complaint, irrevocably accepted. Lafayette and Kalb were recalled.

Slights and selfish cabals could wound the sensibility but

not affect the conduct of Washington. The strokes of ill-fortune in his campaigns he had met with equanimity and fortitude; but he sought the esteem of his fellow men as his only reward, and now unjust censure gave him the most exquisite pain. More was expected from him than was possible to be performed. Moreover, his detractors took an unfair advantage, for he was obliged to conceal the weakness of his army from public view, and thereby submit to calumny. To William Gordon, who was seeking materials for a history of the war, he wrote freely: "Neither interested nor ambitious views led me into the service. I did not solicit the command, but accepted it after much entreaty, with all that diffidence which a conscious want of ability and experience equal to the discharge of so important a trust must naturally excite in a mind not quite devoid of thought; and after I did engage, pursued the great line of my duty and the object in view, as far as my judgment could direct, as pointedly as the needle to the pole. . . . The same principles that led me to embark in the opposition to the arbitrary claims of Great Britain operate with additional force at this day; nor is it my desire to withdraw my services while they are considered of importance to the present contest. There is not an officer in the service of the United States that would return to the sweets of domestic life with more heartfelt joy than I should, but I mean not to shrink in the cause."

In his remonstrances with Congress he wrote with plainness, but with moderation. His calm dignity, while it irritated his adversaries, overawed them; and nothing could shake the confidence of the people, or divide the affections of any part of the army, or permanently distract the majority of Congress. Those who had been most ready to cavil at him soon wished their rash words benevolently interpreted or forgotten. Gates denied the charge of being in a league to supersede Washington as a wicked, false, diabolical calumny of incendiaries, and would not believe that any such plot existed; Mifflin exonerated himself in more equivocal language; and both retired from the committee that was to repair to headquarters. In the following July, Conway, thinking himself mortally wounded in a duel, wrote to Washington: "My career will soon be over; therefore

justice and truth prompt me to declare my last sentiments. You are in my eyes the great and good man. May you long enjoy the love, veneration, and esteem of these states, whose liberties you have asserted by your virtues." The committee which toward the end of January was finally sent to consult with Washington, was composed exclusively of members of Congress, and the majority of them, especially Charles Carroll of Maryland, were his friends. But in the procrastination of active measures of relief, the departments of the quartermaster and commissary remained like clocks with so many checks that they cannot go. Even so late as the eleventh of February, Dana, one of the committee, reported that men died for the want of straw or materials to raise them from the cold, wet earth. In numerous and crowded hospitals the sick could not be properly cared for. Inoculation was delayed for want of straw and other necessaries. Almost every species of camp-transportation was performed by men, who, without a murmur, yoked themselves to little carriages of their own making, or loaded their fuel and provisions on their backs. Some brigades had been four days without meat. Desertions were frequent. There was danger that the troops would perish from famine or disperse in search of food.

All this time the British soldiers in Philadelphia were well provided for, the officers quartered upon the inhabitants. The days were spent in pastime, the nights in entertainments. By a proportionate tax on the pay and allowances of each officer, a house was opened for daily resort and for weekly balls, with a gaming-table which had assiduous votaries, and a room devoted to the game of chess. Thrice a week plays were enacted by amateur performers. The curtain painted by André was greatly admired. The officers, among whom all ranks of the British aristocracy were represented, lived in open licentiousness. The pursuit of pleasure was so eager, and Howe had on former occasions been so frequently baffled, that an attack in winter was not added to the trials of the army at Valley Forge.

Yet there remained a deeply seated conflict of opinion between Congress and the commander-in-chief on questions of principle and policy. Washington would from the first have had

men enlisted for the war; Congress, from jealousy of standing armies, had insisted upon short enlistments. Washington was anxious to exchange prisoners; Congress bore in mind that each British prisoner would resume his place in the army, while the American prisoner, from the system of short enlistments, would return home. Washington wished the exchange to be conducted on one uniform rule; Congress, repeatedly checking Washington by sudden interference, required a respect to the law of treason of each separate state. Washington would have one Continental army; Congress an army of thirteen sovereignties. Congress was satisfied with the amount of its power as a helpless committee; Washington wished a government of organized vigor. Congress guarded separate independence; the patriotism of Washington took a wider range, and in return the concentrated public affections, radiating from every part of the United States, met in him. All this merit and this popularity, and the undivided attachment of the army, quickened the jealousy of Congress, and made them more sensible of their own relative weakness. They could not have defended themselves against the mutiny of a single regiment. They felt that their perfect control over the general sprang in part from his own nature, and that could not be fully judged of before the end. Nor was it then known that the safety of the country against military usurpation lay in the character and circumstances of the American people, which had life in all its parts, and therefore a common life that was indestructible.

To allay the jealousy which Congress entertained and some of its members labored to establish, Washington, on the twenty-first of April, wrote to one of its delegates: "Under proper limitations it is certainly true that standing armies are dangerous to a state. The prejudices of other countries have only gone to them in time of peace, and from their being hirelings. It is our policy to be prejudiced against them in time of war, though they are citizens, having all the ties and interests of citizens, and in most cases property totally unconnected with the military line. The jealousy, impolitic in the extreme, can answer not a single good purpose. It is unjust, because no order of men in the thirteen states has paid a more sacred re-

gard to the proceedings of Congress than the army; for without arrogance or the smallest deviation from truth it may be said, that no history now extant can furnish an instance of an army's suffering such uncommon hardships as ours has done, and bearing them with the same patience and fortitude. Their submitting without a murmur is a proof of patience and obedience which in my opinion can scarce be paralleled. There may have been some remonstrances or applications to Congress in the style of complaint from the army, and slaves indeed should we be if this privilege were denied; but these will not authorize nor even excuse a jealousy that they are therefore aiming at unreasonable powers, or making strides subversive of civil authority. There should be none of these distinctions. We should all, Congress and army, be considered as one people, embarked in one cause, in one interest, acting on the same principle and to the same end." In framing an oath of fidelity for all civil and military officers, Congress, much as it avoided the expression, made them swear that the "people of the United States" owed no allegiance to the king of Great Britain. The soldiers serving under one common flag, to establish one common independence, and, though in want of food, of shoes, of clothes, of straw for bedding, of regular pay, of pay in a currency of fixed value, never suffering their just discontent to get the better of their patriotism, still more clearly foreshadowed a great nationality. The unity of the country was formally proclaimed in its relations to the rest of the world.

Notes and Queries.—Are you familiar with Washington's life prior to the Revolution? If not, read some good biography. Irving's is the most entertaining and one of the best. Why was the power of Congress so feeble during the Revolution? Did it not seriously handicap the efforts of the patriot armies? Why did jealousy between the Colonies stand in the way of a strong central government? Read the different circumstances of their foundation and consider the differences in the nationality and character of their founders. How did the disorganization of the first confederacy come to give place to the present Constitution? Would it have been possible to hold the country together under the Revolutionary government? Who was the principal promoter of the Constitution? What part had Alexander Hamilton

taken in the Revolution? Do you know of any historical parallels to the combination of honor, ability, courage, unwearied perseverance, and self-sacrificing patriotism so signally pre-eminent in the character of Washington? It will be an interesting exercise that can almost be made into a fireside game, to consider in which of these characteristics most of the great men of history have failed.

Philip of Pokanoket

By WASHINGTON IRVING

[Washington Irving was born in New York City, April 3, 1783. His first writing was a series of letters, signed "Jonathan Oldstyle," commenting on society, the theater, etc., of early New York. For two years he traveled with a tutor in Europe and spent some time in Rome with his friend Washington Allston, the painter. He was inclined to take up painting himself, but decided against it and returned to New York to enter the law office of Josiah Ogden Hoffman. In 1807 appeared the "Salmagundi," a weekly containing the whims and opinions which he wrote in collaboration with his friend, James K. Paulding, and which ran a year. A humorous history of New York under the pseudonym of "Diedrich Knickerbocker" followed. Going to London he tried to secure a publisher for "The Sketch Book," but was unsuccessful until Sir Walter Scott introduced him to Murray, who undertook the venture, which was a brilliant success, winning praise from Jeffrey, Lockhart, Byron, and Moore. It was followed in 1822 by "Bracebridge Hall" and "Tales of a Traveler." Fearing the vein he had struck, though popular, would not be lasting, he was looking about for new ore when he was invited by A. H. Everett to go to Spain to translate a collection of documents made by Navarrete. This work led naturally into the field of history where he produced his "Life and Voyages of Columbus," followed by the "Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus." Becoming interested in the Saracenic records of old Spain he wrote the "Conquest of Granada," "Alhambra," "Legends of the Conquest of Spain," and "Mahomet and his Successors." Returning to America in 1832 after an unbroken absence of seventeen years, he exploited the new West in "Astoria," and "Adventures of Captain Bonneville." He served as minister of the United States to Spain from 1842 to 1846, and after his return wrote the "Life of Oliver Goldsmith" and the "Life of Washington." He died at Sunnyside, Tarrytown, November 28, 1859.]

IT is to be regretted that those early writers who treated of the discovery and settlement of America have not given us more particular and candid accounts of the remarkable characters that flourished in savage life. The scanty anecdotes which have reached us are full of peculiarity and interest; they furnish us with nearer glimpses of human nature, and show what man

is in a comparatively primitive state, and what he owes to civilization. There is something of the charm of discovery in lighting upon these wild and unexplored tracts of human nature; in witnessing, as it were, the native growth of moral sentiment; and perceiving those generous and romantic qualities which have been artificially cultivated by society, vegetating in spontaneous hardihood and rude magnificence.

In civilized life, where the happiness, and indeed almost the existence, of man depends so much upon the opinion of his fellow-men, he is constantly acting a studied part. The bold and peculiar traits of native character are refined away or softened down by the leveling influence of what is termed good breeding; and he practises so many petty deceptions, and affects so many generous sentiments, for the purposes of popularity, that it is difficult to distinguish his real from his artificial character. The Indian, on the contrary, free from the restraints and refinements of polished life, and in a great degree a solitary and independent being, obeys the impulses of his inclination or the dictates of his judgment; and thus the attributes of his nature, being freely indulged, grow singly great and striking. Society is like a lawn, where every roughness is smoothed, every bramble eradicated, and where the eye is delighted by the smiling verdure of a velvet surface; he, however, who would study Nature in its wildness and variety, must plunge into the forest, must explore the glen, must stem the torrent and dare the precipice.

These reflections arose on casually looking through a volume of early colonial history wherein are recorded, with great bitterness, the outrages of the Indians, and their wars with the settlers of New England. It is painful to perceive, even from these partial narratives, how the footsteps of civilization may be traced in the blood of the aborigines; how easily the colonists were moved to hostility by the lust of conquest; how merciless and exterminating was their warfare. The imagination shrinks at the idea, how many intellectual beings were hunted from the earth—how many brave and noble hearts, of Nature's sterling coinage, were broken down and trampled in the dust.

Such was the fate of Philip of Pokanoket, an Indian warrior,

whose name was once a terror throughout Massachusetts and Connecticut. He was the most distinguished of a number of contemporary sachems who reigned over the Pequods, the Narragansetts, the Wampanoags, and the other Eastern tribes, at the time of the first settlement of New England: a band of native untaught heroes, who made the most generous struggle of which human nature is capable; fighting to the last gasp in the cause of their country, without a hope of victory or a thought of renown. Worthy of an age of poetry, and fit subjects for local story and romantic fiction, they have left scarcely any authentic traces on the page of history, but stalk like gigantic shadows, in the dim twilight of tradition.

When the Pilgrims, as the Plymouth settlers are called by their descendants, first took refuge on the shores of the New World, from the religious persecutions of the Old, their situation was to the last degree gloomy and disheartening. Few in number, and that number rapidly perishing away through sickness and hardships; surrounded by a howling wilderness and savage tribes; exposed to the rigors of an almost arctic winter, and the vicissitudes of an ever-shifting climate; their minds were filled with doleful forebodings, and nothing preserved them from sinking into despondency but the strong excitement of religious enthusiasm. In this forlorn situation they were visited by Massasoit, chief sagamore of the Wampanoags, a powerful chief, who reigned over a great extent of country. Instead of taking advantage of the scanty number of the strangers, and expelling them from his territories into which they had intruded, he seemed at once to conceive for them a generous friendship, and extended toward them the rites of primitive hospitality. He came early in the spring to their settlement of New Plymouth, attended by a mere handful of followers; entered into a solemn league of peace and amity; sold them a portion of the soil, and promised to secure for them the good-will of his savage allies. Whatever may be said of Indian perfidy, it is certain that the integrity and good faith of Massasoit have never been impeached. He continued a firm and magnanimous friend of the white men; suffering them to extend their possessions, and to strengthen themselves in the

land ; and betraying no jealousy of their increasing power and prosperity. Shortly before his death, he came once more to New Plymouth, with his son Alexander, for the purpose of renewing the covenant of peace, and securing it to his posterity.

At this conference, he endeavored to protect the religion of his forefathers from the encroaching zeal of the missionaries, and stipulated that no farther attempt should be made to draw off his people from their ancient faith; but, finding the English obstinately opposed to any such condition, he mildly relinquished the demand. Almost the last act of his life was to bring his two sons, Alexander and Philip (as they had been named by the English), to the residence of a principal settler, recommending mutual kindness and confidence; and entreating that the same love and amity which had existed between the white men and himself, might be continued afterward with his children. The good old sachem died in peace, and was happily gathered to his fathers before sorrow came upon his tribe; his children remained behind to experience the ingratitude of white men.

His eldest son, Alexander, succeeded him. He was of a quick and impetuous temper, and proudly tenacious of his hereditary rights and dignity. The intrusive policy and dictatorial conduct of the strangers excited his indignation; and he beheld with uneasiness their exterminating wars with the neighboring tribes. He was doomed soon to incur their hostility, being accused of plotting with the Narragansetts to rise against the English and drive them from the land. It is impossible to say whether this accusation was warranted by facts, or was grounded on mere suspicions. It is evident, however, by the violent and overbearing measures of the settlers, that they had by this time begun to feel conscious of the rapid increase of their power, and to grow harsh and inconsiderate in their treatment of the natives. They dispatched an armed force to seize upon Alexander, and to bring him before their court. He was traced to his woodland haunts, and surprised at a hunting house, where he was reposing with a band of his followers, unarmed, after the toils of the chase. The suddenness of his arrest, and the outrage offered to his sovereign dignity, so preyed upon the irascible feelings of the proud savage, as

to throw him into raging fever; he was permitted to return home on condition of sending his son as a pledge for his reappearance; but the blow he had received was fatal, and before he reached his home he fell a victim to the agonies of a wounded spirit.

The successor of Alexander was Pometacom, or King Philip as he was called by the settlers, on account of his lofty spirit and ambitious temper. These, together with his well-known energy and enterprise, had rendered him an object of great jealousy and apprehension, and he was accused of having always cherished a secret and implacable hostility toward the whites. Such may very probably, and very naturally, have been the case. He considered them as originally but mere intruders into the country, who had presumed upon indulgence, and were extending an influence baneful to savage life. He saw the whole race of his countrymen melting before them from the face of the earth; their territories slipping from their hands, and their tribes becoming feeble, scattered, and dependent. It may be said that the soil was originally purchased by the settlers; but who does not know the nature of Indian purchases, in the early periods of colonization? The Europeans always made thrifty bargains, through their superior adroitness in traffic; and they gained vast accessions of territory, by easily provoked hostilities. An uncultivated savage is never a nice inquirer into the refinements of law, by which an injury may be gradually and legally inflicted. Leading facts are all by which he judges; and it was enough for Philip to know, that before the intrusions of the Europeans his countrymen were lords of the soil, and that now they were becoming vagabonds in the land of their fathers.

But whatever may have been his feelings of general hostility, and his particular indignation at the treatment of his brother, he suppressed them for the present; renewed the contract with the settlers; and resided peaceably for many years at Pokanoket, or as it was called by the English, Mount Hope,* the ancient seat of dominion of his tribe. Suspicions, however, which were at first but vague and indefinite, began to acquire form and substance; and he was at length charged with attempting

*Now Bristol, Rhode Island.

to instigate the various Eastern tribes to rise at once, and, by a simultaneous effort, to throw off the yoke of their oppressors. It is difficult at this distant period to assign the proper credit due to these early accusations against the Indians. There was a proneness to suspicion, and an aptness to acts of violence on the part of the whites, that gave weight and importance to every idle tale. Informers abounded, where tale-bearing met with countenance and reward; and the sword was readily unsheathed, when its success was certain, and it carved out empire.

The only positive evidence on record against Philip is the accusation of one Sausaman, a renegade Indian, whose natural cunning had been quickened by a partial education which he had received among the settlers. He changed his faith and allegiance two or three times with a facility that evinced the looseness of his principles. He had acted for some time as Philip's confidential secretary and counselor, and had enjoyed his bounty and protection. Finding, however, that the clouds of adversity were gathering round his patron, he abandoned his service and went over to the whites; and, in order to gain their favor, charged his former benefactor with plotting against their safety. A rigorous investigation took place. Philip and several of his subjects submitted to be examined, but nothing was proved against them. The settlers, however, had now gone too far to retract; they had previously determined that Philip was a dangerous neighbor; they had previously evinced their distrust, and had done enough to insure his hostility: according, therefore, to the usual mode of reasoning in these cases, his destruction had become necessary to their security. Sausaman, the treacherous informer, was shortly after found dead in a pond, having fallen a victim to the vengeance of his tribe. Three Indians, one of whom was a friend and counselor of Philip, were apprehended and tried, and, on the testimony of one very questionable witness, were condemned and executed as murderers.

This treatment of his subjects and ignominious punishment of his friend outraged the pride and exasperated the passions of Philip. The bolt which had fallen thus at his very feet awakened him to the gathering storm, and he determined to

trust himself no longer in the power of the white men. The fate of his insulted and broken-hearted brother still rankled in his mind; and he had a further warning in the tragical story of Miantonomoh, a great sachem of the Narragansetts, who, after manfully facing his accusers before a tribunal of the colonists, exculpating himself from a charge of conspiracy, and receiving assurances of amity, had been perfidiously dispatched at their instigation. Philip, therefore, gathered his fighting men about him; persuaded all strangers that he could to join his cause; sent the women and children to the Narragansetts for safety; and wherever he appeared, was continually surrounded by armed warriors.

When the two parties were thus in a state of distrust and irritation, the least spark was sufficient to set them in a flame. The Indians, having weapons in their hands, grew mischievous, and committed various petty depredations. In one of their maraudings, a warrior was fired upon and killed by a settler. This was the signal for open hostilities; the Indians pressed to revenge the death of their comrade, and the alarm of war resounded through the Plymouth colony.

The nature of the contest that ensued was such as too often distinguishes the warfare between civilized men and savages. On the part of the whites, it was conducted with superior skill and success, but with a wastefulness of the blood and a disregard of the natural rights of their antagonists; on the part of the Indians it was waged with the desperation of men fearless of death, and who had nothing to expect from peace but humiliation, dependence, and decay.

The events of the war are transmitted to us by a worthy clergyman of the time, who dwells with horror and indignation on every hostile act of the Indians, however justifiable, while he mentions with applause the most sanguinary atrocities of the whites. Philip is reviled as a murderer and a traitor; without considering that he was a true-born prince, gallantly fighting at the head of his subjects to avenge the tottering power of his line; and to deliver his native land from the oppression of usurping strangers.

The project of a wide and simultaneous revolt, if such had

really been formed, was worthy of a capacious mind, and had it not been prematurely discovered, might have been overwhelming in its consequences. The war that actually broke out was but a war of detail; a mere succession of casual exploits and unconnected enterprises. Still it sets forth the military genius and daring prowess of Philip; and wherever, in the prejudiced and passionate narrations that have been given of it, we can arrive at simple facts, we find him displaying a vigorous mind; a fertility in expedients; a contempt of suffering and hardship; and an unconquerable resolution, that command our sympathy and applause.

Driven from his paternal domains at Mount Hope, he threw himself into the depths of those vast and trackless forests that skirted the settlements, and were almost impervious to anything but a wild beast or an Indian. Here he gathered together his forces, like the storm accumulating its stores of mischief in the bosom of the thunder-cloud, and would suddenly emerge at a time and place least expected, carrying havoc and dismay into the villages. There were now and then indications of these impending ravages that filled the minds of the colonists with awe and apprehension. The report of a distant gun would perhaps be heard from the solitary woodland, where there was known to be no white man; the cattle which had been wandering in the woods, would sometimes return home wounded; or an Indian or two would be seen lurking about the skirts of the forests, and suddenly disappearing; as the lightning will sometimes be seen playing silently about the edge of the cloud that is brewing up the tempest.

Though sometimes pursued, and even surrounded by the settlers, yet Philip as often escaped almost miraculously from their toils; and plunging into the wilderness, would be lost to all search or inquiry until he again emerged at some far distant quarter, laying the country desolate. Among his strongholds were the great swamps or morasses, which extend in some parts of New England; composed of loose bogs of deep black mud; perplexed with thickets, brambles, rank weeds, the shattered and moldering trunks of fallen trees, overshadowed by lugubrious hemlocks. The uncertain footing and the tangled mazes

of these shaggy wilds rendered them almost impracticable to the white man, though the Indian could thread their labyrinths with the agility of a deer. Into one of these, the great swamp of Pocasset Neck, was Philip once driven with a band of his followers. The English did not dare to pursue him, fearing to venture into these dark and frightful recesses, where they might perish in fens and miry pits or be shot down by lurking foes. They therefore invested the entrance to the neck, and began to build a fort, with the thought of starving out the foe; but Philip and his warriors wafted themselves on a raft over an arm of the sea, in the dead of night, leaving the women and children behind, and escaped away to the westward, kindling the flames of war among the tribes of Massachusetts and the Nipmuck country, and threatening the colony of Connecticut.

In this way Philip became a theme of universal apprehension. The mystery in which he was enveloped exaggerated his real terrors. He was an evil that walked in darkness; whose coming none could foresee, and against which none knew when to be on the alert. The whole country abounded with rumors and alarms. Philip seemed almost possessed of ubiquity; for, in whatever part of the widely extended frontier an irruption from the forest took place, Philip was said to be its leader. Many superstitious notions also were circulated concerning him. He was said to deal in necromancy, and to be attended by an old Indian witch or propheteess, whom he consulted, and who assisted him by her charms and incantations. This indeed was frequently the case with Indian chiefs; either through their own credulity, or to act upon that of their followers: and the influence of the prophet and the dreamer over Indian superstition has been fully evidenced in recent instances of savage warfare.

At the time that Philip effected his escape from Pocasset, his fortunes were in a desperate condition. His forces had been thinned by repeated fights, and he had lost almost the whole of his resources. In this time of adversity he found a faithful friend in Canonchet, chief sachem of all the Narragansetts. He was the son and heir of Miantonomoh, the great sachem, who, as already mentioned, after an honorable acquittal of the

charge of conspiracy, had been privately put to death at the perfidious instigations of the settlers. "He was the heir," says the old chronicler, "of all his father's pride and insolence, as well as of his malice toward the English"; he certainly was the heir of his insults and injuries, and the legitimate avenger of his murder. Though he had forborne to take an active part in this hopeless war, yet he received Philip and his broken forces with open arms, and gave them the most generous countenance and support. This at once drew upon him the hostility of the English; and it was determined to strike a signal blow, that should involve both the sachems in one common ruin. A great force was, therefore, gathered together from Massachusetts, Plymouth, and Connecticut, and was sent into the Narragansett country in the depth of winter, when the swamps, being frozen and leafless, could be traversed with comparative facility, and would no longer afford dark and impenetrable fastnesses to the Indians.

Apprehensive of attack, Canonchet had conveyed the greater part of his stores, together with the old, the infirm, the women and children of his tribe, to a strong fortress, where he and Philip had likewise drawn up the flower of their forces. This fortress, deemed by the Indians impregnable, was situated upon a rising mound or kind of island, of five or six acres, in the midst of a swamp; it was constructed with a degree of judgment and skill vastly superior to what is usually displayed in Indian fortification, and indicative of the martial genius of these two chieftains.

Guided by a renegade Indian, the English penetrated, through December snows, to this stronghold, and came upon the garrison by surprise. The fight was fierce and tumultuous. The assailants were repulsed in their first attack, and several of their bravest officers were shot down in the act of storming the fortress sword in hand. The assault was renewed with greater success. A lodgment was effected. The Indians were driven from one post to another. They disputed their ground inch by inch, fighting with the fury of despair. Most of their veterans were cut to pieces; and after a long and bloody battle, Philip and Canonchet, with a handful of surviving warriors,

retreated from the fort, and took refuge in the thickets of the surrounding forest.

The victors set fire to the wigwams and the fort; the whole was soon in a blaze; many of the old men, the women, and the children, perished in the flames. This last outrage overcame even the stoicism of the savage. The neighboring wood resounded with the yells of rage and despair, uttered by the fugitive warriors as they beheld the destruction of their dwellings, and heard the agonizing cries of their wives and offspring. "The burning of the wigwams," says a contemporary writer, "the shrieks and cries of the women and children, and the yelling of the warriors, exhibited a most horrible and affecting scene, so that it greatly moved some of the soldiers." The same writer cautiously adds: "They were in *much doubt* then, and afterward seriously inquired, whether burning their enemies alive could be consistent with humanity, and the benevolent principles of the gospel."

The fate of the brave and generous Canonchet is worthy of particular mention; the last scene of his life is one of the noblest instances on record of Indian magnanimity.

Broken down in his power and resources by this signal defeat, yet faithful to his ally and to the hapless cause which he had espoused, he rejected all overtures of peace, offered on condition of betraying Philip and his followers, and declared that "he would fight it out to the last man, rather than become a servant to the English." His home being destroyed, his country harassed and laid waste by the incursions of the conquerors, he was obliged to wander away to the banks of the Connecticut; where he formed a rallying point to the whole body of western Indians, and laid waste several of the English settlements.

Early in the spring, he departed on a hazardous expedition with only thirty chosen men, to penetrate to Seaconck, in the vicinity of Mount Hope, and to procure seed-corn to plant for the sustenance of his troops. This little band of adventurers had passed safely through the Pequod country, and were in the center of the Narragansett, resting at some wigwams near Pawtucket River, when an alarm was given of an approaching

enemy. Having but seven men by him at the time, Canonchet dispatched two of them to the top of a neighboring hill, to bring intelligence of the foe.

Panic-struck by the appearance of a troop of English and Indians rapidly advancing, they fled in breathless terror past their chieftain, without stopping to inform him of the danger. Canonchet sent another scout, who did the same. He then sent two more, one of whom, hurrying back in confusion and affright, told him that the whole British army was at hand. Canonchet saw there was no choice but immediate flight. He attempted to escape round the hill, but was perceived and hotly pursued by the hostile Indians, and a few of the fleetest of the English. Finding the swiftest pursuer close upon his heels, he threw off, first his blanket, then his silver-laced coat and belt of peag, by which his enemies knew him to be Canonchet, and redoubled the eagerness of pursuit.

At length, in dashing through the river, his foot slipped upon a stone, and he fell so deep as to wet his gun. This accident so struck him with despair, that, as he afterward confessed, "his heart and his bowels turned within him, and he became like a rotten stick, void of strength."

To such a degree was he unnerved, that being seized by a Pequod Indian within a short distance of the river, he made no resistance, though a man of great vigor of body and boldness of heart. But on being made prisoner, the whole pride of his spirit arose within him; and from that moment, we find, in the anecdotes given by his enemies, nothing but repeated flashes of elevated and prince-like heroism. Being questioned by one of the English who first came up with him, and who had not attained his twenty-second year, the proud-hearted warrior, looking with lofty contempt upon this youthful countenance, replied: "You are a child—you cannot understand matters of war—let your brother or your chief come—him will I answer."

Though repeated offers were made to him of his life, on condition of submitting with his nation to the English, yet he rejected them with disdain, and refused to send any proposals of the kind to the great body of his subjects; saying, that he knew none of them would comply. Being reproached with his

breach of faith toward the whites; his boast that he would not deliver up a Wampanoag, nor the parings of a Wampanoag's nail; and his threat that he would burn the English alive in their houses; he disdained to justify himself, haughtily answering that others were as forward for the war as himself, "and he desired to hear no more thereof."

So noble and unshaken a spirit, so true a fidelity to his cause and his friend, might have touched the feelings of the generous and the brave; but Canonchet was an Indian; a being toward whom war had no courtesy, humanity no law, religion no compassion—he was condemned to die. The last words of his that are recorded are worthy the greatness of his soul. When sentence of death was passed upon him, he observed "that he liked it well, for he should die before his heart was soft, or he had spoken anything unworthy of himself." His enemies gave him the death of a soldier, for he was shot at Stoningham, by three young sachems of his own rank.

The defeat of the Narragansett forces, and the death of Canonchet, were fatal blows to the fortunes of King Philip. He made an ineffectual attempt to raise a head of war, by stirring up the Mohawks to take arms; but though possessed of the native talents of a statesman, his arts were counteracted by the superior arts of his enlightened enemies, and the terror of their warlike skill began to subdue the resolution of the neighboring tribes. The unfortunate chieftain saw himself daily stripped of power, and his ranks rapidly thinning around him. Some were suborned by the whites; others fell victims to hunger and fatigue, and to the frequent attacks by which they were harassed. His stores were all captured; his chosen friends were swept away from before his eyes; his uncle was shot down by his side; his sister was carried into captivity; and in one of his narrow escapes he was compelled to leave his beloved wife and only son to the mercy of the enemy. "His ruin," says the historian, "being thus gradually carried on, his misery was not prevented, but augmented thereby; being himself made acquainted with the sense and experimental feeling of the captivity of his children, loss of friends, slaughter of his subjects, bereavement of all family relations, and being stripped

of all outward comforts, before his own life should be taken away."

To fill up the measure of his misfortunes, his own followers began to plot against his life, that by sacrificing him they might purchase dishonorable safety. Through treachery, a number of his faithful adherents, the subjects of Wetamoe, an Indian princess of Pocasset, a near kinswoman and confederate of Philip, were betrayed into the hands of the enemy. Wetamoe was among them at the time, and attempted to make her escape by crossing a neighboring river: either exhausted by swimming, or starved with cold and hunger, she was found dead and naked near the water-side. But persecution ceased not at the grave; even death, the refuge of the wretched, where the wicked commonly cease from troubling, was no protection to this outcast female, whose great crime was affectionate fidelity to her kinsman and her friend. Her corpse was the object of unmanly and dastardly vengeance; the head was severed from the body and set upon a pole, and was thus exposed, at Taunton, to the view of her captive subjects. They immediately recognized the features of their unfortunate queen, and were so affected at this barbarous spectacle that we are told they broke forth into the "most horrid and diabolical lamentations."

However Philip had borne up against the complicated miseries and misfortunes that surrounded him, the treachery of his followers seemed to wring his heart and reduced him too despondency. It is said that "he never rejoiced afterward, nor had success in any of his designs." The spring of hope was broken—the ardor of enterprise was extinguished: he looked around, and all was danger and darkness; there was no eye to pity him, nor any arm that could bring deliverance. With a scanty band of followers, who still remained true to his desperate fortunes, the unhappy Philip wandered back to the vicinity of Mount Hope, the ancient dwelling of his fathers. Here he lurked about, "like a specter among the scenes of former power and prosperity, now bereft of home, of family, and friend." There needs no better picture of his destitute and piteous situation than that furnished by the homely pen of the chronicler, who is unwarily enlisting the feelings of the reader in favor of

the hapless warrior whom he reviles. "Philip," he says, "like a savage wild beast, having been hunted by the English forces through the woods above a hundred miles backward and forward, at last was driven to his own den upon Mount Hope, where he had retired, with a few of his best friends, into a swamp, which proved but a prison to keep him fast till the messengers of death came by divine permission to execute vengeance upon him."

Even at this last refuge of desperation and despair, a sullen grandeur gathers round his memory. We picture him to ourselves seated among his careworn followers, brooding in silence over his blasted fortunes, and acquiring a savage sublimity from the wildness and dreariness of his lurking-place. Defeated, but not dismayed—crushed to the earth, but not humiliated—he seemed to grow more haughty beneath disaster and to experience a fierce satisfaction in draining the last dregs of bitterness. Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune; but great minds rise above it. The very idea of submission awakened the fury of Philip, and he smote to death one of his followers, who proposed an expedient of peace. The brother of the victim made his escape, and in revenge betrayed the retreat of his chieftain. A body of white men and Indians were immediately dispatched to the swamp where Philip lay crouched, glaring with fury and despair. Before he was aware of their approach, they had begun to surround him. In a little while he saw five of his trustiest followers laid dead at his feet; all resistance was vain; he rushed forth from his covert, and made a headlong attempt at escape, but was shot through the heart by a renegade Indian of his own nation.

Such is the scanty story of the brave, but unfortunate King Philip; persecuted while living, slandered and dishonored when dead. If, however, we consider even the prejudiced anecdotes furnished us by his enemies, we may perceive in them traces of amiable and lofty character, sufficient to awaken sympathy for his fate and respect for his memory. We find, that amidst all the harassing cares and ferocious passions of constant warfare, he was alive to the softer feelings of connubial love and paternal tenderness, and to the generous sentiment of friendship. The

captivity of his "beloved wife and only son" is mentioned with exultation, as causing him poignant misery: the death of any near friend is triumphantly recorded as a new blow on his sensibilities; but the treachery and desertion of many of his followers, in whose affections he had confided, is said to have desolated his heart, and to have bereaved him of all further comfort. He was a patriot, attached to his native soil—a prince true to his subjects, and indignant of their wrongs—a soldier, daring in battle, firm in adversity, patient of fatigue, of hunger, of every variety of bodily suffering, and ready to perish in the cause he had espoused. Proud of heart, and with an untamable love of natural liberty, he preferred to enjoy it among the beasts of the forests, or in the dismal and famished recesses of swamps and morasses, rather than bow his haughty spirit to submission, and live dependent and despised in the ease and luxury of the settlements. With heroic qualities and bold achievements that would have graced a civilized warrior, and have rendered him the theme of the poet and the historian, he lived a wanderer and a fugitive in his native land, and went down, like a lonely bark, foundering amid darkness and tempest—without a pitying eye to weep his fall, or a friendly hand to record his struggle.

Notes and Queries.—What were the good and bad characteristics of the men who colonized New England? Have you ever read the famous description of the English Puritans in Macaulay's essay on John Milton? What were the features of the American Indian's character that seem to have doomed him to extinction? Can you give any excuses for the colonists' bad treatment of the Indians? In what colony were the Indians treated fairly? What was the result? Did it prevent their extinction there as elsewhere? Fiske, Parkman, and Helen Hunt Jackson are all good authors to read if you are interested in the Indian question.

General Gordon at Sebastopol

THE main features of General Gordon's extraordinary life are familiar to many, but a brief outline may induce younger readers to peruse one of the biographies of this truly heroic man. He was born in 1833, entered the British army and served in the Crimean War. In 1860 he saw the looting of the Chinese emperor's famous summer palace by the English and French armies. In his thirtieth year he was lent by his government as the best officer to train and command the emperor's forces against the rebels in the Tai-ping revolt. He never donned a uniform or a sword, but with his cane led his ragged regiments right into the thick of the fight, and vanquished the rebels. He was proffered large rewards and the yellow jacket, but disdainfully rejected both because Li Hung Chang beheaded certain captives after promising Gordon to spare them. After a few years of important service, surveying and fixing European boundaries, Gordon was given the task of improving the defenses of London. He lived at Woolwich, devoting his great energies to fitting ragged boys for army life primarily, or for business. He scorned "society," which wished to lionize "Chinese Gordon," as he was called. All his money was given to this charitable work. Then he was sent to be governor of the tribes of Upper Egypt under the Khedive. His rule there makes one of the most fascinating stories of noble adventure and fine statesmanship in terribly hazardous conditions He was offered a salary of $50,000, but would not accept more than one-fifth of it, that being his ordinary army salary. From this period, and a year or two more of his slum-work, to his martyr death at Khartoum in 1885 his record is

unique as soldier, military engineer, philanthropist, born subduer, ruler, and elevator of semi-savage peoples, his life fitly crowned with a patriot's glorious death in the service equally of his own country and of those who put him to death.

One who served under Gordon during the Crimean War gives the following account of him: "The first time I saw Gordon was in the trenches before Sebastopol. I did not know who he was then; yet I felt there was something more than an ordinary officer about him as he moved among us. He had no swagger about him, or what is called 'smartness,' and sauntered past me and among the men silent as a statue, and as quiet as a civilian, with a stick in his hand, which he waved about in a seemingly lazy manner. I learned after that he was Major Gordon of the Engineers, the Gordon afterward celebrated as "Chinese," and now more so as "Khartoum" Gordon—the greatest of living leaders of men. There was a charm about him that we all felt as distinguishing him from other officers. He was eccentric, but seemed to put his own mind into us, so that at his approach all fear vanished. He never bullied, but put every man, as it were, on his honor to do his best. 'Now, my men,' he would say in a mild tone, in the greatest danger, 'I'm your officer; I lead, you follow; and there is no danger at all. There is the enemy; there is their battery,' pointing with his walking-stick, for he never carried a sword in action; 'and here is our road: follow me.' And he would walk through the hailstorm of lead or iron as quietly as across the room floor. I particularly remember on one occasion, when the Russians, having got the range, were harassing us terribly in our trench, Gordon quietly, stick in hand, climbed to the top of the parapet, and stood looking around, like a boy looking for mushrooms. The storm of rifle-balls, shot, and shell poured on him at once from all the enemy's rifle-pits was terrific. But he stood peeping through a glass in all directions. 'Come down, Gordon,' shouted the officers; 'you'll be killed.' Still he stood, with steady hand and quiet feet. When he had learnt what he sought, he descended as quietly as he went up, as if afraid of a slip. Other officers might be as cool, but none I ever met produced the same impression."

HEROISM IN NATIONAL SERVICE

The Ballad of the "Revenge"

By ALFRED TENNYSON

[Alfred Tennyson was born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, August 6, 1809, the son of a clergyman. At the age of nineteen he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where in 1829 he won the Chancellor's medal with a poem entitled "Timbuctoo." In 1831 he left college, without taking his degree, and thenceforth devoted himself entirely to poetry. In 1850 he was appointed poet-laureate of England, to succeed Wordsworth, and in 1884 was made a peer under the title of Baron Tennyson of Aldworth and Farringford, at which former seat he died October 6, 1892. Tennyson's poetic spirit found early voice. In 1826, when he was seventeen years old, a volume of youthful efforts by himself and his elder brother, Charles, was published under the title "Poems by Two Brothers." His volume published in 1832 contained "The Lady of Shalott," "Œnone," "The Lotos Eaters," and others of his most famous poems. Two volumes appeared in 1842, containing "Morte d'Arthur"; "Locksley Hall;" "Break, Break, Break," etc. "The Princess" followed in 1847, and, in 1850, "In Memoriam," a tribute to the bosom friend of his college days, Arthur Hallam, who had died in Vienna in 1833. Other poems and dramas were published from time to time, and in 1859 began the epical series known as "Idylls of the King," twelve in all, which were completed in 1885. Without attempting to give him permanent place in a critical sense, it may be said that Tennyson has, unlike most poet-laureates, held generally conceded pre-eminence among the English poets of his time.]

TENNYSON here rhymes the stirring story of the fight between the "Revenge" of Queen Elizabeth's fleet, and the Spanish foe. He found his inspiration in Sir Walter Raleigh's narrative, which is appended.

AT Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a fluttered bird, came flying from far away:
"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God I am no coward;

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But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?"

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself a coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain,
To the thumb-screw and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and fight,
And he sail'd away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather-bow.
"Shall we fight or shall we fly?
Good Richard, let us know,
For to fight is but to die!
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."
And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good Englishmen.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
For I never turned my back upon Don or devil yet."

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a hurrah, and so
The little "Revenge" ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below;
For half of their fleet to the right, and half to the left were seen,
And the little "Revenge" ran on thro' the long sea-lane between.

Thousands of their soldiers looked down from their decks and
laughed,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft.
Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like "San Philip," that, of fifteen hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us, with her yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

And while now the great "San Philip" hung above us like a cloud,
Whence the thunder-bolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard, and two upon the starboard lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

But anon the great "San Philip," she bethought herself and went,
Having that within her womb that had left her ill-content;
And the rest they came aboard us, and fought us hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came, with their pikes and musketeers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off, as a dog that shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame.
And some were sunk, and many were shatter'd, and so could fight us no more,—
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

For he said, "Fight on! Fight on!"
Though his vessel was but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the summer night was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest, he had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,
And he said, "Fight on! Fight on!"

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out fair on the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that we still could sting,
And they watch'd what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,

But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maimed for life
In the crash of the cannonades, and the desperate strife;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all of it spent;
And the masts and the riggings were lying over the side;
But Sir Richard cried, in his English pride,
"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day, less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die,—does it matter where?
Sink we the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!"

And the gunner said, "Ay, ay," but the seamen made reply:
"We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;
We shall live to fight again, and to strike another blow."
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

And the stately Spanish men to their flag-ship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last;
And they praised him to his face, with their courtly foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried,—
"I have fought for Queen and Faith, like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do.
With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die!"
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap,
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few.
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew.
But they sank his body with honor down into the deep,
And they mann'd the "Revenge" with a swarthier alien crew,
And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own,
When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from sleep,

And the water began to heave and the weather to moan;
And or ever that evening ended, a great gale blew,
And a wave, like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls, and their sails, and their masts, and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot shatter'd navy of Spain;
And the little "Revenge" herself went down by the island crags,
To be lost evermore in the main.

A REPORT

OF THE

TRUTH OF THE FIGHT ABOUT THE ISLES OF AZORES THE LAST OF AUGUST, 1591,

BETWIXT

THE "REVENGE," ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S SHIPS, AND AN ARMADA OF THE KING OF SPAIN,

PENNED BY THE HONORABLE SIR WALTER RALEIGH, KNIGHT.

The Lord Thomas Howard, with six of her Majesty's ships, six victuallers of London, the bark "Raleigh," and two or three other pinnaces, riding at anchor near unto Flores, one of the westerly islands of the Azores, the last of August, in the afternoon, had intelligence by one Captain Middleton of the approach of the Spanish Armada. Which Middleton being in a very good sailer, had kept them company three days before, of good purpose, both to discover their forces the more, as also to give advice to my Lord Thomas of their approach. He had no sooner delivered the news than the fleet was in sight; many of our ships' companies were on shore in the islands, some providing ballast for their ships, others filling of water and refreshing themselves from the land, with such things as they could, either for money or by force, recover. By reason whereof our ships being pestered, and rummaging everything out of order, very light for want of ballast, and that which was most to our disadvantage, the one-half part of the men of every ship

sick, and utterly unserviceable, for in the "Revenge" there were ninety diseased; in the "Bonaventure," not so many in health as could handle her mainsail.

For had not twenty men been taken out of a bark of Sir George Carey's, his being commanded to be sunk, and those appointed to her, she had hardly ever recovered England. The rest, for the most part, were in little better state. The names of her Majesty's ships were these, as follows: the "Defiance," which was admiral, the "Revenge," vice-admiral, the "Bonaventure," commanded by Captain Crosse, the "Lion," by George Fenner, the "Foresight," by M. Thomas Vavasour, and the "Crane," by Duffild, the "Foresight" and the "Crane" being but small ships; only the others were of middle size; the rest, besides the bark "Raleigh," were of victuallers and of small force or none.

The Spanish fleet having shrouded their approach by reason of the island, were now so soon at hand as our ships had scarce time to weigh their anchors, but some of them were driven to let their cables and set sail. Sir Richard Grenville was the last that weighed, to recover the men that were upon the island, which otherwise had been lost. The Lord Thomas, with the rest, very hardly recovered the wind, which Sir Richard Grenville not being able to do, was persuaded by the master and others to cut mainsail and cast about, and trust to the sailing of the ship; for the squadron of Sivil were on his weather-bow. But Sir Richard utterly refused to turn from the enemy, alleging that he would rather choose to die than to dishonor himself, his country, and her Majesty's ship, persuading his company that he would pass through the two squadrons in despite of them, and engage those of Sivil to give him way. Which he performed upon divers of the foremost, who, as the mariners term it, sprang their luff, and fell under the lee of the "Revenge." But the other course had been better, and might right well have been answered in so great an impossibility of prevailing. Notwithstanding, out of the greatness of his mind, he could not be persuaded. In the mean while, as he attended those which were nearest him, the great "San Philip" being in the wind of him, and coming toward him, becalmed his sails

in such sort as the ship could neither make way nor feel the helm; so huge and high carged was the Spanish ship, being of 1,500 tons, who after laid the "Revenge" aboard. When he was thus bereft of his sails, the ships that were under his lee luffing up, also laid him aboard; of which the next was the admiral of the "Biscaines," a very mighty and puissant ship, commanded by Brittandona. The said "Philip" carried three tier of ordnance on a side, and eleven pieces in every tier. She shot eight forth, right out of her chase, besides those of her stern-ports.

After the "Revenge" was entangled with this "Philip" four others boarded her; two on her larboard and two on her starboard. The fight thus beginning at three o'clock in the afternoon continued very terrible all that evening. But the great "San Philip," having received the lower tier of the "Revenge," discharged with cross-bar shot, shifted with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment. Some say that the ship foundered, but we cannot report it for truth, unless we were assured. The Spanish ships were filled with companies of soldiers, in some two hundred, besides the mariners; in some five, in others eight hundred. In ours there were none at all besides the mariners, but the servants of the commanders, and some few voluntary gentlemen only. After many interchanged volleys of great ordnance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the "Revenge," and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed soldiers and musketeers, but were still repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ships or into the seas. In the beginning of the fight, the "George Noble," of London, having received some shot through her, by the armadas, fell under the lee of the "Revenge," and asked Sir Richard what he would command him, being one of the victuallers, and of small force. Sir Richard bade him save himself, and leave him to his fortune. After the fight had thus, without intermission, continued while the day lasted, and some hours of the night, many of our men were slain and hurt, and one of the great galleons of the armada, and the admiral of the hulks, both sunk, and in many other of the Spanish ships great slaughter

was made. Some write that Sir Richard was very dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the fight, and lay speechless for a time ere he recovered. But two of the "Revenge's" own company, brought home in a ship of Line, from the islands, examined by some of the lords and others, affirmed that he was never so wounded as that he forsook the upper deck, till an hour before midnight; and then being shot into the body with a musket, as he was a-dressing, was again shot in the head, and, withal, his chirurgion wounded to death. This agreeth also with an examination taken by Sir Francis Godolphin, of four other mariners of the same ship, being returned, which examination the said Sir Francis sent unto Master William Killegrue of her Majesty's privy chamber.

But to return to the fight; the Spanish ships which attempted to board the "Revenge," as they were wounded and beaten off, so always others came in their places, she having never less than two mighty galleons by her sides, and aboard her, so that ere the morning, from three o'clock the day before, there had fifteen several armadas assailed her; and all so ill approved their entertainment, as they were, by the break of day far more willing to hearken to a composition than hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as their day increased, so ours decreased; and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grew our discomforts, for none appeared in sight but enemies, saving one small ship, called the "Pilgrim," commanded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the success, but in the morning, bearing with the "Revenge," was hunted like a hare among many ravenous hounds, but escaped.

All the powder of the "Revenge," to the last barrel, was now spent, all her pikes broken, forty of her best men slain, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundred free from sickness, and fourscore and ten sick laid in hold upon the ballast. A small troop to man such a ship, and a weak garrison to resist so mighty an army. By those hundred all was sustained, the volleys, boardings, and enterings of fifteen ships of war, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrary, the Spanish were always supplied with soldiers brought from every squadron, all manner

of arms, and powder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply of either ships, men, or weapons, the masts all beaten overboard, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper work altogether razed, and in effect evened she was with the water, but the very foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left overhead, either for flight or defense. Sir Richard, finding himself in this distress, and unable any longer to make resistance, having endured, in this fifteen hours' fight, the assault of fifteen several armadas, all by turns aboard him, and by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillery, besides many assaults and entries; and that the ship and himself must needs be possessed by the enemy, who were now all cast in a ring round him (the "Revenge" not being able to move one way or other but as she was moved with the waves and billows of the sea), commanded the master-gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship, that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards: seeing in so many hours' fight, and with so great a navy, they were not able to take her, having had fifteen hours' time, above 10,000 men, and fifty-three sail of men of war to perform it withal, and persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God, and to the mercy of none else; but as they had, like valiant, resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honor of their nation by prolonging their lives for a few hours or a few days. The master-gunner readily condescended, and divers others, but the captain and mate were of another opinion, and besought Sir Richard to have care of them, alleging that the Spaniards would be as ready to entertain a composition as they were willing to offer the same; and that there being divers sufficient and valiant men yet living, and whose wounds were not mortal, they might do their country and prince acceptable service hereafter. And whereas Sir Richard had alleged that the Spaniards should never glory to have taken one ship of her Majesty, seeing they had so long and so notably defended themselves, they answered that the ship had six feet water in hold, three shot under water, which were so weakly stopped, as with the first working of the sea she must needs

sink, and was, besides, so crushed and bruised, as she could never be removed out of the place.

And as the matter was thus in dispute, and Sir Richard refusing to hearken to any of those reasons, the master of the "Revenge" (while the captain won unto him the greater party) was conveyed aboard the "General Don Alphonso Baçan"; who (finding none over hasty to enter the "Revenge" again, doubting lest Sir Richard would have blown them up and himself, and perceiving, by the report of the master of the "Revenge," his dangerous disposition), yielded that all their lives should be saved, the company sent for England, and the better sort to pay such reasonable ransom as their estate would bear, and in the mean season to be free from galley or imprisonment. To this he so much the rather condescended, as well, as I have said, for fear of further loss and mischief to themselves, as also the desire he had to recover Sir Richard Grenville; whom, for his notable valor, he seemed greatly to honor and admire.

When this answer was returned, and that safety of life was promised, the common sort being now at the end of their peril, the most drew back from Sir Richard and the master-gunner, being no hard matter to dissuade men from death to life. The master-gunner, finding himself and Sir Richard thus prevented and mastered by the greater number, would have slain himself with a sword, had he not been by force withheld, and locked in his cabin. Then the "General" sent many boats aboard the "Revenge"; and divers of our men, fearing Sir Richard's disposition, stole away aboard the "General" and other ships. Sir Richard, thus overmatched, was sent unto by Alphonso Baçan to remove out of the "Revenge," the ship being marvelous unsavory, filled with blood, and bodies of dead and wounded men, like a slaughter-house. Sir Richard answered that he might do with his body what he list, for he esteemed it not, and as he was carried out of the ship he swooned, and revived again, desiring the company to pray for him. The general used Sir Richard with all humanity, and left nothing unattempted that tended to his recovery, highly commending his valor and worthiness, and greatly bewailing the danger wherein he was, being with them a rare spectacle, and a resolution seldom approved,

to see one ship turn toward so many enemies, to endure the charge and boarding of so many huge armadas, and to resist and repel the entries of so many soldiers. All which and more is confirmed by a Spanish captain of the same armada, and a present actor in the fight, who, being severed from the rest in a storm, was, by the "Lion," of London, a small ship, taken, and is now prisoner in London.

The general commander of the armada was Don Alphonso Baçan, brother to the Marquis of Santa Cruz. The admiral of the Biscaine squadron was Brittandona. Of the squadron of Sivil, the Marquis of Arumburch. The hulks and fly-boats were commanded by Luis Continho. There were slain and drowned in this fight well near one thousand of the enemies, and two special commanders—Don Luis de Saint John, and Don George de Prunaria de Mallaga—as the Spanish captain confesseth, besides divers others of special account, whereof as yet report is not made.

The admiral of the hulks and the "Ascension of Sivil" were both sunk by the side of the "Revenge"; one other recovered the road of St. Michael, and sunk also there; a fourth ran herself into the shore to save her men. Sir Richard died, as it is said, the second or third day aboard the "General," and was by them greatly bewailed. What became of his body, whether it was buried in the sea or on the land, we know not; the comfort that remaineth to his friends is, that he hath ended his life honorably in respect of the reputation won to his nation and country, and of the same to his posterity, and that, being dead, he hath not outlived his own honor.

Notes and Queries.—What was the line of demarcation that the Pope Alexander VI. established in 1494 for allotting undiscovered lands? How did this bring the English and the Spaniards into conflict when English discovery once took a vigorous start? Who were the men who laid the foundations of England's supremacy on the sea? Look up in the encyclopædia—or better, in such biographies or histories as you can get access to—the accounts of Drake, Raleigh, Frobisher, Hawkins and the rest.

Paul Jones and the "Bon Homme Richard"

By ALEXANDER SLIDELL MACKENZIE

[Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, a naval officer, whose fame is chiefly associated with the story of the brig "Somers," was born at New York City, April 6, 1803. He was the son of John Slidell, and in 1837 added to his own his mother's name, Mackenzie. In 1815 he entered the navy as a midshipman, and in 1822 took command of a merchant-vessel. In 1825 he had charge of the brig "Somers," manned chiefly by naval apprentices. On his passage from the coast of Africa, a mutinous plot was discovered among the crew, the leaders of which, after an investigation by the officers, were executed December 1, 1842. This act was approved by both a court of inquiry and a court-martial, held after the vessel arrived in port, but public opinion, which ran very high, owing to the social standing of one of the men, the son of John C. Spencer, secretary of war under President Harrison, was divided. In May, 1846, he was sent by President Polk on a private mission to Cuba and thence sailed to Mexico. He was at the siege of Vera Cruz and at the storming of Tabasco in 1847. His first book was "A Year in Spain by a Young American," published in 1829. He also wrote "Popular Essays on Naval Subjects," in 1833; "The American in England," in 1835; "Spain Revisited," in 1836; "Life of John Paul Jones," in 1841; "Life of Commodore Oliver H. Perry," in 1841, and "Life of Stephen Decatur," in 1846. He died in 1848.]

THE romantic career of Paul Jones and his daring exploits off the coast of Great Britain form a remarkable chapter in the history of the American War of Independence. The bold seaman carried terror to the strongholds of the mistress of the seas. Paul Jones was born at Arbigland, on the shore of Solway Firth, in the southwestern part of Scotland, on July 6, 1747. His father was a gardener named Paul; but John, the youngest son, when he settled in Virginia, assumed the name

of Jones His earliest prepossessions were in favor of the sea, and at the age of twelve John entered the merchant service. When but eighteen he purchased his indentures, and obtained command of a brig engaged in the American slave trade. This not being to his liking, he resigned his command, and returned home as a passenger. A London owner then placed him in command of a large ship trading to the West Indies.

In 1773, on the death of his elder brother, who had settled in Virginia, John also took up his residence there while the estate was settled. He liked the country so well that he resolved to make it his home, gave up the sea, changed his name and became a planter. But on the breaking out of the Revolution his plans were again reversed. As an experienced seaman he offered his services to his adopted country. Congress, in December, 1775, ordered a fleet to be prepared from merchant vessels, and John Paul Jones, who had been commissioned as first lieutenant, was the first to raise and display the American flag. The design is said to have represented a pine-tree with a rattlesnake coiled at its root as if about to strike. The fleet sailed for the Bahamas in February, 1776, with Jones on the flag-ship "Alfred." He showed great skill and discretion in the operations there, which secured a supply of guns and ammunition. He was soon after placed in command of the "Providence," a sloop carrying twelve small guns and seventy men, and was employed in convoying between Boston and the Delaware. He sailed also to Cape Breton and captured sixteen prizes. In a second expedition he had similar success and procured stores which proved useful to Washington's army.

On August 8, 1776, Jones was commissioned as captain; yet, in October, some who were then commissioned were placed above him. Though he complained of the wrong done him, he did not cease to seek honorable opportunity for action, and his efforts were zealously seconded by his friend, Robert Morris. At last in May, 1777, Captain Jones was ordered to proceed to France, with officers and seamen, to take command of a ship, there to be purchased by the American commissioners. But this arrangement fell through, and he was in June placed in command of the "Ranger," a new ship built at Portsmouth.

At the same time Congress resolved that the new flag of the United States should "be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union should be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." Captain Jones was the first to hoist this flag, as he had the original nearly two years before. On February 13, 1778, he obtained for the American flag full recognition from the French admiral. Captain Jones gave a salute with thirteen guns, which the admiral returned with nine. Jones was disposed to insist on gun for gun; but the admiral replied that he had given him the same salute as to the admiral of Holland, then a republic. On April 10th Jones set sail for the British coast, and on the twenty-fourth an action took place between the "Ranger" and the British "Drake," and Jones in his report says that when the latter hoisted English colors, "the American stars were displayed on board the 'Ranger.'" This was the first action under the new flag.

Jones next succeeded in getting from the French government a vessel called the "Duc de Duras." In honor of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, by whose friendly advice he had really secured this ship, he re-named her "Le Bon Homme Richard," as this was the title which the gallant French had given to the translation of Franklin's "Poor Richard's Almanac." Jones soon found himself invested with the captaincy of a fleet, and for a time it was expected that Lafayette, who had then returned to France, would have joint command with him. After necessary delays Jones sailed with seven vessels, making "Le Bon Homme Richard" his flag-ship. He became a terror to the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland, entering their rivers and harbors, taking prizes and men, and burning their ships.

The battle between the "Bon Homme Richard" and the "Serapis" is invested with a heroic interest of the highest stamp. On September 23, 1779, Jones' squadron consisted of the "Richard," the "Alliance," the "Pallas," and the "Vengeance." As they were standing to the northward, toward Flamborough Head, with a light breeze from south-southwest, they gradually came in sight of a fleet of forty-one sail running down the coast from the northward, very close in with the land. On

questioning the pilot, the commodore discovered that this was the Baltic fleet with which he had been so anxious to fall in, and that it was under convoy of the "Serapis," a new ship, mounting forty-four guns, and the "Countess of Scarborough," of twenty guns.

Signal was immediately made to form the line of battle, which the "Alliance," as usual, disregarded. The "Richard" crossed her royal yards, and immediately gave chase to the northward, under all sail, to get between the enemy and the land. At the same time signal of recall was made to the pilot-boat; but she did not return until after the action. On discovering the American squadron, the headmost ships of the convoy were seen to haul their wind suddenly, and go about so as to stretch back under the land, toward Scarborough, and place themselves under cover of the cruisers; at the same time they fired signal guns, let fly their top-gallant sheets, and showed every symptom of confusion and alarm. Soon afterward the "Serapis" was seen stretching to windward, to get between the convoy and the American ships, which she soon effected. At four o'clock in the afternoon the English cruisers were in sight from deck. The "Countess of Scarborough" was standing out to join the "Serapis," which was lying to for her, while the convoy continued to run for the fort, in obedience to the signals displayed from the "Serapis," which was also seen to fire guns. At half-past five the two ships had joined company, when the "Serapis" made sail by the wind; at six both vessels tacked, heading up to the westward, across the bows of the "Richard," so as to keep their position between her and the convoy.

The opposing ships thus continued to approach each other slowly, under the light southwesterly air. The weather was beautifully serene, and the breeze being off the land, which was now close on board, produced no ripple on the water, which lay still and peaceful, offering a fair field to the combatants about to grapple in such deadly strife. The decks of the opposing vessels were long since cleared for action, and ample leisure remained for reflection, as the ships glided toward each other at a rate but little in accordance with the impatience of the

opponents. From the projecting promontory of Flamborough Head, which was less than a league distant, thousands of the inhabitants looked down upon the scene, awaiting the result with intense anxiety. The ships also were in sight from Scarborough, the inhabitants of which thronged the piers. The sun had already sunk behind the land, before the ships were within gun-shot of each other; but a full harvest moon, rising above the opposite horizon, lighted the combatants in the search for each other, and served to reveal the approaching scene to the spectators on the land with a vague indistinctness which rendered it only the more terrible.

While the "Pallas" stood for the "Countess of Scarborough," the "Alliance" sought a position in which she could contemplate the double engagement without risk, as though her commander had been chosen umpire, instead of being a party interested in the approaching battle. Soon afterward, the "Serapis" was seen to hoist the red ensign instead of St. George's, and it was subsequently known that her captain had nailed it to the flag-staff with his own hand.

About half-past seven, the "Bon Homme Richard" hauled up her courses and rounded to on the weather or larboard quarter of the "Serapis," within pistol-shot, and steered a nearly parallel course, though gradually edging down upon her. The "Serapis" now triced up her lower deck ports, showing two complete batteries, besides her spar-deck, lighted up for action, and making a most formidable appearance. At this moment, Captain Pearson, her commander, hailed the "Bon Homme Richard," and demanded, "What ship is that?" Answer was made, "I can't hear what you say." The hail was repeated: "What ship is that? Answer immediately, or I shall be under the necessity of firing into you!" A shot was fired in reply by the "Bon Homme Richard," which was instantly followed by a broadside from each vessel. Two of the three old eighteen-pounders in the "Richard's" gun-room burst at the first fire, spreading around an awful scene of carnage. Jones immediately gave orders to close the lower deck ports, and abandon that battery during the rest of the action.

The "Richard," having kept her headway and becalmed

the sails of the "Serapis," passed across her forefoot, when the "Serapis," luffing across the stern of the "Richard," came up in turn on the weather or larboard quarter, and, after an exchange of several broadsides from the fresh batteries, which did great damage to the rotten sides of the "Richard," and caused her to leak badly, the "Serapis" likewise becalmed the sails of the "Richard," passed ahead, and soon after bore up and attempted to cross her forefoot, so as to rake her from stem to stern. Finding, however, that he had not room for the evolution, and that the "Richard" would be on board of him, Captain Pearson put his helm a-lee, which brought the two ships in a line ahead, and, the "Serapis" having lost her headway by the attempted evolution, the "Richard" ran into her weather or larboard quarter. While in this position, neither ship being able to use her great guns, Jones attempted to board the "Serapis," but was repulsed, when Captain Pearson hailed him, and asked, "Has your ship struck?" To which he at once returned the discouraging answer, "I have not yet begun to fight!"

Jones now backed his topsails, and the sails of the "Serapis" remaining full, the two ships separated. Immediately after, Pearson also laid his topsails aback to get square with the "Richard" again; Jones, at the same instant, filled away, which brought the two ships once more broadside and broadside. As he had already suffered greatly from the superior force of the "Serapis," and from her being more manageable and a faster sailer than the "Richard," which had several times given her the advantage in position, Jones now determined to lay his ship athwart the enemy's hawse; he accordingly put his helm up, but, some of his braces being shot away, his sails had not their full power, and, the "Serapis" having stern-way, the "Richard" fell on board of her farther aft than Jones had intended. The "Serapis'" jib-boom hung her for a few minutes, when, carrying away, the two ships swung broadside and broadside, the muzzles of the guns touching each other. Jones sent Mr. Stacy, the acting master, to pass up the end of a hawser to lash the two ships together; and, while he was gone on this service, assisted with his own hand in making fast the jib-stay of the

"Serapis" to the "Richard's" mizzen-mast. Accident, however, unknown for the moment to either party, more effectually secured the two vessels together; for, the anchor of the "Serapis" having hooked the quarter of the "Richard," the two ships lay closely grappled. In order to escape from this close embrace and recover the advantage of his superior sailing and force, Captain Pearson now let go an anchor, when the two ships tended round to the tide, which was setting toward Scarborough. The "Richard" being held by the anchor of the "Serapis," and the yards being entangled fore and aft, they remained firmly grappled. This happened about half-past eight, the engagement having already continued an hour.

Meantime the firing had recommenced with fresh fury from the starboard sides of both vessels. The guns of either ship actually touched the sides of the other, and some of them being opposite the ports, the rammers entered those of the opposite ship when in the act of loading, and the guns were discharged into the side or into the open decks. The effect of this cannonade was terrible to both ships, and wherever it could be kept up in one ship, it was silenced in the other. Occasional skirmishing with pikes and pistols took place through the ports; but there does not appear to have been any concerted effort to board from the lower decks of the "Serapis," which had the advantage below.

The "Richard" had already received several eighteen-pound shot between wind and water, causing her to leak badly; the main battery of twelve-pounders was silenced; as for the gun-room battery of six eighteen-pounders, two out of the three starboard ones burst at the first fire, killing most of their crews. During the whole action but eight shots were fired from this heavy battery, the use of which was so much favored by the smoothness of the water. The bursting of these guns and the destruction of the crew, with the partial blowing up of the deck above, so early in the action, were discouraging circumstances, which, with a less resolutely determined commander, might well have been decisive of the fate of the battle.

Colonel Chamillard, who was stationed on the poop, with a party of twenty marines, had already been driven from his post,

with the loss of a number of his men, probably by the raking fire of the "Alliance." Captain Landais kept this ship studiously aloof, and hovering about the "Pallas" and "Countess of Scarborough," until the latter struck, after half an hour's action, when he endeavored to get information as to the force of the "Serapis." He now ran down, under easy sail, to where the "Richard" and "Serapis" lay grappled. At about half-past nine, he ranged up on the larboard quarter of the "Richard," of course having the "Richard" between him and the "Serapis," though the brightness of the moonlight, the greater height of the "Richard," especially about the poop, and the fact of her being painted entirely black, while the "Serapis" had a yellow streak, could have left no doubt as to her identity; moreover, the "Richard" displayed three lights—at the larboard bow, gangway, and stern—which was an appointed signal of recognition.

Landais now deliberately fired into the "Richard's" quarter, killing many of her men. Standing on, he ranged past her larboard bow, where he renewed his raking fire, with like fatal effect. To remove the chance of misconception, many voices cried out that the "Alliance" was firing into the wrong ship; still the raking fire continued from her. Captain Pearson also suffered from this fire, as he states in his report to the Admiralty, but necessarily in a much less degree than the "Richard," which lay between them. There is ample evidence of Landais having returned here several times to fire on the "Richard," and always on the larboard side, or the opposite one to that on which the "Richard" was grappled with the "Serapis."

While the fire of the "Serapis" was continued without intermission from the whole of her lower-deck battery, the only guns that were still fired from the "Richard" were two nine-pounders on the quarter-deck, commanded by Mr. Mease, the purser. This officer having received a dangerous wound in the head, Jones took his place, and, having collected a few men, succeeded in shifting over one of the larboard guns; so that three guns were now kept playing on the enemy, and these were all that were fired from the "Richard" during the re-

mainder of the action. One of these guns was served with double-headed shot and directed at the main mast, by Jones' command, while the other two were loaded with grape and canister, to clear the enemy's deck. In this service great aid was rendered by the men stationed in the tops of the "Richard," who, having cleared the tops of the "Serapis," committed great havoc among the officers and crew upon her upper deck. Thus, while the action was carried on with decided advantage to the enemy on the lower decks, from which they might have boarded with a good prospect of success, as nearly the whole crew of the "Richard" had been driven from below by the fire of the "Serapis," and had collected on the upper deck—above, it was equally in our favor. In addition to the destructive fire from the tops of the "Richard," great damage was done by the hand-grenades thrown from her tops and yard-arms. The "Serapis" was set on fire as often as ten or twelve times in various parts, and the conflagration was only with the greatest exertions kept from becoming general.

About a quarter before ten, a hand-grenade, thrown by one of the "Richard's" men from the main-top of the "Serapis," struck the combing of the main hatch, and, glancing inward upon the main deck, set fire to a cartridge of powder. Owing to mismanagement and defective training, the powder boys on this deck had brought up the cartridges from the magazine faster than they were used, and, instead of waiting for the loaders to receive and charge them, had laid them on the deck, where some of them were broken. The cartridge fired by the grenade now communicated to these, and the explosion spread from the main-mast aft on the starboard side, killing twenty men and disabling every man there stationed at the guns, those who were not killed outright being left stripped of their clothes and scorched frightfully.

At this conjuncture, being about ten o'clock, the gunner and the carpenter of the "Richard," who had been slightly wounded, became alarmed at the quantity of water which entered the ship through the shot-holes, which she had received between wind and water, and which, by her settling, had got below the surface. The carpenter expressed an apprehension

that she would speedily sink, which the gunner mistaking for an assertion that she was actually sinking, ran aft on the poop to haul down the colors. Finding that the ensign was already down, in consequence of the staff having been shot away, the gunner set up the cry "Quarter! for God's sake, quarter! Our ship is sinking!" which he continued until silenced by Jones, who threw at the recreant a pistol he had just discharged at the enemy, which fractured his skull and sent him headlong down the hatchway. Captain Pearson, hearing the gunner's cry, asked Jones if he called for quarter, to which, according to his own words, he replied "in the most determined negative." Captain Pearson now called away his boarders and sent them on board the "Richard," but, when they reached her rail, they were met by Jones himself, at the head of a party of pikemen, and driven back. They immediately returned to their ship, followed by some of the "Richard's" men, all of whom were cut off.

About the same time that the gunner set up his cry for quarter, the master-at-arms, who had been in consultation with the gunner and the carpenter, in regard to the sinking condition of the ship, hearing the cry for quarter, proceeded, without orders from Jones, and either from treachery or the prompting of humane feelings, to release all the prisoners, amounting to more than a hundred. One of these, being the commander of the letter-of-marque "Union," taken on the thirty-first of August, passed, with generous self-devotion, through the lower ports of the "Richard" and the "Serapis," and, having reached the quarter-deck of the latter, informed Captain Pearson that, if he would hold out a little longer, the "Richard" must either strike or sink. He, moreover, informed him of the large number of prisoners who had been released with himself, in order to save their lives. Thus encouraged, the battle was renewed from the "Serapis" with fresh ardor.

The situation of Jones, at this moment, was indeed hopeless, beyond anything that is recorded in the annals of naval warfare. In a sinking ship, with a battery silenced everywhere, except where he himself fought, more than a hundred prisoners at large in his ship, his consort, the "Alliance," sailing round and

raking him deliberately, his superior officers counseling surrender, while the inferior ones were setting up disheartening cries of fire and sinking, and calling loudly for quarter, the chieftain still stood undismayed. He immediately ordered the prisoners to the pumps, and took advantage of the panic they were in, with regard to the reported sinking of the ship, to keep them from conspiring to overcome the few efficient hands that remained of his crew. Meanwhile the action was continued with the three light quarter-deck guns, under Jones' immediate inspection. In the moonlight, blended with the flames that ascended the rigging of the "Serapis," the yellow mainmast presented a palpable mark, against which the guns were directed with double-headed shot. Soon after ten o'clock the fire of the "Serapis" began to slacken, and at half-past ten she struck.

Mr. Dale, the first lieutenant of the "Richard," was now ordered on board the "Serapis," to take charge of her. He was accompanied by Midshipman Mayrant and a party of boarders. Mr. Mayrant was run through the thigh with a boarding pike, as he touched the deck of the "Serapis," and three of the "Richard's" crew were killed after the "Serapis" had struck, by some of the crew of the latter who were ignorant of the surrender of their ship. Lieutenant Dale found Captain Pearson on the quarter-deck, and told him he was ordered to send him on board the "Richard." It is a remarkable evidence of the strange character of this engagement, and the doubt which attended its result, that the first lieutenant of the "Serapis," who came upon deck at this moment, should have asked his commander whether the ship alongside had struck. Lieutenant Dale immediately answered, "No, sir! on the contrary, he has struck to us." The British lieutenant, like a true officer, repeated the question to his commander, "Have you struck, sir?" Captain Pearson replied, "Yes, I have." The lieutenant replied, "I have nothing more to say," and was about to return below, when Mr. Dale informed him that he must accompany Captain Pearson on board the "Richard." The lieutenant rejoined, "If you will permit me to go below, I will silence the firing of the lower deck guns." This offer

Mr. Dale very properly declined, and the two officers went on board the "Richard," and surrendered themselves to Jones.

Pearson, who had risen, like Jones, from an humble station by his own bravery, but who was as inferior to Jones in courtesy as he had proved himself in obstinacy of resistance, evinced from the first a characteristic surliness, which he maintained throughout the whole of his intercourse with his victor. In surrendering he said that it was painful for him to deliver up his sword to a man who had fought with a halter round his neck. Jones did not forget himself, but replied, with a compliment, which, though addressed to Pearson, necessarily reverted to himself: "Sir, you have fought like a hero, and I make no doubt but your sovereign will reward you in a most ample manner."

As another evidence of the strange *mêlée* which attended this engagement, and of the discouraging circumstances under which the "Richard" fought, it may be mentioned that eight or ten of her crew, who were of course Englishmen, got into a boat which was towing astern of the "Serapis," and escaped to Scarborough, during the height of the engagement. This defection, together with the absence of the second lieutenant with fifteen of the best men, the loss of twenty-four men on the coast of Ireland, added to the number who had been sent away in prizes, reduced Jones' crew to a very small number, and greatly diminished his chance of success, which was due at length solely to his own indomitable courage.

Meantime, the fire which was still kept up from the lower-deck guns of the "Serapis," where the seamen were ignorant of the scene of surrender which had taken place above, was arrested by an order from Lieutenant Dale. The action had continued without cessation for three hours and a half. When it at length ceased, Jones got his ship clear of the "Serapis," and made sail. As the two separated, after being so long locked in deadly struggle, the main-mast of the "Serapis," which had been for some time tottering, and which had only been sustained by the interlocking of her yards with those of the "Richard," went over the side with a tremendous crash, carry-

ing the mizzen-topmast with it. Soon after, the "Serapis" cut her cable and followed the "Richard."

The exertions of captors and captives were now necessary to extinguish the flames, which were raging furiously in both vessels. Its violence was greatest in the "Richard," where it had been communicated below from the lower-deck guns of the "Serapis." Every effort to subdue the flames seemed for a time to be unavailing. In one place they were raging very near the magazine, and Jones, at length had all the powder taken out and brought on deck, in readiness to be thrown overboard. In this work the officers of the "Serapis" voluntarily assisted.

While the fire was raging in so terrifying a manner, the water was entering the ship in many places. The rudder had been cut entirely through, the transoms were driven in, and the rotten timbers of the old ship, from the main-mast aft, were shattered and almost entirely separated, as if the ship had been sawn through by ice; so much so, that Jones says that, toward the close of the action, the shot of the "Serapis" passed completely through the "Richard"; and the stern-post and a few timbers alone prevented the stern from falling down on the gun-room deck. The water rushed in through all these apertures, so that, at the close of the action, there were already five feet of water in the hold. The spectacle which the old ship presented the following morning was dreadful beyond description Jones says, in his official report, that a "person must have been an eye-witness to form a just idea of the tremendous scene of carnage, wreck, and ruin that everywhere appeared. Humanity cannot but recoil from the prospect of such finished horror, and lament that war should produce such fatal consequences."

Captain Pearson also notices, in his official letter to the Admiralty, the dreadful spectacle the "Richard" presented. He says: "On my going on board the 'Bon Homme Richard,' I found her to be in the greatest distress; her counters and quarters on the lower deck entirely drove in and the whole of her lower-deck guns dismounted; she was also on fire in two places, and six or seven feet of water in her hold, which kept increasing upon them all night and the next day, till they were

obliged to quit her, and she sunk." The regret which he must, at any rate, have felt in surrendering, must have been much augmented by these observations, and by what he must have seen of the motley composition of the "Richard's" crew.

On the morning after the action, a survey was held upon the "Poor Richard," which was now, more than ever, entitled to her name. After a deliberate examination, the carpenters and other surveying officers were unanimously of opinion that the ship could not be kept afloat, so as to reach a port, if the wind should increase. The task of removing the wounded was now commenced, and completed in the course of the night and following morning. The prisoners who had been taken in merchant ships were left until the wounded were all removed. Taking advantage of the confusion and of their superiority of numbers, they took possession of the ship, and got her head in for the land, toward which the wind was now blowing. A contest ensued, and, as the Englishmen had few arms, they were speedily overcome.

Jones was very anxious to keep the "Richard" afloat, and, if possible, bring her into port, doubtless from the very justifiable vanity of showing how desperately he had fought her. In order to effect this object, he kept the first lieutenant of the "Pallas" on board of her, with a party of men to work the pumps, having boats in waiting to remove them, in the event of her sinking. During the night of the twenty-fourth, the wind had freshened and still continued to freshen on the morning of the twenty-fifth, when all further efforts to save her were found unavailing. The water was running in and out of her ports and swashing up her hatchways. About nine o'clock, it became necessary to abandon her, the water then being up to the lower deck; an hour later, she rolled as if losing her balance, and, settling forward, went down bows first, her stern and mizzen mast being last seen. "A little after ten," says Jones in his report, "I saw, with inexpressible grief, the last glimpse of the 'Bon Homme Richard.'" The grief was a natural one, but far from being destitute of consolation; the closing scene of the "Poor Richard," like the death of Nelson on board the "Victory," in the moment of winning a new title to the name,

was indeed a glorious one Her shattered shell afforded an honorable receptacle for the remains of the Americans who had fallen during the action.

Notes and Queries.—Consider some contrasts between this fight and the battle of Santiago. What have been the results of the invention of iron-clad ships? When, where, and by whom were they first used? It would be interesting to look up the story of the rivalry between the makers of ship armor and the makers of guns. In this connection you will find in Johnson's Cyclopædia a most interesting article on "Ships of War." How far apart can modern warships lie and still fight effectively? Name some of the famous old frigates still in existence. Look up in any history of the navy the exploits of the "Constitution" and of the "Constellation."

Lord Nelson's Victories

By OLIVER H. G. LEIGH

THE fame of the great fighting admiral increases with the lapse of time. Captain Mahan's biography is a generous American tribute to one who fills the popular conception of a spectacular hero, while in character one of the plainest of hard-working men. Nelson was born on September 29, 1758, in Norfolk. He was a midshipman in his twelfth year, and acting lieutenant of a sixty-four gun ship at eighteen. He became a post-captain at twenty-one and saw plenty of active service prior to his share in the wars consequent on the French Revolution. When in his thirty-fifth year he lost his right eye at the siege of Calvi. Four years later he captured two of the largest ships in the French fleet, leading his men as they boarded their prizes with his famous war-cry, "Westminster Abbey or victory!" This won him a knighthood and rear-admiral rank. In July of 1797 Nelson attacked the Island of Teneriffe, with personal injuries set forth in his report to the government, which stated that he had been in four actions with the enemy's fleet, in three cutting-out expeditions, and the taking of three towns. He had served with the army on shore four months, assisted in capturing seven ships of the line, six frigates, four corvettes, eleven privateers, and fifty merchantmen. He had been in actual personal conflict with the enemy one hundred and twenty times, having lost his right eye and his right arm, besides sustaining severe bodily injuries. These disablements entitled Nelson to a pension of a thousand pounds a year.

In 1798 he sailed to Cadiz in his flag-ship, the "Vanguard,"

to join Lord Vincent. He was too late to prevent Napoleon's army from landing for the conquest of Egypt, but finding the French fleet in Aboukir Bay, on August 1, Nelson boldly attacked and defeated it, though larger than his fleet. The fight lasted from sunset to daybreak. Again Nelson was severely wounded. Out of the French fleet of thirteen men-of-war, nine were captured and two were blown up. Nelson accurately described this great battle of the Nile as not a mere victory but a conquest. His reward was a pension of 2,000 pounds a year, with a peerage as Baron Nelson of the Nile.

After three years' absence from England, mainly occupied with these brilliant exploits, he returned home, and though his personal repute was tarnished by his entanglement with Lady Emma Hamilton and matters arising out of it, his country hailed its greatest fighting sailor with unbounded enthusiasm. Within a few months Nelson was sent, as second in command in order of seniority, to bring Denmark to terms. It was here, at the battle of Copenhagen, in 1801, that his daring disregard of orders turned defeat into victory. He drove his ship into a hot corner, to the consternation of his superior, the admiral in command, Sir Hyde Parker. Nelson was only vice-admiral, and was on board the "Elephant." The admiral's ship was at some distance, and he could not see distinctly how things were faring with Nelson, who was bearing the brunt of the battle; but the fire of the Danish guns was so tremendous that he thought it was time for Nelson to retreat, and signaled to him to do so. The chances were so unequal when Nelson began the action that most other men would have been daunted. Foreseeing disaster, the admiral signaled to cease fighting. But Nelson's spirit was up, and he asked, "Is our signal for close action still flying?" And when told "Yes," he said, "Mind that you keep it so!" He continued to pace the deck amid the roar of the close engagement; and, when shot and shell of every size were sweeping it, betrayed no emotion save the moving of the stump of his lost arm, in a manner that was generally his wont when excited Then, referring again to the admiral's signal, he said to his lieutenant, "Leave off action! No, hang me if I do! You know, Foley," he added, turning to

the captain of the "Elephant," "I have only one eye; so I have a right to be blind sometimes." And then putting the telescope to his blind eye, he exclaimed, with a twinkle in the other, "I really do not see the signal!" After a minute he added, "Hang the signal! Keep mine for closer battle flying. That's the way I answer such signals—nail mine to the mast!" All the other vessels disobeyed the signal also, because they all took their orders from Nelson. In this way the battle was fought, the victory was complete, and Nelson was forgiven the glorious bit of insubordination by his proud country.

In 1803 Nelson was put in command of the Mediterranean fleet with the well-earned dignity of Viscount. The French enemy, under Admiral Villeneuve, slipped through the blockade of Toulon and formed a junction with the Spanish fleet off Cadiz. A spacious game of hide-and-seek was played by the hostile forces, the foreigners flew over to the West Indies, chased by Nelson, who drove them back again across the ocean. Then, when he got back to England in September, Nelson sailed on his famous ship, the "Victory," to join Admiral Collingwood off Cadiz. On October 19th Villeneuve came out from his shelter. Nelson had so distributed his ships as to deceive the enemy, who thought them fewer than was the fact. He had twenty-seven sail of the line and five frigates, while the Frenchman was in command of thirty-three line ships and seven frigates.

Nelson's strategy for attack was perfect and inspired his comrades with the high courage that foresees victory. The French fleet was formed up in crescent shape. Nelson bore down upon it in two mighty columns, so calculated that each of his ships would face one of the enemy's ships. Collingwood led one column with the "Royal Sovereign," and Nelson headed the other on the "Victory." When the British fleet was in position for the battle, Nelson sent up his final signal, which is forever engraved on the escutcheon of his country's defenders on sea and land, "England expects that every man will do his duty." No theatrical appeal for showy performances, no glittering phrases about "glory" and selfish ambition for individual distinction, but a brave man's simple faith that his com-

rades could recognize no more inspiring battle-cry than that of patriotic duty.

So they went into the thick of the momentous fight. In four hours twenty of the French ships had lowered their flags, beaten, the rest were in hot retreat. Napoleon's boasted navy had been smashed up, England was once more mistress of the sea and master of her arch-enemy. It was Nelson's victory, sealed with his glorious heart's blood. The senseless fashion of the time was the cause of his death in the crowning moment when victory was sure. Admirals fought in their gaudy court dress, sparkling with gold lace and diamond stars. A crafty marksman up the mast of the ship Nelson was fighting took too sure aim at the easy target as the admiral moved among his men on deck. When consciousness returned and he knew he was dying, the first gasp was to ask how the battle was going. When Captain Hardy, in whose arms he lay, assured him that it was all over but the shouting, that the victory was won and it was Nelson's victory, a smile of grateful relief lit up his deathly face as he muttered, "Thank God! I have done my duty!" Then, "Kiss me, Hardy," and the maimed and wasted body gave up its heroic spirit.

HEROISM IN NATIONAL SERVICE

Farragut and Craven at Mobile

By ROSSITER JOHNSON

[Rossiter Johnson was born in Rochester, N. Y., January 27, 1840. He graduated from the University of Rochester in 1863 and became editor of the Rochester "Democrat" (a Republican paper) in the following year. In 1869 he married Helen Kendrick, the author of several works, and from 1869 to 1872 he edited the Concord "Statesman." In 1873 he removed to New York, where his work in various editorial capacities comprised the associate editorship of the "American Encyclopædia," 1873–1877, of the "Standard Dictionary," 1892–1895, the editorship of the "Annual Encyclopædia" since 1883, of the famous series of short selections known as "The Little Classics," and of "The World's Great Books." He is also the author of numerous works of biography, fiction, and poetry, and especially of a series of histories of the wars of the United States, viz.: "The French War," "The War of 1812," "The War of Secession," and "The Spanish War."]

THE attack on Mobile by Farragut was one of the grand tableaux of the Civil War. The squadron of wooden vessels entered the bay, thickly planted with torpedoes. Farragut's bravery was conspicuous. It was his last official act of service. He retired with the rank of admiral and died in 1870.

THE capture of Mobile had long been desired, both because of its importance as a base of operations, whence expeditions could move inland, and communication be maintained with the fleet, and because blockade-running at that port could not be entirely prevented by the vessels outside. Grant and Sherman had planned to have the city taken by forces moving east from New Orleans and Port Hudson; but everything had gone wrong in that quarter.

The principal defenses of Mobile Bay were Fort Morgan, on Mobile Point, and Fort Gaines, three miles northwest of it, on the extremity of Dauphin Island. The passage between these two works was obstructed by innumerable piles for two miles out from Fort Gaines, and from that point nearly to Fort Morgan by a line of torpedoes. The eastern end of this line was marked by a red buoy, and from that point to Fort Morgan the channel was open, to admit blockade-runners.

Farragut's fleet had been for a long time preparing to pass these forts, fight the Confederate fleet inside (which included a powerful iron-clad ram), and take possession of the bay. But he wanted the co-operation of a military force to capture the forts. This was at last furnished, under General Gordon Granger, and landed on Dauphin Island, August 4, 1864. Farragut had made careful preparations, and, as at New Orleans, given minute instructions to his captains. The attacking column consisted of four iron-clad monitors and seven wooden sloops-of-war. To each sloop was lashed a gun-boat on the port (or left) side, to help her out in case she was disabled. The heaviest fire was expected from Fort Morgan, on the right or starboard side. Before six o'clock in the morning of the fifth all were under way, the monitors forming a line abreast of the wooden ships and to the right of them. The "Brooklyn" headed the line of the wooden vessels because she had an apparatus for picking up torpedoes. They steamed along in beautiful style, coming up into close order as they neared the fort, so that there were spaces of but a few yards from the stern of one vessel to the bow of the one in the rear. The forts and the Confederate fleet, which lay just inside of the line of torpedoes, opened fire upon them half an hour before they could bring their guns to answer. They made the "Hartford," Farragut's flag-ship, their especial target, lodged a hundred-and-twenty pound ball in her mainmast, sent great splinters flying across her deck, more dangerous than shot, and killed or wounded many of her crew. One ball from a Confederate gun-boat killed ten men and wounded five. The other wooden vessels suffered in like manner as they approached; but when they came abreast of the fort they poured in rapid broadsides

of grape-shot, shrapnel, and shells, which quickly cleared the bastions and silenced the batteries.

The captains had been warned to pass to the east of the red buoy, but Capt. T. A. M. Craven, of the monitor "Tecumseh," eager to engage the Confederate ram "Tennessee," which was behind the line of torpedoes, made straight for her. The consequence was that his vessel struck a torpedo, which exploded, and she went down in a few seconds, carrying with her the captain and most of the crew. The "Brooklyn" stopped when she found torpedoes, and began to back. This threatened to throw the whole line into confusion while under fire, and defeat the project; but Farragut instantly ordered more steam on his own vessel and her consort, drew ahead of the "Brooklyn," and led the line to victory. All this time he was in the rigging of the "Hartford," and a quarter-master had gone up and tied him to one of the shrouds, so that if wounded he should not fall to the deck. As the fleet passed into the bay, several of the larger vessels were attacked by the ram "Tennessee" and considerably damaged, while their shot seemed to have little effect on her heavy iron mail. At length she withdrew to her anchorage, and the order was given from the flag-ship: "Gun-boats chase enemy's gun-boats," whereupon the lashings were cut and the national gun-boats were off in a flash. In a little while they had destroyed or captured all the Confederate vessels save one, which escaped up the bay, where the water was too shallow for them to follow her.

But as the fleet was coming to anchor, in the belief that the fight was over, the "Tennessee" left her anchorage and steamed boldly into the midst of her enemies, firing in every direction and attempting to ram them. The wooden vessels stood to the fight in the most gallant manner, thr wing useless broadsides against the monster, avoiding her blows by skillful maneuvering, and trying to run her down till some of them hammered their bows to splinters. The three monitors pounded at her to more purpose. They fired one fifteen-inch solid shot that penetrated her armor, they jammed some of her shutters so that the port-holes could not be opened, they shot away her steering-gear, and knocked off her smoke-stack, so that life on board of

her became intolerable, and she surrendered. Her commander, Franklin Buchanan, formerly of the United States navy, had been seriously wounded.

This victory cost Farragut's fleet fifty-two men killed and one hundred and seventy wounded, besides one hundred and thirteen that went down in the "Tecumseh." Knowles, the same old quarter-master that had tied Farragut in the rigging, says he saw the admiral coming on deck as the twenty-five dead sailors of the "Hartford" were being laid out, "and it was the only time I ever saw the old gentleman cry, but the tears came into his eyes like a little child." The Confederate fleet lost ten men killed, sixteen wounded, and two hundred and eighty prisoners. The loss in the forts is unknown. They were surrendered soon afterward to the land forces, with a thousand men.

One incident of this battle suggests the thought that many of the famous deeds of the old-world chivalry have been paralleled in American history. When the "Tecumseh" was going down, Captain Craven and his pilot met at the foot of the ladder that afforded the only escape, and the pilot stepped aside for his superior officer. "After you, pilot," said Craven, drawing back, for he knew it was by his own fault, not the pilot's, that the vessel was struck. "There was nothing after me," said the pilot in telling the story; "for the moment I reached the deck the vessel seemed to drop from under me, and went to the bottom."

The Sinking of the "Albemarle"

By ADMIRAL DAVID D. PORTER

[Admiral David D. Porter, one of the most distinguished of American naval officers, was born at Chester, Pa., June 8, 1813. Descended from a line of sea captains, his father a naval commander in the War of 1812, he turned instinctively to a similar calling; and at the age of eleven accompanied his father on a cruise against pirates in the West Indies. He became midshipman in the Mexican service, again accompanying his father in 1826, and three years later entered the service of the United States. The Mexican War found him advanced to the rank of lieutenant; and during this war he took part in every action on the Atlantic coast of Mexico as well as several on land. In the first year of the Civil War he was engaged with the blockading squadron at the mouth of the Mississippi, when he was offered the command of the fleet to force the passage at New Orleans. He modestly deferred the command to Admiral Farragut, but, holding the post of second in command, the success of the undertaking was largely due to his management of the mortar flotilla. He commanded the fleet that ascended the river, and shared with Grant the honors of the final overthrow of the enemy at Vicksburg. Being transferred to the North Atlantic Squadron, he conducted the two attacks upon Fort Fisher, at the successful termination of which he received, for the fourth time during the war, a vote of thanks, this time the recognition came from the President, Congress, and the state legislatures. He was commissioned vice-admiral in 1866, and admiral in 1870, after which year he remained on special duty at Washington until his death, February 23, 1891. His description of Cushing's exploit in sinking the "Merrimac," which is given herewith, is embodied as a personal letter addressed to General James Grant Wilson, the motive for which is indicated in the first paragraph.]

Office of the Admiral,
Washington, D. C.,
November 21, 1888.

MY DEAR GENERAL:

I received your letter of the twentieth, informing me that you are about to deliver an address on "The Young Heroes, Cushing and Custer," and requesting that I would write and give my opinion of Commander Cushing.

I like to talk and write about Cushing. He was one of those brave spirits developed by the Civil War who always rose to the occasion. He was always ready to undertake any duty, no matter how desperate, and he generally succeeded in his enterprises, from the fact that the enemy supposed that no man would be foolhardy enough to embark in such hazardous affairs where there seemed so little chance of success. A very interesting volume could be written on the adventures of Cushing from the time he entered the navy until his death, during which period he performed some remarkable deeds and left a reputation unparalleled for so young an officer.

One of the most gallant and successful affairs accomplished during the Civil War was the destruction of a Confederate ironclad ram by Lieutenant Cushing at Plymouth, N. C., on the night of October 27, 1864. It may be remembered that the ram "Albemarle" had suddenly appeared at Plymouth, causing the destruction of the United States steamer "Southfield," the death of the brave Lieutenant Flusser, and the retreat of the double-ender "Miami," and had subsequently attacked a flotilla under Captain Melancthon Smith, inflicting much damage, but was obliged finally to retire before the Union vessels under the guns of Plymouth, which had fallen into the hands of the Confederates owing to the advent of the "Albemarle."

As soon as Lieutenant Cushing heard of this affair he offered his services to the Navy Department to blow up the "Albemarle," provided the department would furnish proper torpedo-boats with which to operate. His services were accepted, and he was ordered to the New York navy-yard to superintend the fitting out of three torpedo-launches on a plan deemed at that time a very perfect one.

Cushing, though a dashing "free-lance," was not so well adapted to the command of a "flotilla" (as he called his three steam-launches). When completed, he started with his boats from New York, via the Delaware and Raritan Canal, as proud as a peacock. One of them sank in the canal soon after he started; another was run on shore by the officer in charge, on the coast of Virginia, in Chesapeake Bay, where she was surrendered to the Confederates; while Cushing, with that singu-

lar good luck which never deserted him, steamed down the bay through the most stormy weather, and arrived safely at Hampton Roads, where he reported to me on board the flag-ship "Malvern."

This was my first acquaintance with Cushing, and, after inquiring into all the circumstances of the loss of the other two torpedo-boats, I did not form the most favorable opinion of Cushing's abilities as a flotilla-commander. Cushing's condition when he reported on board the flagship was most deplorable. He had been subjected to the severest exposure for over a week, without shelter, had lost all his clothes except what little he had on, and his attenuated face and sunken eyes bore witness to the privations he had suffered. Officers and crew had subsisted on spoiled ship's biscuit and water and an occasional potato roasted before the boiler fire.

I at once ordered Cushing and his men to stow themselves away for rest, and directed them not to appear till sent for. In the mean time the launch, which had been very much disarranged and shattered, was being put in complete order. After the officers and crew had obtained forty-eight hours' rest, I sent for Cushing and gave him his instructions, which were to proceed through the Dismal Swamp Canal and the sounds of North Carolina, and blow up the "Albemarle," then lying at Plymouth preparing for another raid on the Union fleet. Commander W. H. Macomb, commanding in the sound, was ordered to give Cushing all the assistance in his power, with men and boats.

When rested and dressed, Cushing was a different looking man from the pitiable object who had presented himself to me two days before. Scanning him closely, I asked him many questions, all of which were answered satisfactorily, and, after looking steadily into his cold gray eye and finding that he did not wink an eyelid, I said: "You will do. I am satisfied that you will perform this job. If you do, you will be made a lieutenant-commander."

On the very morning appointed for Cushing to sail on his perilous expedition an order came from the Navy Department to try him by court-martial for some infraction of international

law toward an English vessel, which, according to Mr. Seward, had endangered the *entente cordiale* between England and the United States. I showed Cushing the order, but he was not disconcerted. "Admiral," he said, "let me go and blow up the 'Albemarle,' and try me afterward."

"Well done for you," I said; "I will do it. Now get off at once, and do not fail, or you will rue it."

So Cushing, who dreaded a court-martial more than he did the ram, went on his way rejoicing, passed through the canal, and on the twenty-seventh of October reported to Commander Macomb.

Cushing was near coming to grief on his first setting-out. Like all "free-lances," he liked a frolic, and could not resist champagne and terrapin; so on the evening of his arrival at Norfolk he gave a supper to his numerous friends, "and then —the deluge!" I heard of the supper, of course—it was my business to hear of such things—and I dispatched Fleet-Captain Breese in a swift steam-launch to arrest the delinquent and have him tried for intruding on the *entente cordiale* between the United States and Great Britain; but Captain Breese returned with the report that Cushing was on his way and that "it was all right." "No," I said, "it is not 'all right'; and if the expedition fails, you——" but never mind what I said.

By eight o'clock on the twenty-seventh of October Cushing had picked out his volunteers from Macomb's flotilla. They consisted of thirteen officers and men, one of whom was the faithful William L. Howarth who had accompanied him in most of his daring adventures, and these two together felt that they were a match for any iron-clad in the Confederacy. That night Cushing started off on the expedition, towing the "Otsego's" cutter with an armed crew, who were to be employed in seizing the Confederate lookouts on board of the late United States steamer "Southfield," which lay below Plymouth with her decks just above water.

The ram lay about eight miles from the mouth of the river, which was two or three hundred yards in width and supposed to be lined with Confederate pickets. The wreck of the

"Southfield" was surrounded by schooners, and it was understood that a gun had been mounted here to command the bend of the river. When the steam-launch and her tow reached the "Southfield," the hearts of the adventurers began to beat with anxiety. Every moment they expected a load of grape and canister, which would have been the signal for *qui vive* all along the river bank.

The expedition was looked upon as a kind of forlorn hope by all who saw it start, and Cushing himself was not certain of success until after he passed the "Southfield" and the schooners. His keen gray eye looked into the darkness ahead, intent only on the "Albemarle." The boat astern of the launch cast off at the right time and secured the pickets on board the schooners without firing a shot, and Cushing and his party passed unobserved by the pickets on the river banks, who depended on the lookouts on board the "Southfield" and were making themselves comfortable under cover. This was a fortunate circumstance for Cushing, for otherwise the expedition might have failed. As it was, the torpedo-launch was enabled to approach unobserved to within a few yards of the "Albemarle."

The ram had been well prepared for defense, and a good lookout was kept up on board. She was secured to a wharf with heavy logs all around her—in fact, she was in a pen. Half of her crew were on deck with two field-pieces and a company of artillery, and another company of artillery was stationed on the wharf with several field-pieces, while a bright fire of pine logs burned in front of them.

Cushing immediately comprehended the situation, and while he was making his plans the lookout on board the "Albemarle" discovered the launch and hailed, when there succeeded great excitement and confusion among the enemy. Cushing dashed at the logs on which the light was reflected, and by putting on all steam he pushed them aside and struck the "Albemarle" bows on. In the mean time the enemy had become thoroughly aroused and the men on board the ram rushed to quarters and opened on the torpedo-boat, but the Confederates were swept away by the discharge of a twelve-pound howitzer in the bow

of the launch. A gun loaded with grape and canister was fired by the enemy, but the fire of the boat howitzer disconcerted the aim of the Confederate gunner, and the charge passed harmlessly over.

While all this firing was going on, the torpedo boom was deliberately lowered until it was under the "Albemarle's" bottom, or overhang, and by a quick pull of the firing-rope the torpedo was exploded. There was a tremendous crash and a great upward rush of water which instantly filled the torpedo-boat, and she went drifting off with the current, but she left the "Albemarle" rapidly sinking. The Confederate commander, Lieutenant A. W. Warley, encouraged his crew and endeavored to keep his vessel afloat as soon as he discovered the damage done, but the water gained so rapidly through the aperture made by the explosion that the "Albemarle" was soon on the bottom, her smokestack only remaining above water. As the Confederates had no appliances for raising the iron-clad, they did all they could to damage her further, knowing that the Federal flotilla would not be long in appearing to claim the prize.

The "Albemarle" had been fully prepared for this attack, and had her crew at their posts; which makes the successful raid the more to be appreciated. A good watch was kept on board the ram, as was shown by the alertness with which the crew got to quarters and fired their guns; but they escaped to the shore with equal alertness, for the "Albemarle" sank with great rapidity. It was fortunate for Cushing that he succeeded in passing the pickets along the river undisturbed, for otherwise he would have had a warm reception all along the line; but he seemed to be the child of fortune, and his good luck followed him to the close of the war.

When the fire was opened on the torpedo-boat, Assistant Paymaster Frank H. Swan was wounded at Cushing's side. How many others had been injured was not known. It seemed as if a shower of grape-shot had hit the boat, and that a rifle shell had passed through her fore and aft; but this was not so. The boat had sunk from the rush of water caused by the torpedo; and when Cushing saw that she would probably fall into

the hands of the enemy, he jumped overboard with some of the crew, and swam down the river under a heavy fire of muskery, which, however, did no harm.

When some of the crew of the torpedo-boat who had jumped overboard saw that she had only filled with water and did not sink, they swam back to her and climbed on board, hoping that the boat would float away with the current from the scene of danger; but in this they were mistaken; for as soon as the Confederates recovered from their panic and saw the torpedo-boat drifting away, they manned the boats of the "Albemarle," which were still intact, and followed the author of the mischief. Surrounding the steam-launch, with oaths and imprecations they demanded the surrender of the Union party. Nothing else was left for the latter to do. Their arms were all wet in the bottom of the boat and the enemy was lining the banks with sharpshooters, so that "discretion was the better part of valor."

"Blast you," said one of the Confederates, "if you sunk us with your cowardly torpedo-boat, we licked your whole squadron last week, and we will make you fellows smell thunder with a ball and chain to your leg."

This was the first the torpedo-boat's crew had heard of the sinking of the "Albemarle." In fact, they were under the impression that the attack was a failure, and that the boat had been filled by a rifle shell striking her, and not by the water thrown up by the explosion. They all gave three cheers, though they knew that the Confederates were exasperated and their carbines were pointed at the captives' heads.

In the mean time Cushing was quietly swimming down the river, keeping in the middle of the stream, when, hearing a noise near him, he looked around and found that two other persons were in company with him. One of them whispered: "I am getting exhausted; for God's sake help me to the shore."

"Who are you?" said Cushing.

"I am Woodman. I can go no farther: save me if you can."

At the same moment a gurgling sound was heard a little to the rear, and the third man sank to rise no more.

Cushing himself was much exhausted. He had managed to

rid himself of his heaviest clothing and his boots, and was just letting himself drift with the current, but he could not resist this appeal from Woodman, who had risked his life to assist him in his perilous undertaking. He put an arm around him and tried to reach the bank, only sixty yards away, but all his efforts were futile. Woodman was too much exhausted. He could not help himself, and, cramps coming on, he was drawn all up, got away from Cushing, and sank.

Thus the only two survivors known to Cushing from the steam-launch had sunk before his eyes, and he did not know how soon his own time would come, for he was now so much exhausted that he could scarcely use his arms for swimming. At the same time he heard the shouts of the Confederates as they captured the launch, and, supposing that the enemy would send their boats down the river in search of fugitives, he determined to swim to the shore. He could barely crawl out of the water when he reached the bank at a point about a mile below Plymouth.

Cushing dragged himself into an adjacent swamp, and, while lying concealed a few feet from a path along the river, heard two of the "Albemarle's" officers and a picket guard pass by, and learned from their conversation that the iron-clad was at the bottom of the river. He did not care now what became of him; that was glory enough for one day, and he would take no heed for the morrow.

As soon as his strength would allow, Cushing plunged into the dense swamp, where he was not likely to be followed, and, after incredible difficulties in forcing his way through the mud, slime, and brambles, reached a point well below the town, where he felt safe. Here he fell in with a negro who, for a consideration (being a Union man), volunteered to go to Plymouth to find out exactly how matters stood. The negro soon returned with the cheering news that the "Albemarle" was actually sunk, and that the Confederates were in great consternation. Thus cheered, Cushing pursued his tedious journey through the swamps till, coming suddenly to a creek, he found one of the enemy's picket-boats, of which he took possession. He pulled away with all his remaining strength, not knowing at what mo-

ment he might get a bullet through his head from the guard to whom the boat belonged, who was no doubt not far off in some shanty playing cards with a fellow-picket.

By eleven o'clock the following night Cushing reached the gun-boat "Valley City," out in the sound, and was taken on board more dead than alive, after one of the most remarkable and perilous adventures on record. Certain it was that Cushing had made himself famous by performing an achievement the dangers of which were almost insurmountable, for the enemy had taken every precaution against just such an attempt as had been made.

The success of Cushing shows that a man who makes up his mind to a certain thing and goes directly to the point, undeterred by obstacles, is almost sure to win, not only in blowing up ships, but in every-day affairs of life where great stakes are at risk. Here was a chance, and Cushing "seized the bull by the horns," *voila tout.* No doubt he would have made the attempt if he had been obliged to run the gauntlet of all the pickets from the mouth of the river to Plymouth.

This gallant affair led to the recapture of Plymouth from the Confederates, for Commander Macomb had been ordered by me to attack the town (in case the "Albemarle" was destroyed) with the Federal gunboats, which he did most successfully, and Plymouth remained in possession of the Federal forces to the end of the war. Cushing was promoted a little later, and received some $60,000 or $70,000 in prize money; and suffice it to say that I never tried Cushing by court-martial on Secretary Seward's charges of endangering the *entente cordiale* between England and the United States.

In many respects Cushing and Custer were alike: what one was to the navy the other was to the army—dashing, reckless, brave men, strangers to fear, who never thought of the consequences to themselves in any undertaking, no matter how desperate. The two men were not only similar in character, but person; their features were bold, the expression of the eyes was the same, and both had lithe figures which seemed proof against fatigue. Put them side by side, and they would have passed for brothers. Perhaps nature fashions that kind of men

alike mentally and physically. Certain it is that Cushing and Custer were two of the most fearless spirits who made their marks in the two branches of the service during the Civil War.

I remain, very respectfully yours,

DAVID D. PORTER, Admiral U. S. Navy.

HEROISM IN NATIONAL SERVICE

The "Monitor's" Great Fight*

By WILLIAM SWINTON

[William Swinton was born at Saltoun, near Edinburgh, April 23, 1833. The family moved to Canada when he was very young. He was educated at Knox College, Toronto, and at Amherst, graduating from the latter in the class of 1857. His father intended him for the Presbyterian ministry, but he early abandoned this calling for teaching. While at Amherst he contributed to "Putnam's Magazine" a series of articles called "Rambles Among Words; Their Poetry and Wisdom," which he published as a book in 1859. During the Civil War he joined the Army of the Potomac as field correspondent for the New York "Times." His letters contained such severe criticisms on Generals Grant and Rosecrans that the former at one time stopped them and threatened to have him shot. He wrote many of the school books that have been in use for the last half-century. "Swinton's Outlines of the World's History" was written while he was professor of English in the State University of California, to which he was called at its founding in 1868. Besides text-books in history and geography he wrote a series in grammar, rhetoric, and composition. He died in New York City, October 25, 1892.

The engagement between the "Monitor" and the "Merrimac" here described occurred at Hampton Roads, Va., March 9, 1862. The "Merrimac" was the new armored gun-boat of the Confederates, and the "Monitor," invented by John Ericsson, a smaller gun-boat sent down by the Union Government.]

THE gale of the previous day [March 8, 1862] had abated, and there was but little wind or sea. As the Confederate fleet steamed steadily into view its character became apparent; the central figure was the long-expected "Merrimac," whose advent had been the theme of speculation through days and nights for many weeks, not only in the squadron which waited to receive her, but throughout the country. The cry of "the 'Merrimac!' the 'Merrimac!'" speedily ran from ship to fort, and from fort to shore. To the curious eyes of the

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thousand spectators gazing intently from near, or peering through telescopes from afar, she seemed a grim-looking structure enough—like the roof of an immense building sunk to the eaves. Playing around her, and apparently guiding her on, were two well-armed gun-boats, the "Jamestown" and "Yorktown," formerly New York and Richmond packets, which seemed to act like pilot-fish to the sea-monster they attended. Smaller tugs and gun-boats followed in her wake, some of which had emerged from the James River. On she came, the "Cumberland" and "Congress" meanwhile bravely standing their ground; and, as the "Merrimac" approached the latter vessel, she opened the battle with the angry roar of a few heavy guns. The "Congress" answered with a full broadside, and when the "Merrimac," passing her, bore down upon the "Cumberland," the latter, too, brought to bear upon her every available gun, in a well-delivered fire. To the chagrin of both vessels, their heaviest shot glanced as idly from the flanks of their antagonist as peas blown at the hide of a rhinoceros. Hot and terrific as was the firing that now took place, the contest could only be of short duration. With fell intent, the huge kraken, unharmed by the missiles rained upon her, bore down upon the "Cumberland," and, striking that ill-fated vessel with her iron beak, under terrific momentum, rent a great gaping cavern in her side. In an instant it was seen that all was over with the "Cumberland." But, while the waters rushed into the yawning chasm, and while the ship sank lower and lower, her gallant crew, led by their heroic commander, Lieutenant Morris, refused to quit their posts, and with loud cheers continued to pour their broadsides upon the gigantic enemy. As the guns touched the water they delivered a last volley, then down to her glorious grave went the good "Cumberland" and her crew, with her flag still proudly waving at the masthead.

Meanwhile the consorts of the "Merrimac" had furiously engaged the "Congress" with their heavy guns. Warned by the horrible fate of the "Cumberland," she had been run aground in an effort to avoid being rammed by the "Merrimac." But the latter, at half-past two, coming up from the destruction of the "Cumberland," took deliberate position astern of the

"Congress," and raked her with a horrible fire of heavy shells. Another steamer attacked her briskly on the starboard quarter, and at length two more, an unneeded re-enforcement, came up and poured in a fresh and constant fire. Nevertheless, until four o'clock the unequal, hopeless contest was maintained; and with each horrible crash of shell, the splinters flew out, and the dead fell to the deck of the dauntless "Congress." She could bring to bear but five guns on her adversaries, and of these the shot skipped harmlessly from the iron hump of the dread monster who chiefly engaged her. At last, not a single gun was available; the ship was encircled by enemies; her decks were covered with dead and dying, for the slaughter had been terrible; her commander had fallen; she was on fire in several places; every one of the approaching Union vessels had grounded; no relief was possible; then, and then only, was the stubborn contest ended, and the flag of the "Congress" hauled down.

And now, with the waters rolling over the "Cumberland" and with the "Congress" in flames, the Confederate dragon, still belching her fiery, sulphurous breath, turned greedy and grim to the rest of the Union squadron. Arrived within a mile and a half of Newport News, the "Minnesota" grounded while the tide was running ebb, and there remained a helpless spectator of the sinking of the "Cumberland" and the burning of the "Congress." The "Roanoke," following after, grounded in her turn; more fortunate, with the aid of tugs, she got off again, and, her propeller being useless, withdrew down the harbor. In time, the "St. Lawrence" grounded near the "Minnesota." At four o'clock, the "Merrimac," "Jamestown," and "Yorktown" bore down upon the latter vessel; but the huge crouching monster, which in a twinkling would have visited upon her the fate of the "Cumberland," could not, from her great draught, approach within a mile of the stranded prey. She took position on the starboard bow of the "Minnesota," and opened with her ponderous battery; yet with so little accuracy that only one shot was effective, that passing through the Union steamer's bow. As for her consorts, they took position on the port bow and stern of the "Minnesota," and with their heavy rifled ordnance played severely upon the vessel and killed

and wounded many men. The "Merrimac," meanwhile, gave a share of her favors to the "St. Lawrence," which had just grounded near the "Minnesota," and had opened an ineffectual fire. One huge shell penetrated the starboard quarter of the "St. Lawrence," passed through the ship to the port side, completely demolished a bulkhead, struck against a strong iron bar, and returned unexploded into the wardroom; such were the projectiles which the "Merrimac" was flinging into wooden frigates. Very soon the "St. Lawrence" got afloat by the aid of a tug, and was ordered back to Fort Monroe. The grounding of the "Minnesota" had prevented the use of her battery, but at length a heavy gun was brought to bear upon the two smaller Confederate steamers, with marked effect. As for the 10-inch pivot gun, its heavy shot were harmless against the "Merrimac." Thus the afternoon wore on, till with the parting day died the fury of battle. At length, at seven o'clock, to the great relief of the Union squadron, all three Confederate vessels hauled off and steamed back to Norfolk.

So ended the first day's battle in Hampton Roads. What wild excitement, what grief, what anxiety, what terrible foreboding for the morrow possessed the Union squadron when night fell, cannot be described. All was panic, confusion, and consternation. That the "Merrimac" would renew the battle in the morning was too evident, and the result must be the destruction of a part of the fleet, the dispersion of the rest, and the loss of the harbor of Hampton Roads. Her first victim would be the "Minnesota," now helplessly aground off Newport News; next, whatever vessel might be brave or rash enough to put itself in her way; whether she would then pause to reduce Fort Monroe; or, passing it by, would run along the Northern coast, carrying terror to the national capital, or making her dread apparition in the harbor of New York, was uncertain. The commander of the fort, General Wool, telegraphed to Washington that probably both the "Minnesota" and the "St. Lawrence" would be captured, and that "it was thought that the 'Merrimac,' 'Jamestown,' and 'Yorktown' will pass the fort to-night." Meanwhile, that officer admitted that, should the "Merrimac" prefer to attack the fort, it would

be only a question of a few days when it must be abandoned.

It was upon such a scene that the little "Monitor" quietly made her appearance at eight o'clock in the evening, having left the harbor of New York two days before. Long before her arrival at the anchorage in Hampton Roads the sound of heavy guns was distinctly heard on board, and shells were seen to burst in the air. The chagrined officers of the "Monitor" conceived it to be an attack upon Norfolk, for which they were too late, and the ship was urged more swiftly along. At length a pilot boarded her, and, half terror-stricken, gave a confused account of the "Merrimac's" foray. The response was a demand upon him to put the "Monitor" alongside the "Merrimac"; terrified at which, the moment the "Roanoke" was reached he jumped into his boat and ran away. The appearance of the "Monitor" did little to abate the consternation prevailing. That so insignificant a structure could cope with the giant "Merrimac" was not credited; and those who had anxiously watched for her arrival—for she had been telegraphed as having left New York—gazed with blank astonishment, maturing to despair, at the puny affair before them. Her total weight was but nine hundred tons, while that of the "Merrimac" was 5,000. What had yonder giant to fear from this dwarf? A telegram from Washington had ordered the "Monitor" to be sent thither the moment she arrived; but this of course was now disregarded, and the senior officer of the squadron, Captain Marston, of the "Roanoke," authorized Lieutenant Worden to take the "Monitor" up to the luckless "Minnesota" and protect her.

It was a memorable night. In fort, on shipboard and on shore, Federals and Confederates alike could not sleep from excitement: these were flushed with triumph and wild with anticipation, those were oppressed with anxiety or touched the depths of despair. Norfolk was ablaze with the victory, and the sailors of the "Merrimac" and her consorts caroused with its grateful citizens. In Hampton Roads, amidst the bustle of the hour, some hopeless preparations were made for the morrow. The "Monitor," on reaching the "Roanoke," found the

decks of the flag-ship sanded and all hands at quarters, resolved, though destruction stared them in the face, to go down in a hard fight. Her sister ship still lay aground off Newport News, tugs toiling all night painfully but uselessly to set her afloat again. Meanwhile a fresh supply of ammunition was sent to her. As for the officers and crew of the "Monitor," though worn out by their voyage from New York, they had little mind for sleep, and passed much of the night in forecasting the issue of the coming day. The stories poured into their ears respecting the armor and battery of the "Merrimac" had not dismayed them, or weakened their confidence in their own vessel; yet, as the officers had not been long enough on her to learn her qualities, nor the men to be drilled at the guns and at quarters, the guns, the turrets, the engines, the gear, and everything else, were carefully examined, and proved to be in working order.

While thus in toil and expectation the night-hours passed, an entrancing spectacle illumined the waters around. The landscape, a short distance off, in the direction of Newport News, was brilliantly lighted by the flames of the burning "Congress." Ever and anon a shotted gun, booming like a signal of distress, startled the air around the ill-fated ship, when its charge had been ignited by the slowly spreading flames. Ten hours now the ship had been burning; and at one o'clock in the night, the fire reached the magazine, which blew up with an explosion heard more than fifty miles away. At once, in a gorgeous pyrotechny, huge masses of burning timber rose and floated in the air, and strewed the waters far and wide with the glowing débris of the wreck; then succeeded a sullen and ominous darkness, in which the flickering of the embers told that the course of the "Congress" was nearly run. Meanwhile the dark outline of the mast and yards of the "Cumberland" was projected in bold relief on the illumined sky. Her ensign, never hauled down to the foe, still floated in its accustomed place, and there swayed slowly and solemnly to and fro, with a requiem-gesture all but human, over the corpses of the hundreds of brave fellows who went down with their ship.

At six o'clock on the morning of March 9th, the officer on watch on the "Minnesota" made out the "Merrimac" through the morning mist, as she approached from Sewall's Point. She was up betimes for her second raid, in order to have a long day for the work. Quickly the "Monitor" was notified, and got up her anchor; the iron hatches were then battened down, and those below depended on candles for their light. It was a moment of anxiety on the little craft, for there had been no time for drilling the men, except in firing a few rounds to test the compressors and the concussion, and all that the officers themselves, who were now to fight the ship, knew of the operation of the turret and guns, they learned from the two engineers who were attached to the vessel, and who had superintended her construction. When the great smoke-pipe and sloping casemate of the Confederate came clearly into view, it was evident that the latter had been smeared with tallow to assist in glancing off the shot. As she came down from Craney Island, the "Minnesota" beat to quarters; but the "Merrimac" passed her and ran down near to the Rip-Raps, when she turned into the channel by which the "Minnesota" had come. Her aim was to capture the latter vessel and take her to Norfolk, where crowds of people lined the wharves, elated with success, and waiting to see the "Minnesota" led back as a prize. When the "Merrimac" had approached within a mile, the little "Monitor" came out from under the "Minnesota's" quarter, ran down in her wake to within short range of the "Merrimac," "completely covering my ship," said Captain Van Brunt, "as far as was possible with her diminutive dimensions, and, much to my astonishment, laid herself right alongside of the 'Merrimac.'" Astounded as the "Merrimac" was at the miraculous appearance of so odd a fish, the gallantry with which the "Monitor" had dashed into the very teeth of its guns was not less surprising. It was Goliath to David; and with something of the coat-of-mailed Philistine's disdain, the "Merrimac" looked down upon the pigmy which had thus undertaken to champion the "Minnesota." A moment more and the contest began. The "Merrimac" let fly against the turret of her opponent two or three such broadsides as had finished the "Cumberland" and

"Congress," and would have finished the "Minnesota"; but her heavy shot, rattling against the iron cylinder, rolled off even as the volleys of her own victims had glanced from the casemate of the "Merrimac." Then it was that the word of astonishment was passed, "The Yankee cheese-box is made of iron!"

The duel commenced at eight o'clock on Sunday morning, and was waged with ferocity till noon. So eager and so confident was each antagonist that often the vessels touched each other, iron rasping against iron, and through most of the battle they were distant but a few yards. Several times, while thus close alongside, the "Merrimac" let loose her full broadside of six guns, and the armor and turret of the little "Monitor" was soon covered with dents. The "Merrimac" had, for those days, a very formidable battery, consisting of two 7½-inch rifles, employing twenty-one-pound charges, and four 9-inch Dahlgrens, in each broadside. Yet often her shot, striking, broke and were scattered about the "Monitor's" decks in fragments, afterward to be picked up as trophies. The "Monitor" was struck in pilot-house, in turret, in side armor, in deck. But, with their five inches of iron, backed by three feet of oak, the crew were safe in a perfect panoply, while from the impregnable turret the 11-inch guns answered back the broadsides of the "Merrimac."

However, on both sides, armor gained the victory over guns; for, unprecedented as was the artillery employed, it was for the first time called upon to meet iron, and was unequal to the task. Even the "Monitor's" 11-inch ordnance, though it told heavily against the casemate of the "Merrimac," often driving in splinters, could not penetrate it. So excited were the combatants at first, and so little used to their guns, that the latter were elevated too much, and most of the missiles were wasted in the air; but, later in the fight, they began to depress their guns; and then it was that one of the "Monitor's" shot, hitting the junction of the casemate with the side of the ship, caused a leak. A shot, also, flying wide, passed through the boiler of one of the "Merrimac's" tenders, enveloping her in steam, and scalding many of her crew, so that she was towed off by

her consort. But, in general, on both ships the armor defied the artillery. It is this fact which contains the key to the prolonged contest of that famous morning. The chief engineer of the "Monitor," Mr. Newton, questioned afterward by the War Committee of Congress, why the battle was not more promptly decided against the "Merrimac," answered: "It was due to the fact that the power and endurance of the 11-inch Dahlgren guns, with which the 'Monitor' was armed, were not known at the time of the battle; hence the commander would scarcely have been justified in increasing the charge of powder above that authorized in the Ordnance Manual. Subsequent experiments developed the important fact that these guns could be fired with thirty pounds of cannon powder, with solid shot. If this had been known at the time of the action, I am clearly of opinion that, from the close quarters at which Lieutenant Worden fought his vessel, the enemy would have been forced to surrender. It will, of course, be admitted by every one, that if but a single 15-inch gun could possibly have been mounted within the 'Monitor's' turret (it was planned to carry the heaviest ordnance), the action would have been as short and decisive as the combat between the monitor 'Weehawken,' Captain John Rodgers, and the Confederate iron-clad 'Atlanta,' which, in several respects, was superior to the 'Merrimac.'" He added that, as it was, but for the injury received by Lieutenant Worden (of which hereafter), that vigorous officer would very likely have "badgered" the "Merrimac" to a surrender.

The "Minnesota" lay at a distance, viewing the contest with undisguised wonder. "Gun after gun," says Captain Van Brunt, "was fired by the 'Monitor,' which was returned with whole broadsides from the Confederates, with no more effect, apparently, than so many pebble-stones thrown by a child . . . clearly establishing the fact that wooden vessels cannot contend with iron-clad ones; for never before was anything like it dreamed of by the greatest enthusiast in maritime warfare." Despairing of doing anything with the impregnable little "Monitor," the "Merrimac" now sought to avoid her, and threw a shell at the "Minnesota" which tore four rooms into one in its

passage, and set the ship on fire. A second shell exploded the boiler of the tugboat "Dragon." But by the time she had fired the third shell, the little "Monitor" had come down upon her, placing herself between them. Angry at this interruption, the "Merrimac" turned fiercely on her antagonist, and bore down swiftly against the "Monitor" with intent to visit upon her the fate of the "Cumberland." The shock was tremendous, nearly upsetting the crew of the "Monitor" from their feet; but it only left a trifling dent in her side-armor and some splinters of the "Merrimac" to be added to the visitors' trophies.

It was now that a shell from the "Merrimac," striking the "Monitor's" pilot-house, which was built of solid wrought-iron bars, nine by twelve inches thick, actually broke one of these great logs, and pressed it inward an inch and a half. The gun which fired this shell was not more than thirty feet off, as the "Merrimac" then lay across the "Monitor's" bow. At that moment Lieutenant Worden, the commander, and his quartermaster were both looking through a sight aperture or conning-hole, which consisted of a slit between two of the bars, and the quartermaster, seeing the gunners in the "Merrimac" training their piece on the pilot-house, dropped his head, calling out a sudden warning, but at that instant the shot struck the aperture level with the face of the gallant Worden, and inflicted upon him a severe wound. His eyesight for the time and for long after was gone, his face badly disfigured, and he was forced to turn over his command to Lieutenant Greene, who hitherto had been firing the guns. Chief Engineer Stimers, who had been conspicuously efficient and valuable all day by his skillful operation of the turret and by the encouragement and advice he gave to the gunners, thereby increasing the effective service of the guns, now personally took charge of the latter, and commenced a well-directed fire.

However, with the wounding of Worden, the contest was substantially over, a few well-depressed shots rang against the cuirass of the "Merrimac," and the latter, despairing of subduing her eager and obstinate antagonist, after four hours of fierce effort abandoned the fight, and, with her two consorts,

steamed away for Norfolk, to tell her vexation to the disappointed throng of spectators, and then to go into dock for repairs.

Notes and Queries.—For what is this fight especially noteworthy? What was the first iron-clad ever built? What was the second? Were the French "La Gloire" or the English "Warrior" in action prior to this battle? If you have access to Rawson's "Twenty Famous Naval Battles" you will find the stories of the building of the "Monitor" and the "Merrimac" very interesting. Lacking this, most histories of the Civil War will probably contain interesting details. Refer also to the "Notes and Queries" on the battle of the "Bon Homme Richard" and the "Serapis" in this volume.

HEROISM OF DAILY LIFE

Every-Day Heroism*

By GUSTAV KOBBÉ

[Gustav Kobbé, American author and journalist, was born at New York City, March 4, 1857. He entered Columbia College and took his degree in 1877, proceeding thence to the Columbian Law School, from which he graduated in 1879. He has been engaged in magazine and newspaper work; has contributed to "The Forum" articles on musical and dramatic subjects, and wrote most of the articles in the "Heroes of Peace" series published in the "Century Magazine." In 1889 he wrote "The Ring of the Nibelung," and in 1890 "Wagner's Life and Works," in 2 vols. He is also author of "New York and its Environs," published in 1891; "Plays for Amateurs," in 1892; "My Rosary, and Other Poems," in 1896; and "Miriam," in 1898. He lives in New York City.]

IT is often reserved for "every-day people," as we are apt to call them, to illustrate one of the facts of life—that a crisis produces the man to meet it.

This article deals with a few such people—people who led simple and unpretentious lives, and in whom their most intimate friends had probably never suspected a strain of the heroic. The soldier, the fireman, or the policeman is apt, through the very nature of his employment, in which heroism is the mainspring of honor and advancement, to be called upon to risk his life in the line of duty; and he should, indeed, be ever on the lookout for opportunity thus to distinguish himself. But the people of whom I now tell wore no uniforms which faltering would have disgraced; the occupations of all were pre-eminently peaceful, and in the case of several involved nothing that might have familiarized them with the thought of danger, let alone eventual heroism.

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Yet once in their lives there came to these every-day people a moment when they were suddenly confronted with the question whether or not they would risk death to save the lives of others; and the manner in which they met, without preparation or forethought, that supreme moment furnishes evidence of a heroic strain in our every-day humanity, often latent, yet likely to flash up, when a crisis comes, even in the humblest of those we daily pass. That workman swinging his kit and lunch-box, that miner in his overalls about to descend the shaft, that negro loitering at the street-corner—any one of these may before sunset develop into a hero, and prove to us, even better perhaps than the man in uniform, that beneath this common clay of ours there beats a spirit waiting only the moment to rouse us to heroic action.

One of the heroes I have in mind was Thomas Hovenden, the artist, who sacrificed his life in attempting to save a little girl. She was no relative of his; he had never even seen her before her moment of peril—circumstances which combine to make his sacrifice peculiarly heroic.

Hovenden's heroism raises, in fact, a question. In the more material occupations a man is little more than a cog in a machine. He drops out, another takes his place, and the machine runs smoothly on, and this whether his cog was near the bottom or the top. But there are men whose intellectual or artistic gifts are so peculiarly personal that their death means an irreparable public loss. For when death stays, for instance, the hand of the poet or the painter, there is no one who can take up the pen or the brush and give to the result those individual touches which distinguished that one poet or that one painter from his brothers in art. And the question arises if, from the mere standpoint of profit and loss, the world would not excuse men whose gifts are so peculiarly their own from risking their lives. Fortunately for the glory of art, Hovenden was only the latest man of his stamp to answer that question in the spirit of a hero—as it was answered centuries ago by Sophocles when he accepted a command in the Samian war, and in our century by men like Körner, the poet-soldier who fell in the German uprising against Napoleon; the American author

Winthrop, who was killed in the Civil War; and the French artist Regnault, who fell at Buzenval. These were men who turned from letters and from art to face the dangers of war; and as it is the glory of heroism in war that it obliterates every impulse save that of patriotism, so it is the glory of heroism in peace that it obliterates every impulse save that of humanity.

It was this impulse that caused Thomas Hovenden, at the height of his powers and in the full tide of his success, to give his life in an attempt to save that of a child. Hovenden was Irish by birth, but he had come to New York in 1863, when eighteen years old, and had studied at the National Academy of Design. He had then taken a studio in the house of his friend Bolton Jones, in Philadelphia, where he remained until 1874. From there he went to Paris, and studied under Cabanel, of whom he was a favorite pupil. His "Breton Interior of 1793" (showing a family molding bullets and sharpening swords), "Puzzled Voter," "Last Moments of John Brown," and "Elaine" were widely known; while his "Breaking Home Ties" has probably been more frequently engraved than any other American painting.

One August afternoon in 1895, Hovenden was returning by trolley-car from his country residence to Norristown, Pennsylvania. The trolley ran to what was known as the "Trenton cut-off" of the Pennsylvania Railroad, where the passengers were obliged to alight and cross the railroad-track at grade to take trolley on the other side.

The passengers had just alighted from the first trolley when a fast freight-train came thundering down the track. A little girl who failed to notice the train ran ahead of her mother and right in front of it. The engineer gave a shrill blast of the whistle. The child, seeing the train bearing down upon her, became dazed, and stood as if rooted to the spot.

A moment later Hovenden had rushed forward and snatched up the child. But before he could take the leap that would have saved them both, the engine struck them and hurled them across the track. They were found lying side by side. The artist was dead; the little girl died as she was lifted from the

ground. The fatal outcome showed how desperate a chance he took.

Through a sacrifice as noble as Hovenden's, a woman in one of the humblest walks of life heroically met her death.

Ellen McGaugh was a servant employed in Montclair, New Jersey. On one of her afternoons "out" she was visiting in Newark. While she was standing at a street-corner with a group of friends, they heard her give a sudden scream, and saw her rush toward the middle of the street. A little girl was on the trolley-track, and speeding toward her was a car.

Ellen sprang in front of the car, and pushed the child from the track; but before she could save herself she was struck by the car and was under the wheels. The child was only slightly bruised; but Ellen died of her injuries in the ambulance on the way to the hospital.

For her to see the little girl's peril, to spring to the child's rescue, and to be herself crushed beneath the wheels, was the act of only a moment; but in that moment this serving-woman was transformed into a heroine. Her body did not lie in state, and no public memorial bears witness to her deed. Yet is not the difference between her heroism and that of a public hero a difference, not in degree, but only in result? Where the public hero saves a nation, the every-day hero may save only a life; but where the public hero finds an incentive for his act in the possible acclaim of a whole nation, the every-day hero sacrifices his life with no incentive save that of humanity.

One of the medals awarded by the government for heroism displayed in saving life at sea is worn by a negro, and one of my every-day heroes also belongs to that race. That he escaped with his life from the rescue in which he figured was not due to any caution on his part, but simply to lucky chance.

Scott Brown is a hard-working, honest negro of Montgomery, Alabama; and if all of his race had set about improving their lot as he has, the "negro question" would have been eliminated long ago; for Scott has a little home for which he has finished paying, a wagon, two horses and two mules, and the necessary utensils for running a small farm. In winter he drives a dray.

One day recently Scott was standing at a corner of Court Street. Two little girls, six and eight years old, were crossing. At that moment a runaway horse came dashing down the street. The runaway was almost upon the children when Scott became aware of their peril. On the instant he sprang to their rescue. One he pushed out of the horse's way with the impetus that had carried him to the spot. Realizing that there was no time to get the other child out of the runaway's path, he deliberately shielded her with his body, he himself receiving the blow that would have struck her. While his own injuries were fortunately not fatal, they were severe; and there is no doubt that his action saved two children surely from great bodily harm, and probably from death.

These children were members of the Court Street Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school, which unanimously voted to show some recognition of Scott's brave deed. So a committee was appointed, which bought a watch and chain; and this gift, suitably inscribed, was presented to Scott in the Sunday-school room, which had rarely been so crowded.

As this modest, unassuming negro left the Sunday-school after the presentation, he was loudly cheered; and one of the many who took him by the hand remarked, "Scott, I'd rather shake your hand than the President's."

About a year ago, a young coal-miner, John Anderson, Jr., fell from a train which he was attempting to board, and was killed beneath the wheels. There were many households in the Pennsylvania coal-region to which his tragic death came as a personal loss; for he had, a few years before, at the risk of his own life, saved forty-eight miners from death. His heroism was perhaps not as dramatic as that which involves instantaneous and concentrated action; but it was all the more remarkable because he had had time to deliberate upon its possible consequences.

Anderson and one or two other men were about half-way down the shaft, repairing a brattice. They were using naked lamps, the man in charge carrying his on his head as he went into the column-way. While he was testing a leak, the current of air drew the flame into the crevice, and the brattice took

fire. There was a pool of water in the bottom of the shaft-cage on which the men were standing, but this was not enough to extinguish the flames. More time was lost in further vain efforts to get the fire under control. When it became apparent that it was bound to spread, the men with Anderson fled for safety.

Not so Anderson. Down the burning shaft he went; through the slopes he dashed, a Paul Revere of the mines, shouting to the men in the seams to flee for their lives. He thus gathered forty-eight men about him. From the last gang he learned that they had been unable to get up the traveling way, and that escape by the old shaft had been cut off. Fortunately, he knew the location of a shaft that had lately been sunk, and was thus able to guide his fellow-workmen out of the mine.

"It is hard to make any one not acquainted with mining understand how much courage it required for young Anderson to do what he did," the manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad's Coal Companies writes me. "He had to traverse possibly a mile of subterranean workings, notifying one party here, and another there, of the danger above them. He was not certain that he himself could get out alive. Had any of the air-currents reversed, and the fumes overtaken him, death would have been certain." That his heroism undoubtedly saved the forty-eight men whom he led out appears from the fate of three men who disregarded his warning, and of two whom he could not reach. These five were suffocated.

James Bain, chief engineer of the ill-fated steamer "State of Florida," not only risked his life, but deliberately sacrificed it, to save a woman. The disaster was most pitiful. The steamer collided with a bark in mid-ocean, and both vessels sank almost immediately. Only two men were saved from the bark, and only a handful of passengers and part of the ship's company from the steamer. Bain was safely in one of the lifeboats, which was about to cast off, as there were as many people in it as it could hold. At that moment he saw a woman at the steamer's rail. She was too dazed to move. The steamer's deck was almost level with the water. Bain deliberately left

is place in the boat, stepped on to the steamer's deck, lifted he woman over the taffrail, placed her on the seat he had occupied, cast off the boat, and went down with the steamer.

An enterprise that attracted wide attention at the time was the attempt to tunnel the Hudson River between Jersey City and New York. It was of the first importance to commerce, for it would afford direct access to New York to the railroads having their termini on the New Jersey side of the river. It involved a novel and difficult feat of engineering, and for the public it had the added fascination of danger. The veriest layman appreciated the peril in which the workmen would be the moment the tunnel penetrated beyond shore under the river's bed. Night and day would be one to them; above them the great fleet of steamers, tugs, ferry-boats, and sailing craft of all kinds would pass and repass; over them, as they dug and picked and hammered and welded down there in the depth and the darkness, would roll the billows of one of the great waterways of the Western hemisphere. What would be between them and this ever-threatening flood? At the extreme end, where the work was being extended out farther and farther under the bed of the river, a mere shell of silt and mud and ooze, sustained by compressed air—a device as yet untried in exactly this class of work, and considered by some engineering authorities of doubtful value. If these doubts proved true, if that thin shell gave way, the Hudson River would pour in upon the men in the tunnel, and they would be drowned like rats in a hole. It was man against nature, with nature represented by a great river directly overhead.

Into this narrow tube of brick and iron under the bed of the river the workmen descended in shifts of twenty-eight each, at intervals of eight hours. They knew that every time they entered the tunnel they took their lives in their hands; but each shift took the chance that the accident, if any, would happen to the others.

One midnight twenty-eight men went into the tunnel. Only seven came out alive. They owed their escape to the fact that of the twenty-one who perished, one deliberately sacrificed his life to save theirs.

In order to understand just what took place at that time, it is necessary to know how work was carried on in the tunnel. It was begun on the New Jersey side of the river. Here a deep circular well was sunk. The men descended into this, and passed from it into the tunnel through an air-lock, designed to prevent the escape of compressed air from the tunnel, and also to equalize the pressure of air for the men as they entered or left it. The air-lock was filled with or emptied of compressed air according as the men were to enter or leave the tunnel, just as a canal-lock is filled or emptied according as a boat is to be raised or lowered.

This air-lock was a cylindrical chamber of heavy iron, fifteen feet long and six feet in diameter, closed at each end by massive doors swinging inward toward the tunnel, as otherwise the air pressure would have forced them open, with the result that the compressed air would have escaped and the roof of the tunnel have fallen in. The men having entered the air-lock from the shaft, the door was closed upon them, and before the door at the tunnel end was opened the lock was slowly filled with compressed air until the pressure was equal to that in the tunnel, which the men were then prepared to enter. The work had been pushed forward several hundred feet. The braces, aided by an air pressure of twenty pounds to the square inch, had so far sufficed to support the iron roof-plates, and there had been no accident. But there was one point of danger. Where the iron roof-plates and the wall of the shaft came together near the tunnel end of the air-lock, the joining was not fairly plumb. A watch was supposed to be constantly maintained there. Leaks had been discovered, but had been quickly stopped with clay, of which there was plenty in the bottom of the tunnel.

One midnight a shift of men went down the shaft as usual, entered the air-lock, remained there the customary length of time, and then went into the tunnel. They were in charge of a foreman named Peter Woodland, a Dane, who had been in this country nine years, and had been employed at the tunnel since the beginning of the work. At half-past four in the morning some of the men prepared to go up for lunch. At

that time the danger-point must have remained unguarded for a fatal interval.

Suddenly there was a sound like the blowing off of steam. Woodland sprang to the spot, crying:

"Back, men, and stop the leak!"

But, where a moment before there had been a hole that might have been stopped with a pinch of clay, there was now a rapidly widening gap Under it stood Peter Woodland The foul bottom of the river was pouring in upon him; ooze and slime were blinding him; he felt the water rising about his feet One step would have taken him safely into the air-lock; of all the men, he was nearest safety. He did not move toward it Standing there by the entrance, he shouted:

"Quick, boys! Get into the lock!"

But he did not lead the retreat. As each man came along, he pushed and shoved him through the rising ooze and water into the air-lock Seven men had passed him As he was helping the eighth, the iron roof-plates gave way, felled the man in the doorway, and pinned the door against him. Several men inside the air-lock grasped the prostrate man and tried to draw him in. He was dead, and pinned fast. The heavy iron plates against the door made it impossible to open this, and the man's body in the doorway made it impossible to close it by a few inches. Through this narrow space water began pouring from the tunnel into the air-lock Escape had been cut off for Woodland and the twenty men behind him, and the men in the air-lock were in danger of drowning; for the compressed air which had entered it from the tunnel made it impossible for them to open the inward-swinging door at the other end.

"Take off your clothes and stop up the doorway!" shouted Woodland, who was now above his waist in water

The men in the air-lock stripped themselves and thrust their clothing into the crack. The air-lock was now half full of water, and while the inflow was checked, it was not wholly stopped. This water and the pressure of the air made their frantic efforts to tear open the door at the shaft end of the lock unavailing

There was a bull's-eye in each door. The man nearest the

door leading into the tunnel was attracted by a sound, and, looking, saw Woodland peering at him through the bull's-eye. The water was up to his armpits. Beyond him were blurred, watery heads. Then he heard Woodland's voice:

"Break open the outside bull's-eye!"

The men in the air-lock were not cowards; it had required a certain degree of courage to work in the tunnel. They knew if they knocked out the bulls'-eye, and the air escaped through it, their chances of tearing open the door would be improved; but they also knew that with the outrush of air from the lock and the tunnel the roof about the leak would come crashing down, and the last desperate chance for Woodland and his twenty hemmed-in-men be gone. They hesitated. Woodland must have noticed their hesitation, for he called:

"Knock it out! It's your only chance!" Then for the first time his voice wavered as he added: "And if you're saved, try and do what you can for the rest of us!"

They smashed the bull's-eye, and tore at the door. At the same time they felt pressure applied from the outside. The door yielded slightly. The water began pouring out of the lock into the shaft. Relieved of this weight and of the air pressure, the door swung in, and seven nude and terrified men were literally shot into the shaft, where the water gained upon them so rapidly that they had to take to the ladder for safety. The caving in of a shed near the water's edge had given warning to two men above that something was wrong below. They had hurried down the shaft, and had reached the air-lock door just as the bull's-eye was smashed.

The nine men paused at the brink of the shaft. As they looked down into it, and then cast a glance at the river, they saw that both were on a level. The water of the Hudson had filled the tunnel and the air-lock, and risen in the shaft to the height of the tide. That the twenty-one men in the tunnel had met their doom there could be no doubt.

To appreciate fully what Peter Woodland did in the tunnel disaster, one must recall for an instant the circumstances under which he met his death. It was not on the field of battle. There was no trumpet-call, no hurrah from a thousand throats

to urge him on, no surging army to carry him to the front with its own momentum, no flag flashing in the sun to stir his soul —not one of those dramatic effects that sometimes lift a man out of himself and inspire him to play a part, with the world for an audience. This catastrophe was shrouded in gloom. About it there was not one touch of the dramatic to inspire heroism. Peter Woodland stood in a tunnel under the bed of a great river. In that bed above him was an ever-widening gap through which the river was pouring in upon him. There was but one step between him and safety. He never took it; for there were men—*his* men—behind him! And so he stood there by the air-lock door, helping one after another in, till the crash came. Then, under circumstances that would have converted almost any man into a tiger fighting for his life, he coolly, to his dying breath, directed the men he had helped into the air-lock how to save themselves. Weighing well all these things, I say deliberately that Peter Woodland, a plain man but little above his own workingmen in rank, performed an act of heroism as sublime as any of which the history of the world contains a record.

Heroes of the Royal Humane Society*

By RAY STANNARD BAKER

[Ray Stannard Baker, magazine writer and editor, was born at Lansing, Mich., April 17, 1870. In 1892 he began writing stories for the "Youth's Companion" and articles for the "The Outlook," "Independent," and "Harper's Weekly." In 1898 he became a member of the staff of S. S. McClure Company, being occupied at times on both newspaper syndicate and magazine. In 1899 he went to Cuba, in 1900, to Europe in the interests of the McClure establishments, and in 1901 to Arizona, New Mexico, and California for the Century Company. He published the "Boy's Book of Inventions" in 1899; "Our New Prosperity" in 1900, and "Seen in Germany" in 1901.]

IT is not so surprising that there is heroism in the world as that there is so much of it. In the single year 1899, the Royal Humane Society rewarded no fewer than seven hundred and fifty-six persons for rescuing life from drowning and suffocation. This was only in one department, as one may say, of heroism. Other hundreds of lives were saved from fires by firemen, from street and tramway and railroad accidents by the police, from danger at sea by the life-saving service, to say nothing of the many cases which come under none of these classifications. And then there are the scores of humble heroes who are never heard of beyond the narrow precincts of a neighborhood, and those not braver, but less fortunate, who are the victims of their own heroism, who perish with those whom they go forth to save. For every Nelson who is honored, there are many unknown heroes, as brave in the true essence of bravery, who are never rewarded, and who do not expect or desire reward. The Royal Humane Society presents its medals only for rescues from drowning and suffocation, and yet in the one

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hundred and twenty-five years of its existence its cases have run far into the thousands, only British subjects, of course, being considered. It is not my purpose to write of the history or the interesting work of the Royal Humane Society, but rather to give an account of a few of the strange and remarkable cases of humble heroism which have recently been brought to its attention.

And first of Brown and Brand. Brown was a football player, a well-knit, muscular fellow, thirty years old, by profession a miner. Brand was a member of the Diamond Fields Horse of South Africa. Both worked in the De Beers mine near Kimberley. On the afternoon of June 5, 1897, there was trouble in the thousand-foot level. Those outside saw shouting, half-naked Kaffirs come plunging out of the mouth of the tunnel, wild with terror. Behind them, creeping in a thick, slow-moving, and yet irresistible mass, flowed a stream of blue mud. No one knows quite the reason, but sometimes a tunnel in the diamond mines strikes soft earth, and there follows a rush of mud, the greatest terror of the mines. The mud does not burst outward with explosive violence, as water might do, instantly alarming the entire mine; but, a miner having turned his back, it bulges from the tunnel end, flows outward heavily and silently, and when the miner turns again, it is upon him, ready to swallow him up; and thus it fills the tunnel, a thick, viscid, suffocating mass.

Such was the mud rush of June 5th. After the count had been made of those who had escaped from the tunnel, it was found that two Kaffir "boys" were missing. Knowledge as to the place where they worked made it probable that the mud had caught them without warning; but there was still a bare possibility that they had been able to reach the hundred-yard "rise" or "pass"—that is, a room where the tunnel was much enlarged for the passing of trams. Even though the tunnel was filled with mud, here they might yet find air enough to keep them alive for some hours. But the tunnel mouth was already vomiting the thick blue ooze. It was filled from roadway to roof. When the flow stopped—and no one could tell how soon that would be—there was yet a hundred yards of mud

to dig away before reaching the rise where the Kaffir "boys" were supposed to be. That would take a long time—so long, that the two miners were given up for lost, without more ado.

But the rush ceased sooner than was expected, and the manager at once set his men to work digging away the mud. All that afternoon, all night, and all the next forenoon they worked steadily without making any noticeable impression Late in the afternoon, however, the mud began to fall away a little from the roof of the tunnel. It was presumed that the imprisoned Kaffirs were already dead from suffocation, and yet there was one chance in a thousand—the one chance that a hero always takes. This gave Brown and Brand their opportunity. There was now a space of some dozen inches between the tunnel roof and the top of the stream of mud. Brown proposed crawling in; Brand agreed. Their friends urged them not to risk almost certain death for the sake of two black Kaffir boys, for they could not tell at what moment the mud rush would begin again and fill up the tunnel, and they knew how little air there was to breathe, and how probable it was that this little was full of poisonous gases.

But Brown and Brand stepped up, and each with a miner's lamp in his hat crept into the cold blue ooze. The mud was too thick to permit of swimming and too thin to bear their weight, so they were compelled to struggle along in the most toilsome and exhausting manner. In places where the tunnel roof was unusually low, they cleared away the mud with their hands and thrust their heads through. Sometimes the space was so narrow that the mud reached up to their noses, and all the while the air became fouler and fouler. Their lamps went out soon after they entered, and they had no way of relighting them, but crept onward in absolute darkness. From time to time they shouted, and at last, just as they were ready to turn back, for they had become chilled and much exhausted, they heard faint shouted replies. This gave them new heart, and they pushed onward, finally reaching the rise. Here they found the Kaffir boys, who had now been imprisoned upward of twenty-nine hours, in a condition of almost helpless exhaustion. The return, though the mud stream was now a little lower and

there was more room to breathe, was terrible beyond description; for they were compelled not only to force their own bodies through the mud, but to drag the two natives after them. Frequently they stopped in the dark to rest, and sometimes, as they relate, they felt that they never could go on again. At last, however, gasping for breath, they saw the light glimmering in from the tunnel mouth, and shortly afterward friends dragged them out. Every part of their bodies was coated thick with mud, their hair was matted with it; but they had saved the lives of the two Kaffirs—white blood for black. One feels that such heroism as this is belittled with rewards, and yet it is satisfactory to know that the deed of Brown and Brand was appreciated. Not only were they rewarded substantially by the mine manager, but both now wear the silver medals of the Royal Humane Society.

The society watches with keen eye for brave deeds in every part of the earth or sea where flies His Majesty's flag; but a large majority of the cases are in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the accounts of them are Homeric in their simplicity. There was the case of the second officer of the steamship "Sultan," bound down from Calcutta to Jeddah. You may find it in Document 28,627; it is told with the dry formality of a log-book report, which locates everything by latitude and longitude. It seems that it was July and hot in the Indian Ocean. A Lascar fireman named Esnolla, rushing up from the hell-hole of heat in the stokers' room to get a breath of fresh air, slipped overboard. There are those to whom a Lascar more or less would be a small matter, especially when an immense sea was running and there were sharks abroad. But they heaved a life-buoy after Esnolla, and the captain brought the "Sultan" sharply around, and gave orders to lower a boat. But watch as he would, the lookout could see no Lascar, for the sea ran too high; nor were they able to lower the boat. However, after wearing the steamer several times, they sighted a black blotch in the water and saw a hand lifted. Collins, the second officer, seized a line and jumped overboard. Collins was twenty-two years old and a strong swimmer. He had need for every ounce of his muscle, for he struggled there in the water for over three

hours, up and down with the huge waves, finally reaching the Lascar After making him fast to the rope, Collins gave the signal, and both were drawn up, more dead than alive And that won a silver medal.

Some of the society's cases, besides telling a story of heroism, throw an impressive side-light on the strange happenings in little-known corners of the earth, where any day may bring a thrill of adventure. Such is the story of Alfred J. Swann. Among the jungles of Central Africa, where wandering Englishmen come in Stanley helmets to trade celluloid buttons and stove-pipe hats for elephant tusks, there is a little native village called Kota-Kota. It is on the shore of Lake Nyassa, and most of the white men who come there die the first year. But over one hut flies the British flag; and in the doorway, under the flag, Swann sat, days on end, representing the authority of the King, and seeing that the elephant tusks were properly traded One day an Englishman named Johnstone came to Kota-Kota to hunt elephants, and while going out from Swann's village into the jungle an elephant stepped on him. Natives brought Johnstone in and laid him at Swann's door. He was unconscious, with a broken leg and arm. The nearest doctor was sixty miles away, on Lokoma Island in Lake Nyassa. Swann felt Johnstone's heart; it was still beating feebly. Although there was every promise of a dark and stormy night, he succeeded in getting a sailboat, and by hook and crook he manned it with natives. Then he lashed the injured man to a stretcher, fastened him firmly under the seats, and set out. For two hours they made good time; but the wind deepening, they were compelled to shorten sail. As the night advanced, the blacks grew cold and terrified, and lay down under the mats to die Swann could not even kick them into helpfulness. The sea rapidly grew so wild that he could not make enough sail to run away from it, and the waves washed in over the gunwales and beat over the unconscious man in the bottom. Swann was at the helm, and in order to cover his friend more effectually he must leave his place. After much persuasion and some force, one of the natives was prevailed upon to take the helm. Swann was spreading a piece of canvas over the in-

jured man, when the frightened native allowed the boat to go about a little. Instantly a huge wave came over the quarter and washed him overboard. Swann turned as he heard the helmsman shout, and saw him struggling in the water. Quick as a flash Swann cut the main sheet, and the sail flew out with a bang; then, waiting not an instant, he plunged into the water. It was so dark he could not see the native, but being a strong swimmer he struck out for the spot where he judged he might be. The boat was left to shift for itself, the natives moaning helplessly under the mats For some moments Swann swam about hopelessly, every moment seeing his only hope of safety, the boat, drifting farther away. Then suddenly the native came up almost under him; he seized him by the hair, turned him over, and struck out for the boat. It was a terrible pull back in that high sea, with such a burden, but at last Swann grasped the gunwale. He called for the other natives to come and help, but none would stir. At last, by almost superhuman effort, he succeeded in getting his half-drowned helmsman into the boat and then in following himself. The boat was almost full of water, and it required the hardest work to prevent instant foundering. The next day Swann reached Lokoma Island, having been nearly twenty-four hours on the voyage. Strange as it may seem, Johnstone was still alive, and with good attention he ultimately recovered. Out of Central Africa came the news of this heroic deed, and down into Central Africa went the medal of the society.

A man may grapple with a terror that he knows, with right good will, even though the chances are against him; but it is the unseen terror that tries the soul of fortitude. It was an unseen terror that Perrin and Walker met that day in Wrexham.

Hesketh was assistant manager of the Wrexham gas-works. He had come around early one bright October morning—a Sunday morning—to see that the machinery was in working order. They heard him among the purifiers, and Perrin, going out, saw him descending one of the little ladders that led to the chamber beneath one of the oxide-of-iron purifiers. Perrin was a gas-stoker.

Presently Hesketh came up.

"The water seal is forced," he said hurriedly, and a moment later he returned with a plug. Perrin advised him not to go into the gas chamber; so did Walker, who had just then arrived. Walker was the manager's son.

"Nonsense!" said Hesketh, and they saw him disappear under the purifier. The air seemed clear and good; apparently there was no danger. Suddenly they heard Hesketh shout, then all was still.

"I'm going down," said Perrin.

They tried to prevent him, but he too went down. He was gone several minutes They called to him, but there was no reply; they called more loudly, and still no answer.

Walker came with a rope He fastened it hastily about his body, and before any one could object he was on the ladder. The other men held the rope. From out of the chamber came the rank, suffocating odor of gas, but Walker went down the ladder swiftly. At the bottom he paused an instant, peering into the dark. There lay Perrin stretched full length on the floor with his hand gripped in Hesketh's collar. Perrin had dragged the assistant manager some distance and had then been overcome and had fallen. Walker made a rush for the men and tried to fasten a rope around Hesketh. His eyes seemed bursting from his head; he felt himself falling, and ran wildly for the ladder. They helped him out, and he soon recovered his breath. The flow of gas was constantly increasing but Walker went down again, holding his breath, made another dash, and succeeded in getting the rope under Hesketh. Then he ran out again. Four or five long breaths and he was at it again. This time he drew the rope around Hesketh, but it slipped from his numb fingers before he could tie it. He came out staggering. The fourth time he tied the rope, and those above pulled Hesketh out. An instant later Walker was down in the death chamber for Perrin. The rope was finally fastened, and Perrin also was lifted out. Walker fell unconscious. They worked over the three men diligently, using artificial respiration and almost every other resuscitation device. Walker recovered consciousness immediately, although he was much exhausted. Perrin lay for an hour before he showed any

signs of returning life, then he, too, recovered slowly. But Hesketh never breathed again. In due course of time the deed of Perrin and Walker came to the attention of the Royal Humane Society, and Walker was awarded a silver, and Perrin a bronze, medal.

One other story from the records of the Royal Humane Society I like especially to think about, because the hero was an obscure negro seaman, sailing in an out-of-the-way corner of the earth, and yet his bravery was found out, and two of the greatest nations of the earth strove to see which could do him the greater honor. It seems that nothing speaks louder for the growing appreciation among men of simple unselfishness, for that is the true essence of bravery.

It was a tropic night off the Cayman rocks in Nicaragua. The sea was as smooth as a pond, and the schooner "Dolphin" rested upon it almost motionless, with every sail set. For hours the helmsman had dozed at his place, and the crew and passengers, some twenty men in all, were lying about the deck, sleeping, it being too warm to go below. Thompson, the master, slept with the rest. The "Dolphin" was bound down from Prinzapulca to Bluefields, and she was almost within sight of her destination. Nothing could exceed the quiet peacefulness of the night. About two o'clock in the morning the helmsman sprang suddenly from his place, shouting. Thompson was instantly on his feet. Off to the seaward there was a huge, black, moving mass of clouds, rising out of the ocean. Thompson gave orders to shorten sail, but he had barely time to turn around before the blast struck them with terrific force. It was such a squall as comes only to those Southern seas. The full-set sails furnished ample leverage, and within ten seconds the "Dolphin" was bottom up, her passengers and crew struggling in the water. She was a flat-bottomed, center-board boat of some forty-eight tons; she had been long in Southern waters, and her sides were slimy and barnacled.

First came Wilson McField, swimming. McField was a negro, a subject of Great Britain. All his twenty-seven years of life he had known these waters, and he swam like a seal. Fortunately the vessel's helm lay deep in the water, owing to

the weight of the anchor and chain which had dropped out when the vessel turned. Here, by grappling hard, but not without being severely cut by barnacles, McField succeeded in climbing on the ship's bottom. Then he shouted to the others, and one by one, as they reached the vessel's bottom, he pulled up five of the crew. But not all were saved. Bull Monrad, a passenger, went down within two feet of the boat. Cerf, Kister, and two Nicaraguans were never seen after the vessel turned. Even after the crew was safely perched on the "Dolphin's" bottom they had to cling their best, for the sea had now risen, and the wind was blowing half a gale, although the worst of the squall had passed. And thus they sat for over two hours, drifting at the will of the sea. Then a strange thing happened. Anderson, the cook, asserted that he heard pounding from within the vessel. They all listened and heard nothing. A little later Anderson again asserted that something was drumming on the ship's bottom under him. They thought that Anderson had been "turned" by the accident; but upon listening again, they all heard it distinctly, Anderson even insisting that he also heard voices. Some of the more superstitious had their own theories of this; but as the night dragged itself through, and the pounding continued, they finally made up their minds that some one was imprisoned in the cabin. They discussed the matter until it was broad daylight, and all the while the pounding was growing fainter. None of the white men could propose any way of saving those in the cabin, if there really was any one imprisoned. At last McField, the negro, said he would dive under and into the boat. They assured him he would not be able to get out again any more than those who were already there. But he insisted. They had secured a coil of rope that had been dragging from the vessel. One end of this was held by the men on the ship's bottom, the other end McField took in his teeth. Then he dived from the vessel into the sea, and quickly disappeared. He went down swiftly, passed under the gunwale, and then rose through the hatch. It was pitch dark, and the interior of the vessel was full of disturbed cargo and empty barrels and boxes. McField dived in among them fearlessly, holding his breath, and made

for the cabin. He knew that if the men were really there, and had air enough left to breathe, he would be safe enough; but if not, he also knew that he would probably never get back alive. The rope kept catching, and once he drove his head into a post with terrific force, but he kept on steadily. Finally, concluding that he had reached the cabin, he rose quickly, and an instant later his head was out of water. And yet, so foul was the air and so narrow the space between the top of the water and the ship's bottom that he could scarcely breathe. Everything was in absolute darkness; he could see no men, but just at that moment he heard again the familiar knocking. He called out. At first there was no answer; then he heard voices, faint but familiar. Swimming in the direction from which they seemed to come, he found two men braced against the cabin sides and holding their heads above water. Here they had been for upward of six hours, knocking and knocking. McField recognized one of them as a young rubber cutter named Mallitz, the other was a native Spanish-Nicaraguan called Obando. Both fell upon McField, clamoring to be saved, so that he was compelled to threaten them with instant death unless they obeyed him. He fastened the rope around Mallitz and gave the signal to pull. Mallitz took a long breath and went down. McField dived into the water with him. Mallitz was panic-stricken and entangled himself in the hatchway. McField lost precious seconds freeing him, so that when at last they went out under the gunwale both were nearly drowned. Mallitz was quite unconscious, and McField was more dead than alive when they reached the surface. They pulled Mallitz aboard, but McField would not follow. As soon as the rope was again free, he took it in his teeth and dived a second time, found the hatch and entered the cabin. Obando was almost uncontrollable with exhaustion and panic, but McField finally secured him with the rope, and both having taken long breaths, the signal was given to pull up. This time the trip was made without accident, and on reaching the surface both men were drawn on board.

About noon they sighted the steamship "Yulu," bound from Bluefields to Great River, and they were soon rescued,

having been nearly twelve hours on the ship's bottom. They found that the "Yulu" had already picked up a Spaniard who had escaped on a hatchway door; all the others were lost.

In course of time, and in a roundabout way, the story of McField's bravery came to the attention of the United States Government, and the negro seaman was awarded a medal and fifty dollars in gold. Later the news reached England, and McField being a British subject, the Royal Humane Society awarded him a silver medal.

Heroes of the Deep*

By HERBERT DICKINSON WARD

[Herbert Dickinson Ward, author, was born at Waltham, Mass., June 30, 1861, and graduated from Amherst College. On October 20, 1888, he married Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, the authoress. He is a writer of books mainly for children, and among his productions may be named "The New Senior at Andover," "The Master of the Magicians," "The Captain of Kittiwink," "The Republic Without a President, and Other Short Stories," "The White Crown," "The Burglar Who Moved Paradise," and "The Light of the World." He lives at Newton Centre, Mass.]

THE fishing-fleet is like a large wheel of life, of the three hundred and fifty spokes of which twenty-five pass in and out of the bay every day, a quivering procession, freighted with hope, with gain, with sorrow, and with disappointment. The beautiful harbor of Gloucester stretches from Norman's Woe to Eastern Point, and the fish that enter are daily measured by the hundred thousand weight.

There is no port in this country to which the Naval Department, in case of war, would sooner look for sailors to man the fleets than this old town which, in 1606, Champlain (the first white man to tread the shores of Cape Ann) called "Le Beau Port." For the great fishing-fleet holds nearly 7,000 souls under its gurried decks, and every one of these has faced, as a matter of course, dangers that would give the average reader many a nightmare, if he could experience but a touch of their reality. What novelist would think of sketching the story of a dried codfish? What novelist could do better?

It is always with a vague regret that we read the sagas, and are thrilled by the vikings' exploits. It seems as if the deeds

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of daring had gone forever, and as if the heroes of the deep were a myth of the past. Absorbed in the Norse romance, we forget that the vikings were only pirates. If the Gloucester of to-day had only existed then, what heroic saga would it not have inspired!

For the vikings are not dead. From Portland to New Orleans, our harbors are full of them. They lounge upon our wharves, and we do not recognize them. They loiter on our streets, and we know them not. But if there is a more modest, unconscious, or braver fellow than Jack the Fisherman, our eyes have yet to rest upon his face. He is the hardiest and most daring, the best sailor in the world to-day. Any Continental kingdom would give its wealth to possess him for its defense. He is the envy of every maritime nation. Has he no value for us, beyond the halibut and the cod, the haddock and the cusk?

Only the other day, seated upon the edge of a dory, on the deck of a vessel that had just discharged its small fare of fresh fish, I happened to get into conversation with a red, fat-faced Swedish lad. He was not much over nineteen. He had not outgrown blushing when you mentioned shave. He is of the kind that ships a boy and lands a man. Nor did Hans suspect the reason of the change. His was the majority given by experience, not by years. But I drew out his record from him as I draw a refractory charge out of a muzzle-loader. He was lying in a nest of dories, smoking lazily, and ravished by the July sun. He looked incapable of motion or ambition. He was the last fellow your popular novelist would pick out as a hero.

"No," he said, in his broad foreign accent, without deigning to look up; "I never see any one drowned or saved.

"Last winter," admitted Hans, reluctantly, "I was off Greenland, and me and my mate was about two mile baitin' up trawls. It was terrible cold, the water freezin' where she struck. The dory was almost full of fish. All to once a big wave capsized the dory and threw us into the water. When the dory came up, I caught the grab-line; but my mate was too far off, so I let go, and swam off, and towed him, and we held hands across

the bottom. Only one could hold on to the grab-line at once, so I put his other hand in it, and holt on to the other. He was growin' pretty weak. He was washed off twice, and I hauled him in each time. They took us off in about an hour; another minute, and I guess we'd 'a' both gone. It was the grab-line that saved him."

He stopped, and puffed with a languid unconsciousness which it seemed, somehow, bad manners to disturb.

"Don't you remember seeing anything really grand—that is—heroic?"

The questioner floundered helplessly before the young fisherman's puzzled look.

"Naw," Hans smiled contemptuously; "I don't think."

Yet the boy himself had artlessly confessed to what was as much a deed of heroism as that of the engineer in sticking to his throttle for his passengers' sakes at the moment of collision.

But the fisherman considers such an act as a matter of course. The average summer boarder, eagerly gossiping on the hotel piazzas, and idly watching the white schooners slip in and out of the harbor, is seldom awakened out of that spurious superiority which the pale-faced, well-dressed alien generally feels toward the weather-beaten, simple "native." Yet once in a while even this fond illusion is dispelled.

It happened not many summers ago that on a calm afternoon arose one of those sudden, virulent squalls that are common to Ipswich Bay and Gloucester Harbor. It seemed as if the barometer had not time to fall. The dory fishermen had long since returned home. Only those were left who go down to the sea for pleasure. All these sloops, large or small, were in charge of experienced sailors who had, at the first signs of danger, scudded for moorings, or had run down the sails—all but one little party. It was the smallest keel of the pleasure fleet, and this time manned by four children. As the squall began to threaten, upon the eighteen-foot jib-and-mainsail boat the eyes of the Point and the Cove were anxiously fixed. The children, two girls and two boys, belonged to two families, and their mothers ran to the nearest point of land to watch them. The clouds were racing like black war-horses, their manes tak-

From a Drawing by George Varian.

"HE WAS GROWIN' PRETTY WEAK."

ing frightful shapes. Large schooners were now under bare poles, dropping quick anchors. Alas! in the mouth of the bay that crazy little boat braved the portent with both sails spread, and wabbled like one bereft of reason. Boyish figures were dimly seen rushing frantically to the mast and back to the cockpit. Then a groan of anguish arose from our group; for, without further warning, the squall burst. The foam, the rain, and the spray, with angry teeth, advanced from the west, enveloped the boat, passed on, and hid the tragedy from sight.

When the spray cut our faces, and the wind made ears almost useless, I heard a voice bellowing from windward:

"It's no use! They're goners! Nothing in God's heaven can save 'em now! Their halyards are fouled."

Kind hands bore the mothers into the house; for their children were, for them, already dead.

The man who howled at us was one of the "natives." He was an offshore fisherman. He had a trap and a few lobster-pots, and earned a living in the easiest, safest possible way. He stood there, bracing himself against the hurricane. He was "oiled up," alert; he had a new look upon his face: the heavens had fallen, and he was in his own element.

At that moment there was a break in the clouds. To our amazement, by some freak of Providence the crazy craft was still in sight. Now head on, now head off, with her jib blown out, careening fearfully, the tiny boat still lived. But the worst of the squall was yet to come.

"If I only had my dory!" cried the fisherman, with the tears running down his face. But his dory was far out on his hauling-line, and the waves were dashing high upon the rocks. His dory was impossible.

"Take my boat, Joe."

Now that keel tender of mine, well built for its purpose,—that of pleasure-sailing on smooth seas,—was too narrow and cranky for a man to trust his life to in a gale like that, and the fisherman shook his head mournfully. Just then another gust swept down.

"There she goes!" some one cried in horror. The sail-boat was rapidly drifting down upon the rocks and in danger

of upsetting at any moment. A white, fluttering speck could be seen on the reeling deck. One of the little girls was waving her handkerchief at her father, who was pacing the beach in the helpless, aimless fashion of one dazed by agony.

Then the fisherman looked at me. He had children, too—a good many of them—and he loved his wife. But there was a look upon his face that perhaps had never been there before, that might never come there again.

"Get me the oars," he commanded, "and help me to shove her off!"

We started down to the dancing float. He jumped into the cockle-shell, and I shoved him off. Now it seemed as if he would go upon the rocks, but he did not strike. Twenty times the sea smote him, and he looked engulfed, but he rode free. In the jaws of the squall, he got to the driving, careening boat, and boarded her—no one knew how. In a moment the refusing halyards, tangled by ignorant little fingers, were in his strong, skilled hands; and before night it was all down the coast that the boarder children were saved, and that there had arisen a new hero.

A few weeks after, the Massachusetts Humane Society gave him a silver medal, and I have no doubt whatever that the little episode has passed almost out of his mind, and clean out of that of his neighbors, by this time. It sometimes takes a squall to make a hero. Yet perhaps now and then, on a winter's night, he looks at the gleaming white badge of honor within its velvet case, and rubs it up to keep it bright. And his children and his children's children will turn it with wonder in little fingers, and treasure it with puzzled reverence. For by its argent the fisherman's family are ennobled, and enter the aristocracy of the Massachusetts coast.

This is only one of a few cases where the man gets the medal. But there are a hundred more who have done deeds as brave as this, and braver, whose names have drifted out of easy memories, even as the scud drifts to the lee. A newspaper-file may hold them embalmed, but that is only another proof of their obliteration.

In 1880 a coaster, bound from the eastward to Boston, came

to anchor off Pigeon Cove in the teeth of a howling gale. She rode heavily, with the breakwater to leeward. A diabolic magnet, it dragged the reluctant victim close and closer. Men watching on shore, seeing that it was only a question of a short time before the boat would break up, started to Rockport to get a life-boat and rescue the crew. Among the watchers were three fishermen who, by their own experience, knew too well what that lee shore meant to the poor exhausted sailors on the ill-fated coaster. They saw at a glance that the life-boat would never get there in time. So the two brothers Zacharie and Constance Surette, and George Saunders, started on the run for the schooner "Cora Lee," tied up safely at the wharf. From her they borrowed a dory and jumped in. As they began to row out, they talked cheerfully:

"Hurry, boys! We mustn't let those fellows in that life-boat get ahead of us."

"Won't they feel cheap! See?"

They had passed the breakwater, and were facing the furious gale. By this time the schooner was riding bows under and drifting rapidly. The three men could hardly hold their oars; it was difficult to keep the dory from swamping. After almost superseaman efforts, they reached the vessel. It was so rough that the men on board had to leap into the sea and be picked up. Every one was saved but a dog, which refused to jump. It was none too soon. There was a desperate backing of water, a perilous turning, a pull to the harbor, a magnificent bending to the oars—then came the dull crash upon the rocks; the vessel was kindling-wood in about five minutes after the men were rescued.

When they were safely landed, one of the three heroes said:

"That's a darn good joke on that life crew."

It was the only comment upon the situation; and, as far as I can learn, no one ever bragged about the exploit, or mentioned it again. The fishermen treated it just as if it were an every-day occurrence. But a few days later the Massachusetts Humane Society sent these plucky fellows twenty dollars each, thus recognizing them as fit men to be enrolled upon its brilliant scroll.

The life-boat, it is just to add, was doing her best. She had too far to go to get there in time.

It was off the Horn. Waves such as are encountered only there in all the world raced irresistibly. The ship labored mightily through the night. In a lull the cry, "Man overboard!" rang from stem to stern. Without hesitation the helmsman put the wheel "hard up." The watch peered over the sides of the ship into the foam. All at once a man rushed up the companionway. He was in his night-clothes. Without waiting a moment, he leaped the rail and plunged overboard. There was only death to be found in the boiling, benumbing waters. By some witchery of Neptune, a cross sea tossed the two men to leeward, and the ship dipped them up. They were both unconscious, and the hero had his man clutched by the hair. Even to the old sailors used to miracles of the sea the safety of the two was not so great a marvel as the fact that the man had dared to jump at all; for he was a timid, seasick landlubber making his first voyage, and his seeming cowardice had been the butt of savage scorn. How, then, had he outdared them all in recklessness? He was asked the question: How could he do it?

He answered simply that he had lain awake nights planning just what he would do if he heard the cry, "Man overboard!" It was so hard for him to overcome his instinctive fear of the water that he had mentally and systematically schooled himself to action. Thus, while his body cringed, his soul was heroic. This habit of mind made opportunity impossible to pass by. The intuitive response to his training swept him over the rail before he knew where he was.

Even the babies in Gloucester are not without this instinct, although they do not count among their playthings medals from the Humane Society. It happened, this last summer, that a couple of children were playing in a spar-yard. They had ventured out upon the rolling logs floating on the tide. The older boy slipped. He was six. Down he went, head first, of course. The other one, a child of three, ran over to where he saw his playmate disappear between the logs, lay down at full length, and grabbed him by the hair when he came up. But the logs

were coming together, so the baby put one of his chubby legs between the closing of the crush, and began to shriek. Without that spontaneous coolness and ability to rescue, which he probably inherited from generations of seamen, there would have been another procession of mourning-hacks in the old town.

Nothing stirs the blood or the imagination more than stories of promotion on the field of battle. War seems almost worth while, and slaughter expiated, when the general in command rides up amid the roar and smoke, and addresses a private, "Well done, corporal!" Or when, after the successful charge, he singles out the heroic lieutenant before all the regiment, and, saluting, says, "You have done well, captain!"

The exploits of peace, generally more heroic because on a less dramatic plane, have a scant gallery, little applause, and result in few promotions. A man, like a cyclone, emerges from the clear sky, but, unlike the whirlwind, performs some great feat of construction, and then melts back again into the firmament that gave him life, and the world knows him no more.

Such is Hans Slate. He has been a common, every-day fisherman for some years. During the latter part of 1896 he shipped on the schooner "Smuggler" with Captain Antoine Courant. On the night of December 30, 1896, the vessel drove ashore in a gale of wind at Cahoon's Hollow, Cape Cod. In an instant the seas began to break over her. The crew had to hurry to the rigging, and it was only a question of time when the masts would go by the board and all be drowned.

It seemed hours to the men, though in point of fact it was soon enough, before a flickering light on the beach told that the patrol had discovered their peril, and that the life-saving crew was at hand.

The first shot went wild, far over the vessel. The masts creaked and bent under every onslaught of the waves. Would they hold out? But the second shot was better. The line was caught on the vessel, but far down the preventer-stay, and, besides all that, it was fouled on the hawser. It was virtually useless, for no one could step foot on deck and live. The men gave a groan of despair, for their last hope was gone.

At that moment a dark figure, like a wraith of the storm, slid down the jib-stay from the masthead. The white foam bit at him. The twanging wire threatened to jerk him off at any moment; at every heave of the surf it would come up taut with a jerk, like a gigantic bowstring. Every man of the crew breathed a prayer as Hans Slate reached the bowsprit safely. Then he was lost in a terrible sea. But Hans was imperturbable. With desperate skill and with unparalleled coolness (considering that he was engulfed by iced water every few seconds), he finally succeeded in freeing the life-line from the clutches of the hawser. He tied the rope about his neck, and started back up the swaying stay. This he had to do hand over hand. Try this on a warm summer day on a motionless boat, and experience what the feat means. Now add numbed and bleeding hands, a drenched body, an icy hurricane, lashing waters, darkness, a wire whip-cord, to a swaying mast that is liable to give way at any moment, and you get an inkling of Hans Slate's modest exploit. At last he secured the precious line at the masthead, and then the breeches-buoy was busy on its merciful errand.

Soon only three were left. Hans was one, of course. Another was a boy, who was helpless on the ratlines far below the masthead. He had no strength to move; so Hans took him in his arms, carried him to the masthead, and lashed him safely to the buoy and sent him over. Now only he and the captain were left, and the captain was a heavy man, I am told. Ominous sounds told that the wreck was fast breaking up under the assaults of the sea.

"You go," said Hans, quietly.

"No," said the captain; "you first, I last."

"By ——, no! You go; I stay here."

The skipper tried to go aloft up the rigging. But he could not do it. Then Hans tried from under to boost him up. But that could not be done.

"It's no use," said the skipper, after another futile struggle. "Save yourself; I can't get up there. You'd better be quick! The masts will be overboard in five minutes."

But Hans uttered not a word. He climbed up under the

captain, clasped the skipper's hands about his neck, and thus shouldering him, carried him aloft. The crew said things about it. They mentioned words like "impossible" and "superhuman." But Hans did it, even with the wreck of his strength, while his hands were raw, his body bruised and bleeding, and when the gale tripped the little strength he had.

After he had secured his captain, the hero remained alone upon the wreck, which was now rapidly going, waiting for the buoy to return. He did not expect to save himself, for the mast swayed horribly. Indeed, he had hardly enough life left in him to secure himself. Just as his feet had touched the land, a sound of a mighty crack overrode the thunder of the water and the wind, and the masts crashed into the surf.

"If it had not been for Hans Slate," the captain declared, "not a man of the crew would have been saved. If there ever was a hero, Hans is he." And when a fisherman says a thing like that, you may know that there is no peradventure in his estimate; for he is a judge of valor, and knows what he is talking about.

Cool-headed inventiveness when others are paralyzed with terror is no less a mark of heroism than the instinctive acceptance of personal risk. The real hero in a great conflagration may be the one who, at the instant of panic, keeps his head, and orders the crowd, imparting to it his own imperturbability. Such a one might have saved scores of lives in the horrible Parisian bazaar disaster. Add to this rare quality of calmness in danger the ability to devise instantaneously the unusual and only means of rescue, and you have a man indeed.

Perhaps the best instance of this rare gift that I have heard of occurred in February, 1862. The schooner "J. G. Dennis" was running home to Gloucester with a full fare from Georges, when she met a heavy gale of wind right in her teeth. Her master, Thomas D. Dench, one of those elemental souls whom nothing could daunt, made up his mind to drive her right through. In a February gale the wind and the sea are about as cheerful opponents as a madman and a razor. In this struggle the "Dennis" had the worst of the encounter, and she was razed. She lost her sails—all but the jumbo, I believe—and

her boats, and, besides, was blown offshore into the Gulf Stream. There she found a favorable southerly wind, and so pointed her nose again for home, having set her staysail and an old mildewed summer foresail. The sea was still very heavy, and the breeze was not a zephyr. Just at daylight, on the second of March, the lookout sighted a water-logged vessel, and bore down upon it. The skipper came on deck, and soon spoke the wreck, which proved to be the schooner "Life-Boat" of Shelburne, Nova Scotia, loaded with lumber, and bound to the West Indies. The only thing that preserved her name from travesty was the lumber that kept her afloat, most of the deck-load of which had been washed off. Her masts were gone, her boat was gone, and her cook and one man had been washed overboard. When the "Dennis" came within hailing distance, the captain and the three hands left were lashed on top of the after deck-house, expecting to go down any minute.

"For Heaven's sake," they begged, "don't leave us! Three big vessels have spoken us and deserted us. For God's sake, save us!" they cried in desperation.

"Cheer up!" Captain Dench called back. "This time you're dealing with men, not cowards. We'll stand by."

Then came the problem of rescue. It was a wreck saving a wreck. It was the blind leading the blind. For neither vessel had a boat to put off, and to approach near in that sea was to risk a fatal collision. Besides, the wind was beginning to rise again, and the icy sea was running viciously. So Captain Dench, handling his vessel, with her flimsy sail, as best he could, lay to leeward, and ordered the men on the sinking wreck to throw overboard all the lumber left upon the deck. He then picked up what loose boards he wanted, and wrenched his gurry-kid from the deck. A gurry-kid is a big box, without bottom or top, that is fitted in the deck, in which fish is thrown. He then sawed the boards with his own hands, and made a bottom to the kid. This he calked with rope-yarn and pieces of rope. Then he patched up the seams with canvas junk. He then lashed two empty water-casks to each end of the box, and took two reaches to windward. This brought the wreck under his lee. Then the men on board the "Dennis" launched their

nondescript boat, and attaching to it a strong line, paid it out until it reached the water-logged schooner. They saved the men, of course; and besides that, they took off a gaff-topsail that was washing about the deck. This they bent for a jib, using their own jib for a mainsail. By this time their own fore-sail was pretty well exhausted. The rescue and the patching up took all of that day. That night, instead of making for Gloucester, Captain Dench decided to take the shipwrecked men home, and so "make a good job of it." So they turned their prow to Shelburne, which they reached after a hard tussle. The firm who owned the "Life-Boat" gave Captain Dench a suit of sails with which to come to Gloucester, and later the British government presented him with a splendid marine glass which his son uses on board his sloop to this day.

HEROISM OF DAILY LIFE

Heroes of the Railway Service*

By CHARLES DE LANO HINE

[Charles De Lano Hine, soldier, writer, and man of business, was born in Ohio and graduated from West Point in 1891. He was assigned to the Sixth United States Infantry and joined that regiment at Fort Thomas, Ky. With the end in view of becoming a railway superintendent he entered the Cincinnati Law School, from which he graduated in 1893, and was admitted to the bar. In 1895 he resigned from the army and entered the service of the Big Four Railroad, beginning as freight brakeman, running between Cincinnati and Indianapolis. Six months later he was made yardmaster at Anderson, Ind., which position he held two years. In 1896 he became chief clerk to the superintendent at Cleveland; but when the Spanish-American war broke out he obtained indefinite leave and entered the volunteer service, receiving the rank of major in the First District Volunteer Infantry of Ohio. He engaged in the action before Santiago. On New Year's Day, 1899, he resumed his work with the Big Four Railroad. In November, 1900, he became assistant superintendent of the Chicago and Alton Railway, and in February, 1901, general manager of the Washington and Gettysburg Railway, which position he still holds. He is the author of "Heroes of the Railway Service," published in the "Century Magazine" in March, 1899.]

AMERICAN railroad life in the train and yard service teems with deeds of daring, of self-sacrifice, and of devotion to duty. All these are matters of such every-day occurrence that they are difficult to chronicle. Dangers follow one another in such rapid succession that the impressions of one moment are effaced by the self-possession necessary to the next. A soldier fights his battle and may not be again under fire for a week, a month, or a year. While actually engaged, his is a maximum of danger. The railroad man is usually in much less danger than the fighting soldier. What the railroader lacks in intensity of risk he makes up in quantity. He is under fire, so to

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speak, every working day or night of his life. The washouts of spring, the blinding dust of summer, the treacherous fogs of autumn, and the icy car-tops of winter, all teach him to be careful of his hold in this world, lest he slip suddenly into the next.

As the battle is the true test of the officer and the soldier, so is the wreck the measure of the coolness or pluck of the official and the employee. There is this important difference: a battle is usually planned for, while a wreck is always unexpected.

On the trunk-line that leads from Washington to the heart of Dixie there is, near quaint old Alexandria, and in sight of the dome of the Capitol, a little junction. Here, one summer evening just at dusk, a passenger-train from a branch road had stopped for orders. The conductor and the engineman had gone to the telegraph office, and the fireman was also away from the engine. The train had the right of track (i.e., the rules entitled it to the road), and had stopped "foul of the main" (i.e., so another train could not get by on the main line). It was to meet another train which must come in under control. When the latter whistled in the distance, no special attention was paid. On came the train, the ambitious young runner bent on reaching Richmond in as many hours as it once took an army years. Suddenly the men on the ground realized that the coming train could not stop. There was time for them to run away, but duty was dearer than life. The engineman ran to his engine. His quick eye saw that if he pulled ahead for his own safety into the siding his rear coaches would not be clear of the track on which the swift train was approaching. Like lightning he threw the reverse lever into the "back motion," and then gradually opened the throttle, knowing that to "jerk her wide open" would "slip her drivers" and not move the train. A quick-witted trainman sprang to the switch and, as his train shot back, threw the rails almost under the pilot of the coming monster, which thundered harmlessly by. Not a life was lost, and the modest heroes, who are still running on the road, very likely have almost forgotten the incident. It takes a brave man to stick to his post when danger threatens, but it takes a braver one to seek his post when he is once in a place of safety.

On a side-hill in the Buckeye State stands the station of a pretentious town. Here one evening a train stood discharging passengers and changing engines. Suddenly a freight-train was heard tearing down the grade past the yard where it should have stopped. The almost human whistles for brakes indicated only too clearly to practiced ears that the crew had lost control of the train. In vain the station-men thought of turning the runaway into another track. The only available siding which the helpless and partly filled train did not block led into the station itself. To throw that switch meant death to the people in the dining-room. While this was happening, an engineman was leisurely oiling his engine on the station spur. When he saw the danger, he yelled to throw the switch, and shot his engine out on the main track to meet the coming train. His comrades supposed that he would jump off and trust his engine to do the work of repelling the assault. He knew the grade was so steep that the recoil from the collision might still work mischief to the unsuspecting passengers; so he "stayed with her," and with a skill equaled only by his courage he caught that freight-train and brought it under control, with no more damage than smashing the fronts of the engines. There was only one chance in a hundred of doing this, but heroes take the hundredth chance. For such deeds Napoleon made officers of privates. Under a system of promotions by length of service this unassuming hero is still "pulling" a freight-train, with only one great earthly anticipation—vacancies enough to give him a passenger run.

What the ship is to the captain, the locomotive is to the engine-driver. A touch of the master's hand, and its muscles of steel strain forward.

A clear track, and all is well. The locomotive hums along to the song of the road, the cadence of a thousand rails. A sudden shriek, an answering blast. It is neither starboard nor port, but down brakes and straight on, with crash and wreckage ahead. For the engine-driver at this maddening moment there is only one alternative—be a coward and jump, be a hero and stick.

How many engine-drivers do "stick" and meet their death,

in the desperate hope of being able to slow down the train and lessen the fatality of the impending collision to the passengers, is shown by a railway official's remark to me that such instances of devotion to duty were regarded as matters of course in the service and not considered subjects for special record. In fact, collision is only one of many perils to which railway employees are exposed, so that it requires a certain amount of initial courage to enter the service at all. Life-insurance experts regard the railway service as an extra-hazardous occupation. As a brakeman said to me, in language which, while not highly poetic, conveys a pretty clear idea of his meaning: "A job on a railroad is like a barber-shop. It's just, 'Whose turn next?' You go out, and you don't know if you'll ever come back."

Veteran railroad men who have stories to tell of instances of heroism in the railway service usually begin with "Hank" Milligan, an engine-driver on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. During the draft riot in New York, the rioters, fearing that troops would be brought into the city, tore up the south-bound track leading into the West Thirtieth Street station, and, gathering about the station, armed with muskets, pistols, and stones torn up from the pavements, threatened death to any engine-driver who dared take out a train. This threat was conveyed to Milligan shortly before the time at which his train was scheduled to start.

Milligan quietly waited for the train-starter's signal. When he received it he pulled open the throttle of his locomotive and steamed through the lines of rioters, who were so daunted by his courage that they allowed him to pass without a shot or a stone. But then those who remember Milligan describe him as a typical New-Englander, tall and angular, who would fight anything, adding that he "wouldn't have feared the devil himself."

Veteran railroaders have another anecdote—one pleasantly relieved by a humorous flavor—to tell of Milligan's bravery. Coming down the road, at the time the old Creamer brakes, which worked on springs and were controlled by a cord from the locomotive, were in use, he collided with a freight-train that was backing across the track. The fireman and several other

train-hands jumped before the trains collided. Milligan wound the brake-cord around his hand and wrist, applied the brakes, and stuck to his post. The conductor, an "old-timer," was among those who gathered about the wreck. "Anyhow," said Milligan, as he extricated himself from it, the brake-cord still in his grasp, "I didn't jump." "Of course you didn't," snarled the conductor. "You couldn't. You were all tangled up in that cord."

Patrick McTamany was a switchman at one of the Pennsylvania Railroad crossings in Jersey City, where there is an intricate network of tracks over which trains and drilling-engines are almost constantly passing. Early one morning McTamany saw a boy playing on one of the tracks, unaware of the fact that a train was bearing down upon him. The switchman shouted, but the boy failed to hear. McTamany jumped in front of the locomotive. With one hand he thrust the boy off the track; with the other he tried to swing himself on to the pilot. He missed his hold, fell, and was crushed to death under the locomotive wheels as the boy scampered off.

Among the most extraordinary calamities that ever befell any section of this country were the forest fires in the counties of Pine, Mille Lacs, and Chisago, Minnesota. None, perhaps, has had greater attendant horrors. It might be supposed that when fire devastates a tract twenty-six miles long and from one to fifteen miles broad there would be ample warning of the flames' approach to enable every human being in their path to escape. But in this catastrophe, in which whole towns and settlements were destroyed, the conflagration advanced with the rapidity of a tidal wave. It was as if a dam of stored-up flames had burst and let loose a flood of fire upon the country. A haze, a cloud of smoke, a tongue of flame, and, before people could flee, a fiery sea would be raging around and over the doomed settlements. In the whole great fire-swept tract not a human habitation was left standing except a section-house at a place called Miller; but the loss of five hundred lives and the positions in which the dead were found tell more graphically than any other facts of the frightful rapidity with which the flames advanced.

At Hinckley, the largest town that was destroyed, one hundred and thirty people sought refuge in a morass. From that morass one hundred and thirty charred and, in many instances, unrecognizable bodies were taken. They must have been blasted by one fiery breath, for whole families lay in groups as if there had been no time to move. When, a few days later a trench for the dead was being dug, the ground was found so thoroughly baked that it became necessary to loosen it with picks.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of the fatal day a train reached Hinckley on the St. Paul and Duluth Railroad. Early in the afternoon the engineer had ordered the headlight lighted, as a heavy haze obscured the air. At Hinckley a terror-stricken mob was surging about the station, and a rush was made for the train. As it started forward, crowded to its utmost capacity, a flame burst out of the cloud of smoke ahead and ignited the engine-cab and baggage-car.

In the cab was Engineer James Root. On the train were fully two hundred people, their lives dependent upon this one man. Root remembered that six miles back was a mud-hole called Skunk Lake. It was right beside the railroad-bed, and with this made a clearing where perhaps a place of safety might be found. He reversed the engine, and the race with the flames began.

At times the forest on each side of the track, ignited by sparks blown by the fierce wind in advance of the conflagration, was a mass of roaring fire, and the train rushed through an aisle of flame; at times a fiery tongue shot out from the cloud of smoke rolling on behind as if to lick up the train from the road-bed; stragglers past whom the train rushed were seen a moment later to drop overcome with heat; car-windows were cracking; the woodwork of the train was burning; passengers, frantic with terror, were leaping from the platform, only to lie maimed in the very track of the pursuing demon of death.

At his post stood James Root. His fireman was in the water-tank ducking his head whenever the heat became too intense, and between times throwing water over the brave engineer. So at last the race with death was won, but only by

two minutes; for within two minutes after the train stopped, the fire was upon it. But the passengers who had intrusted their lives to Root were safe. Some had rushed into the lake; others, who had become unconscious from the heat, had been borne into the mud and water; and Root—who, as he pulled the lever, had sunk to the floor of the engine-cab exhausted, his clothing on fire, his face and hands scorched and bleeding from broken glass—had been carried to the mud, laid in it and covered with it. Those in the water were obliged to keep constantly submerging themselves, and those in the mud had to lie flat in it to save themselves as the flames leaped over the lake. The ground was not cool enough too stand on until four hours after the fire had swept past.

Those who carried Root from the cab had supposed that he was dying; but when people began leaving the lake, he rose and, as if guided by instinct, staggered back to what remained of the locomotive, clambered on to it, and sank down upon the cab-seat. The train itself had been burned to the trucks. It was a long time before Root fully recovered from his wounds and burns.

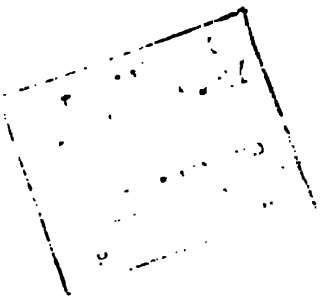
In the meeting-room of Division 46 of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers at Albany, N. Y., is a simple yet touching and appropriate memento of as brave an engine-driver as ever put hand to throttle.

This engineman, Edward Kennar, ran Engine 238 on the Western Division of the New York Central Railroad. One April night, as Kennar's train was speeding along toward Batavia, the locomotive headlight suddenly flashed upon a mass of moving earth and rock on the track. The train was rushing toward a land-slide, of which there had not been the slightest warning. There was the shriek of the whistle, "Down brakes!" But it was too late. No. 238 plunged into the heaping débris, and a moment later lay wrecked at the foot of the embankment.

Pinned down by tons of steel, and writhing in the agony of death, was Kennar. Suddenly he seemed to pull together what of life there was left in him. Slightly raising his head, he shrieked—it seemed almost in anger—at those who had gath-

From a Drawing by Jay Hambidge.

CARRYING ROOT FROM THE CAB.



ered about to help him if they could, "Flag No. 5!" With those words on his lips he died.

"No. 5" was a west-bound train which usually met Kennar's near this point. The warning which he, forgetting his own agony, had given with his dying breath, recalled No. 5's peril to the train-hands, and, hurrying back to the track, they were in time to flag it.

It seems to me that "Flag No. 5" of "Ed" Kennar's is worthy to be placed alongside of Lawrence's "Don't give up the ship!" or of any dying words of heroes on the battle-field which history has recorded. It saved No. 5.

The throttle of Engine 238 was taken from the wreck. Silver-plated, framed, and with an appropriate inscription, it hangs, a memorial to this railroad hero—who, though he might have jumped, "just slapped on the brakes and stood by his engine"—in the room of the Brotherhood division to which he belonged. Is it to be wondered at that the members of the division regard the throttle of No. 238 with feelings akin to those with which soldiers look upon a battle-flag that has been found under the dead bodies of its defenders?

Volunteer Life Savers*

By GUSTAV KOBBÉ

FOR many years before the United States life-saving service was established, the Massachusetts Humane Society maintained, along the coast of that State, houses of refuge for shipwrecked sailors, and stations equipped with life-saving apparatus, in charge of keepers, who, when the emergency arose, summoned volunteer crews. This volunteer life-saving service is still kept up, and is able not only often to render effective assistance to the regular government crews, but occasionally, also, to save life when the nearest United States life-saving station is too far from the scene of disaster for its crew to arrive in time. The rivalry between these two corps has been most generous. There have been no bickerings, no attempts of one to outwit the other, but a singleness of impulse to serve in the cause of humanity. Naturally the gold and silver medals awarded by the United States government for heroism displayed in saving life have been more frequently bestowed upon members of the regular service, as this extends along our entire seaboard and lake coast, but the volunteer corps has had its share of honor.

But by far the greater number of medals for heroism displayed in saving life from drowning have been awarded to individuals—people from the most varied walks of life: men of high social position, Western Indians, a Southern negro, pleasure-seekers along the coast, a Japanese cabin steward, steamboat men, and officers and men of the United States army, navy,

* Published by permission.

and revenue-cutter service. Every section of the country seems to have contributed its hero or heroes to the roll of honor. There are also heroines on that roll. A number of women hold silver medals, and two women the gold medal. Silver medals have also been awarded to mere boys and girls for displays of daring far beyond their years.

The rescue of Miss Carrie Maffitt by Richard F. Warren, near Wilmington, North Carolina, has a double touch of the heroic, owing to the bravery displayed by Miss Maffitt herself. She had been carried out two hundred yards, and was about giving up when Mr. Warren reached her. He encouraged her, and having told her to cling to his shoulders, began swimming in with her. After he had swum in part of the way his strength began to give out and his strokes became more labored. Noticing this, the brave girl said: "If you don't think we can reach shore, I'll let go. There's no reason why both of us should perish." Mr. Warren, however, declined to abandon her. "Put one hand on my shoulder, and try to swim with the other," he said. She did as he told her, and in this way he was able to carry her safely ashore.

Flames suddenly burst out upon the steamboat "Seawanahka," in the East River. Through the scorching heat Captain Charles P. Smith stands by his wheel, and runs the vessel ashore in time to save nearly all the many people aboard her. He himself dies as a result of the injuries sustained that day, before receiving the gold medal awarded him for so heroically facing the most horrible of deaths.

Among the very latest awards of medals was that received by Peter Dodge, a colored man, who participated in a rescue with Dr. Joseph B. Graham, quarantine officer at Savannah, Georgia. These two men went to the rescue of a shipwrecked crew when no others would venture. Dodge was Dr. Graham's boatman. Dr. Graham told him that the danger he was about to face was beyond the scope of the service for which he had been engaged, and that he was under no obligation to go. Whereupon Dodge replied: "If you go, I will go too, sir; and with God's help we'll get there."

But to me the most picturesque figure among those who

have been honored for imperiling their lives to save the lives of others is Mrs. Martha White of Copalis, State of Washington. She is the only woman, except Ida Lewis Wilson, who holds the gold medal, and the only woman in no way connected with the government service who holds it. The act of heroism for which Mrs. White was honored was only the most conspicuous in a number of rescues in which she had taken part.

Mrs. White lives upon a remote and lonely beach. For many years past, when storms have broken over the coast, she and her husband have patrolled the beach, and have ministered to the wants of many a castaway, besides aiding in rescuing shipwrecked sailors. The rescue for which she received the gold medal was an achievement of which any man might have been proud; in a woman it showed peerless courage.

During one of those winter storms which rage over North Beach the British bark "Ferndale" struck some two hundred and fifty yards from shore. The cry, "A ship ashore!" aroused the White household. It was half-past three in the morning, but in that raging storm the hour made little difference. Hastily dressing, seizing a field-glass and a musket and a white cloth to use for signaling, Mrs. White hurried, with her husband, to the scene of the disaster. Through the storm-drift she could, with the aid of the glass, make out a number of sailors in the rigging, while the sea made a clean breach over the vessel.

Mrs. White waved the cloth, hoping the sailors would see it and take courage; but the weather was too thick. She then fired the musket several times; but the flashes were evidently not seen, and the tumult drowned the report. Not knowing how long in that bitter storm the sailors might be able to maintain their hold on the rigging, Mr. White proceeded up the beach to keep a lookout for any one that might be washed up in that direction, while Mrs. White remained near the wreck, waving the cloth, and ever and anon discharging the musket. Suddenly she discovered a man in the breakers. Dropping cloth and musket, she dashed into the surf, drew him up on the beach, and aided him to her home. Returning at once, she saw another sailor unconscious and being tossed about in the surf. Plunging in, she seized him, skilfully floated him ashore,

and by rubbing his limbs revived him sufficiently to enable him, with her aid, to reach her house.

She hastened back again to the beach. Far out in the breakers was a sailor struggling in vain to make headway, and evidently on the verge of exhaustion. She was wholly alone on that part of the beach—not a person to go to her aid should she fail. But no thought of self seems to have entered her mind. Throwing off part of her wet and heavy clothing, she dashed into the surf. Just before she reached the man a heavy breaker overwhelmed her. Recovering herself, she seized him and brought him safely ashore. Once beyond the line of the surf, she fell exhausted upon the beach, where she was found and borne to her house, with the still unconscious castaway. The rescued men admitted that, but for Mrs. White's aid, they would have perished.

For a father or a mother to risk his or her own life to save the life of a child may be a sublime exhibition of the duty which blood owes to blood—a duty which, if not done, would expose whoever failed in it to the scorn of mankind—but it is not the highest heroism. To plunge, however, into the dark waters, with nothing but a cry for help to guide you, to launch a boat upon a sea that threatens to overwhelm you, knowing not who clings to that tottering aery in the rigging of the doomed ship but vaguely discernible through the storm, expecting no reward save the consciousness that you have done the duty that manhood owes to itself—that is true heroism.

Would I could add to this record those unknown heroes—"greater than those who are known"—whose heroism lacks a human reward because they not only risked but lost their lives in the endeavor to save others. Would there were a roll of the unhonored and unsung! The medal list is a long one, but the roll of the perished longer. Occasionally a memorial like the Brokaw Field at Princeton, which commemorates the heroism of Frederick Brokaw, the Princeton student who gave his life to save two servants from drowning, reminds us of one or another of these sacrifices. But far more frequently a grave in an unfrequented churchyard, or a proud pang in a woman's heart, is the only memorial of the "unknown hero."

HEROISM OF DUTY

Scott in Adversity

By RICHARD HOLT HUTTON

[Richard Holt Hutton, who for forty years gave his impress to the literary department of "The Spectator," was born in London in 1826. His education was pursued privately and then at University College, where he was distinguished in mathematics and became a gold medalist. He further studied in Germany in preparation for the Unitarian ministry; and was ordained, but never preached. He taught mathematics at the Bedford College for women and wrote for many reviews, especially the "Inquirer," a leading Unitarian journal. His "Theological Essays" describe his gradual dissent from the Unitarian creed, which he abandoned for the Church of England. In 1861 he joined the staff of "The Spectator" and maintained the connection until his death, September 9, 1897. His published works are essays in theology, philosophy, and literature, and a "Life of Newman."]

THE Waverley Novels are familiar to most of us. Many also have read of their author, of his wonderful success, and of the generosity and kindness of his nature. It is, however, to times of adversity that we must look for the evidences of heroism and true nobility. This is the story of the days when the failure of the publisher Constable and the printing house of Ballantyne & Company, with whom Sir Walter Scott had been connected, involved him in obligations not of his making, but for the payment of which he held himself largely and morally responsible.

WITH the year 1825 came a financial crisis, and Constable began to tremble for his solvency. From the date of his baronetcy Sir Walter had launched out into a considerable increase of expenditure. He got plans on a rather large scale in 1821 for the increase of Abbotsford, which were all carried out.

To meet his expenses in this and other ways he received Constable's bills for "four unnamed works of fiction," of which he had not written a line, but which came to exist in time, and were called "Peveril of the Peak," "Quentin Durward," "St. Ronan's Well," and "Redgauntlet." Again, in the very year before the crash, 1825, he married his eldest son, the heir to the title, to a young lady who was herself an heiress, Miss Jobson of Lochore, when Abbotsford and its estates were settled, with the reserve of £10,000, which Sir Walter took power to charge on the property for purposes of business. Immediately afterward he purchased a captaincy in the King's Hussars for his son, which cost him £3,500. Nor were the obligations he incurred on his own account, or that of his family, the only ones by which he was burdened. He was always incurring expenses, often heavy expenses, for other people. Thus, when Mr. Terry, the actor, became joint lessee and manager of the Adelphi Theatre, London, Scott became his surety for £1,250, while James Ballantyne became his surety for five hundred pounds more, and both these sums had to be paid by Sir Walter after Terry's failure in 1828. Such obligations as these, however, would have been nothing when compared with Sir Walter's means had all his bills on Constable been duly honored and had not the printing firm of Ballantyne & Co. been so deeply involved with Constable's house that it necessarily became insolvent when he stopped. Taken altogether, I believe that Sir Walter earned during his own lifetime at least £140,000 by his literary work alone, probably more; while even on his land and building combined he did not apparently spend more than half that sum. Then he had a certain income, about £1,000 a year, from his own and Lady Scott's private property, as well as £1,300 a year as clerk of session, and three hundred pounds more as sheriff of Selkirk. Thus even his loss of the price of several novels by Constable's failure would not seriously have compromised Scott's position, but for his share in the printing-house which fell with Constable and the obligations of which amounted to £117,000.

As Scott had always forestalled his income—spending the purchase-money of his poems and novels before they were writ-

ten—such a failure as this, at the age of fifty-five, when all the freshness of his youth was gone out of him, when he saw his son's prospects blighted as well as his own, and knew perfectly that James Ballantyne, unassisted by him, could never hope to pay any fraction of the debt worth mentioning, would have been paralyzing had he not been a man of iron nerve and of a pride and courage hardly ever equaled. Domestic calamity, too, was not far off. For two years he had been watching the failure of his wife's health with increasing anxiety, and as calamities seldom come single, her illness took a most serious form at the very time when the blow fell, and she died within four months of the failure. Nay, Scott was himself unwell at the critical moment and was taking sedatives which discomposed his brain. Twelve days before the final failure—which was announced to him on the seventeenth of January, 1826—he enters in his diary, "Much alarmed. I had walked till twelve with Skene and Russell, and then sat down to my work. To my horror and surprise I could neither write nor spell, but put down one word for another, and wrote nonsense. I was much overpowered at the same time and could not conceive the reason. I fell asleep, however, in my chair, and slept for two hours. On my waking my head was clearer, and I began to recollect that last night I had taken the anodyne left for the purpose by Clarkson, and being disturbed in the course of the night I had not slept it off." In fact the hyoscyamus had, combined with his anxieties, given him a slight attack of what is now called aphasia, that brain disease the most striking symptom of which is that one word is mistaken for another. And this was Scott's preparation for his failure, and the bold resolve which followed it, to work for his creditors as he had worked for himself, and to pay off, if possible, the whole £117,000 by his own literary exertions.

There is nothing in its way in the whole of English biography more impressive than the stoical extracts from Scott's diary which note the descent of this blow. Here is the anticipation of the previous day: "Edinburgh, January 16th.—Came through cold roads to as cold news. Hurst and Robinson have suffered a bill to come back upon Constable, which, I suppose,

infers the ruin of both houses. We shall soon see. Dined with the Skenes." And here is the record itself: "January 17th.—James Ballantyne this morning, good honest fellow, with a visage as black as the crook. He hopes no salvation; has, indeed, taken measures to stop. It is hard, after having fought such a battle. I have apologized for not attending the Royal Society Club, who have a *gaudeamus* on this day, and seemed to count much on my being the præses. My old acquaintance, Miss Elizabeth Clerk, sister of Willie, died suddenly. I cannot choose but wish it had been Sir W. S., and yet the feeling is unmanly. I have Anne, my wife, and Charles to look after. I felt rather sneaking as I came home from the Parliament-house—felt as if I were liable *monstrari digito* in no very pleasant way. But this must be borne *cum cæteris;* and, thank God, however uncomfortable, I do not feel despondent." On the following day, the eighteenth of January, the day after the blow, he records a bad night, a wish that the next two days were over, but that "the worst *is* over," and on the same day he set about making notes for the *magnum opus*, as he called it —the complete edition of all the novels, with a new introduction and notes. On the nineteenth of January, two days after the failure, he calmly resumed the composition of "Woodstock"—the novel on which he was then engaged—and completed, he says, "about twenty printed pages of it;" to which he adds that he had "a painful scene after dinner and another after supper, endeavoring to convince these poor creatures" [his wife and daughter] "that they must not look for miracles, but consider the misfortune as certain, and only to be lessened by patience and labor." On the twenty-first of January, after a number of business details, he quotes from Job, "Naked we entered the world and naked we leave it; blessed be the name of the Lord." On the twenty-second he says, "I feel neither dishonored nor broken down by the bad, now truly bad, news I have received. I have walked my last in the domains I have planted—sat the last time in the halls I have built. But death would have taken them from me, if misfortune had spared them. My poor people whom I loved so well! There is just another die to turn up against me in this run of ill-luck, i.e., if

I should break my magic wand in the fall from this elephant, and lose my popularity with my fortune. Then 'Woodstock' and 'Boney' [his life of Napoleon] may both go to the paper-maker, and I may take to smoking cigars and drinking grog, or turn devotee and intoxicate the brain another way." He adds that when he sets to work doggedly he is exactly the same man he ever was, "neither low-spirited nor distrait," nay, that adversity is to him "a tonic and bracer."

The heaviest blow was, I think, the blow to his pride. Very early he begins to note painfully the different way in which different friends greet him, to remark that some smile as if to say, "think nothing about it, my lad, it is quite out of our thoughts;" that others adopt an affected gravity, "such as one sees and despises at a funeral," and the best-bred "just shook hands and went on." He writes to Mr. Morritt with a proud indifference, clearly to some extent simulated: "My women-kind will be the greater sufferers, yet even they look cheerily forward; and, for myself, the blowing off of my hat on a stormy day has given me more uneasiness." To Lady Davy he writes truly enough:—"I beg my humblest compliments to Sir Humphrey, and tell him, Ill Luck, that direful chemist, never put into his crucible a more indissoluble piece of stuff than your affectionate cousin and sincere well-wisher, Walter Scott." When his "Letters of Malachi Malagrowther" came out he writes:—"I am glad of this bruilzie, as far as I am concerned; people will not dare talk of me as an object of pity—no more 'poor-manning.' Who asks how many punds Scots the old champion had in his pocket when

> "'He set a bugle to his mouth,
> And blew so loud and shrill,
> The trees in greenwood shook thereat,
> Sae loud rang every hill.'

This sounds conceited enough, yet is not far from truth." His dread of pity is just the same when his wife dies:—"Will it be better," he writes, "when, left to my own feelings, I see the whole world pipe and dance around me? I think it will. Their sympathy intrudes on my present affliction." Again, on re-

turning for the first time from Edinburgh to Abbotsford after Lady Scott's funeral:—"I again took possession of the family bedroom and my widowed couch. This was a sore trial, but it was necessary not to blink such a resolution. Indeed I do not like to have it thought that there is any way in which I can be beaten." And again:—"I have a secret pride—I fancy it will be so most truly termed—which impels me to mix with my distresses strange snatches of mirth, 'which have no mirth in them.'"

But though pride was part of Scott's strength, pride alone never enabled any man to struggle so vigorously and so unremittingly as he did to meet the obligations he had incurred. When he was in Ireland in the previous year, a poor woman, who had offered to sell him gooseberries, but whose offer had not been accepted, remarked, on seeing his daughter give some pence to a beggar, that they might as well give her an alms too, as she was "an old struggler." Sir Walter was struck with the expression and said that it deserved to become classical, as a name for those who take arms against a sea of troubles, instead of yielding to the waves. It was certainly a name the full meaning of which he himself deserved. His house in Edinburgh was sold, and he had to go into a certain Mrs. Brown's lodgings when he was discharging his duties as clerk of session. His wife was dead. His estate was conveyed to trustees for the benefit of his creditors till such time as he should pay off Ballantyne & Co.'s debt, which, of course, in his lifetime he never did. Yet between January, 1826, and January, 1828, he earned for his creditors very nearly £40,000. "Woodstock" sold for £8,228, "a matchless sale," as Sir Walter remarked, "for less than three months' work." The first two editions of "The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," on which Mr. Lockhart says that Scott had spent the unremitting labor of about two years—labor involving a far greater strain on eyes and brain than his imaginative work ever caused him—sold for £18,000. Had Sir Walter's health lasted, he would have redeemed his obligations on behalf of Ballantyne & Co. within eight or nine years at most from the time of his failure. But what is more remarkable still is that after his health failed he

struggled on with little more than half a brain, but a whole will, to work while it was yet day, though the evening was dropping fast. "Count Robert of Paris" and "Castle Dangerous" were really the compositions of a paralytic patient.

It was in September, 1830, that the first of these tales was begun. As early as the fifteenth of February of that year he had had his first true paralytic seizure. He had been discharging his duties as clerk of session as usual, and received in the afternoon a visit from a lady friend of his, Miss Young, who was submitting to him some manuscript memoirs of her father, when the stroke came. It was but slight. He struggled against it with his usual iron power of will and actually managed to stagger out of the room, where the lady was sitting with him, into the drawing-room, where his daughter was, but there he fell his full length on the floor. He was cupped and fully recovered his speech during the course of the day, but Mr. Lockhart thinks that never, after this attack, did his style recover its full lucidity and terseness. A cloudiness in words and a cloudiness of arrangement began to be visible. In the course of the year he retired from his duties of clerk of session and his publishers hoped that, by engaging him on the new and complete edition of his works, they might detach him from the attempt at imaginative creation for which he was now so much less fit. But Sir Walter's will survived his judgment. When, in the previous year, Ballantyne had been disabled from attending to business by his wife's illness (which ended in her death) Scott had written in his diary, "It is his [Ballantyne's] nature to indulge apprehensions of the worst which incapacitate him for labor. I cannot help regarding this amiable weakness of the mind with something too nearly allied to contempt," and assuredly he was guilty of no such weakness himself. Not only did he row much harder against the stream of fortune than he had ever rowed with it, but, what required still more resolution, he fought on against the growing conviction that his imagination would not kindle, as it used to do, to its old heat.

When he dictated to Laidlaw—for at this time he could hardly write himself for rheumatism in the hand—he would frequently pause and look round him, like a man "mocked with

shadows." Then he bestirred himself with a great effort, rallied his force, and the style again flowed clear and bright, but not for long. The clouds would gather again, and the mental blank recur. This soon became visible to his publishers, who wrote discouragingly of the new novel—to Scott's own great distress and irritation. The oddest feature in the matter was that his letters to them were full of the old terseness, and force, and caustic turns. On business he was as clear and keen as in his best days. It was only at his highest task, the task of creative work, that his cunning began to fail him. Here, for instance, are a few sentences written to Cadell, his publisher, touching this very point—the discouragement which James Ballantyne had been pouring on the new novel. Ballantyne, he says, finds fault with the subject, when what he really should have found fault with was the failing power of the author: "James is, with many other kindly critics, perhaps in the predicament of an honest drunkard, when crop-sick the next morning, who does not ascribe the malady to the wine he has drunk, but to having tasted some particular dish at dinner which disagreed with his stomach. . . . I have lost, it is plain, the power of interesting the country, and ought, in justice to all parties, to retire while I have some credit. But this is an important step, and I will not be obstinate about it if it be necessary. . . . Frankly, I cannot think of flinging aside the half-finished volume, as if it were a corked bottle of wine. . . . I may, perhaps, take a trip to the Continent for a year or two, if I find Othello's occupation gone, or rather Othello's *reputation*." And again, in a very able letter written on the twelfth of December, 1830, to Cadell, he takes a view of the situation with as much calmness and imperturbability as if he were an outside spectator. "There were many circumstances in the matter which you and J. B. [James Ballantyne] could not be aware of, and which, if you were aware of, might have influenced your judgment, which had, and yet have, a most powerful effect upon mine. The deaths of both my father and mother have been preceded by a paralytic shock. My father survived it for nearly two years—a melancholy respite, and not to be desired. I was alarmed with Miss Young's morning visit, when, as you know, I lost my

speech. The medical people said it was from the stomach, which might be, but while there is a doubt upon a point so alarming, you will not wonder that the subject, or to use Hare's *lingo*, the *shot* should be a little anxious." He relates how he had followed all the strict medical *régime* prescribed to him with scrupulous regularity, aud then begun his work again with as much attention as he could. "And having taken pains with my story, I find it is not relished, nor indeed tolerated, by those who have no interest in condemning it, but a strong interest in putting even a face" (? force) "upon their consciences. Was not this, in the circumstances, a damper to an invalid already afraid that the sharp edge might be taken off his intellect, though he was not himself sensible of that?" In fact, no more masterly discussion of the question whether his mind were failing or not, and what he ought to do in the interval of doubt, can be conceived, than these letters give us. At this time the debt of Ballantyne & Co. had been reduced by repeated dividends—all the fruits of Scott's literary work—more than one-half. On the seventeenth of December, 1830, the liabilities stood at £54,000, having been reduced £63,000 within five years. And Sir Walter, encouraged by this great result of his labor, resumed the suspended novel.

But with the beginning of 1831 came new alarms. On January 5th Sir Walter enters in his diary—"Very indifferent, with more awkward feelings than I can well bear up against. My voice sunk and my head strangely confused." Still he struggled on. On the thirty-first of January he went alone to Edinburgh to sign his will, and stayed at his bookseller's (Cadell's) house in Athol Crescent. A great snow-storm set in which kept him in Edinburgh and in Mr. Cadell's house till the ninth of February. One day while the snow was still falling heavily, Ballantyne reminded him that a motto was wanting for one of the chapters of "Count Robert of Paris." He went to the window, looked out for a moment, and then wrote—

> "The storm increases; 'tis no sunny shower,
> Foster'd in the moist breast of March or April,
> Or such as parchèd summer cools his lips with.
> Heaven's windows are flung wide; the inmost deeps

Call, in hoarse greeting, one upon another;
On comes the flood, in all its foaming horrors,
And where's the dike shall stop it?"

Clearly this failing imagination of Sir Walter's was still a great deal more vivid than that of most men, with brains as sound as it ever pleased Providence to make them. But his troubles were not yet even numbered. The "storm increased," and it was, as he said, "no sunny shower." His lame leg became so painful that he had to get a mechanical apparatus to relieve him of some of the burden of supporting it. In April he had another stroke of paralysis which he now himself recognized as one. Still he struggled on at his novel. Under the date of May 6th, 7th, 8th, he makes this entry in his diary: "Here is a precious job. I have a formal remonstrance from those critical people, Ballantyne and Cadell, against the last volume of 'Count Robert,' which is within a sheet of being finished. I suspect their opinion will be found to coincide with that of the public; at least it is not very different from my own. The blow is a stunning one, I suppose, for I scarcely feel it. It is singular, but it comes with as little surprise as if I had a remedy ready; yet God knows I am at sea in the dark, and the vessel leaky, I think, into the bargain. I cannot conceive that I have tied a knot with my tongue which my teeth cannot untie. We shall see. I have suffered terribly, that is the truth, rather in body than mind, and I often wish I could lie down and sleep without waking. But I will fight it out if I can." The medical men with one accord tried to make him give up his novel-writing. But he smiled and put them by. He took up "Count Robert of Paris" again, and tried to recast it.

A seton which had been ordered for his head, gave him some relief, and of course the first result was that he turned immediately to his novel-writing again, and began "Castle Dangerous" in July, 1831—the last July but one which he was to see at all. He even made a little journey in company with Mr. Lockhart, in order to see the scene of the story he wished to tell, and on his return set to work with all his old vigor to finish his tale, and put the concluding touches to "Count Robert of Paris." But his temper was no longer what it had been.

He quarreled with Ballantyne, partly for his depreciatory criticism of "Count Robert of Paris," partly for his growing tendency to a mystic and strait-laced sort of dissent and his increasing Liberalism. Even Mr. Laidlaw and Scott's children had much to bear. But he struggled on even to the end, and did not consent to try the experiment of a voyage and visit to Italy till his immediate work was done. Well might Lord Chief Baron Shepherd apply to Scott Cicero's description of some contemporary of his own, who "had borne adversity wisely, who had not been broken by fortune, and who, amidst the buffets of fate, had maintained his dignity." There was in Sir Walter, I think, at least as much of the stoic as the Christian. But stoic or Christian, he was a hero of the old, indomitable type. Even the last fragments of his imaginative power were all turned to account by that unconquerable will, amidst the discouragement of friends, and the still more disheartening doubts of his own mind. Like the headland stemming a rough sea, he was gradually worn away, but never crushed.

* * * * * * *

On the day of the autumnal equinox in 1832, at half-past one in the afternoon, on a glorious autumn day, with every window wide open, and the ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles distinctly audible in his room, he passed away, and "his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes." He died a month after completing his sixty-first year. Nearly seven years earlier, on December 7, 1825, he had in his diary taken a survey of his own health in relation to the age reached by his father and other members of his family, and had stated as the result of his considerations, "Square the odds and good night, Sir Walter, about sixty. I care not if I leave my name unstained and my family property settled. *Sat est vixisse.*"

* * * * * * *

Sir Walter certainly left his "name unstained." He was not only sensitively honorable in motive, but, when he found what evil his sanguine temper had worked, he used his gigantic powers to repair it, as Samson used his great strength to repair the mischief he had inadvertently done to Israel. But with all

his exertions he had not, when death came upon him, cleared off much more than half his obligations. There was still £54,000 to pay. But of this, £22,000 was secured in an insurance on his life, and there were besides a thousand pounds or two in the hands of the trustees, which had not been applied to the extinction of the debt. Mr. Cadell, his publisher, accordingly advanced the remaining £30,000 on the security of Sir Walter's copyrights, and on February 21, 1833, the general creditors were paid in full, and Mr. Cadell remained the only creditor of the estate. In May, 1847, Mr. Cadell gave a discharge in full of all claims, including the bond for £10,000 executed by Sir Walter during the struggles of Constable & Co. to prevent a failure, on the transfer to him of all the copyrights of Sir Walter, including "the results of some literary exertions of the sole surviving executor," which I conjecture to mean the copyright of the admirable biography of Sir Walter Scott in ten volumes, to which I have made such a host of references—probably the most perfect specimen of a biography rich in great materials, which our language contains. And thus, nearly fifteen years after Sir Walter's death, the debt which, within six years, he had more than half discharged, was at last, through the value of the copyrights he had left behind him, finally extinguished.

Notes and Queries.—How many of the Waverley Novels have you read? Which do you prefer and why? What is the advantage in reading good historical romances? Why is the picture of the times and scenes portrayed in such books apt to be more vivid than that given in history? Always remember that it is only good historical novels, written by careful students of history, to which these questions apply. What writer of our own times has, by an effort of his declining years, liquidated a debt similar to Scott's in its character and inception?

HEROISM OF DUTY

The Wreck of the "Birkenhead"

From the "Annual Register"

[The honor roll of heroism has uncountable examples of self-sacrifice and noble daring in almost every conceivable peril and situation, yet few of its records can be classed with the story here told, in one respect. This is the spectacle of some four hundred soldiers calmly going down to death with the orderliness of a regiment standing at "attention." The tragic fact is astounding as testimony to the moral power of mental discipline, and the sublimity of "duty."]

IN the beginning of April, 1852, intelligence was received of the wreck of Her Majesty's steam troop-ship, "Birkenhead," near the Cape of Good Hope, with fearful loss of life.

The "Birkenhead" was built entirely of iron, and, being destined for a ship of war, her framework and plating were of the strongest construction. She was divided into three water-tight compartments by iron bulkheads, and was fitted with engines of 550-horse power.

Not proving efficient as a war frigate, her guns were taken out, and she was converted into a troop-ship, for which she proved well adapted. The unfortunate war with the Kaffirs requiring additional forces, the "Birkenhead" was ordered to take out detachments to reinforce the several regiments serving at the Cape. She sailed from Queenstown on the seventh of January, and arrived at Simon's Bay on the twenty-third of February.

Owing to the loss of the muster-rolls and books, the precise number of persons who were at this time on board cannot be ascertained. The troops are supposed to have consisted of the following detachments: Twelfth Lancers, Cornets Bond and

Rolt, and six men; Second (Queen's Royal) Regiment, Ensign Boylan, one sergeant, and fifty men; Sixth Regiment, Ensign Lawrence Metford, one sergeant, and sixty men; Twelfth Regiment, Captain Blake, one sergeant, and fourteen men; Forty-third Light Infantry, Lieutenant Girardol, one sergeant, and forty men; Forty-fifth Regiment, one officer, one sergeant, and seventy men; Sixtieth Rifles, one sergeant, and forty men; Seventy-third Regiment, Lieutenants Robinson and Booth, Ensign Lucas, one sergeant, and seventy men; Seventy-fourth, Lieutenant-Colonel Seton, Ensign Russell, one officer, and sixty men; Ninety-first, Captain Wright, one sergeant, and sixty men; making a total of thirteen officers, nine sergeants, and four hundred and sixty-six men. Besides these, there were on board, twenty women and children, and some officers of the medical staff. The crew consisted of about one hundred and thirty officers and seamen; making a total of about six hundred persons.

The "Birkenhead" sailed on the twenty-fifth, about 6 A.M., for Algoa Bay. At eight o'clock in the evening the ship's course was duly pricked off on the chart, within False Bay; and the man at the helm received directions how to steer. A leadsman was on the paddle-box, and lookout men were placed; the night was fine, starlight and calm, but a long swell was setting in on shore; the land was distinctly visible on the port bow. About ten minutes before two o'clock in the morning, the leadsman got soundings in twelve or thirteen fathoms, the ship then going about eight knots; before he could get another cast of the lead, the ship struck on a precipitous rock, with two fathoms under her bows, and eleven by the stern.

The commander of the ship, Mr. Salmond, rushed on deck, ordered the small bower anchor to be let go, the quarter-boats to be lowered, and to lie off alongside the ship; the paddle-box boats to be got out, and a turn astern to be given by the engines. This last seems to have been a fatal measure; for as the ship backed from the rock, the water rushed into the large orifice made by the concussion; and the ship striking again, the whole of the plates of the foremost bilge were "buckled up,"

and the partition bulkheads torn asunder. The consequence was, that in a very few minutes the forward compartments and engine-rooms were filled with water, and a great number of the unfortunate soldiers were drowned in their berths. In the meanwhile, Mr. Salmond and his officers, and the commanders of the military, were doing their duty on deck with heroic composure: the survivors of the soldiers had mustered and awaited the orders of their officers with firm discipline. Mr. Salmond gave orders to Colonel Seton to send troops to the chain pumps: the orders were implicitly obeyed, and perfect discipline maintained. The women and children were calmly placed in the cutter, which lay alongside, in the charge of an officer, and pulled off to a short distance to be free from the danger of a rush; two other boats were also manned; but it would appear that even in this disciplined man-of-war, where the crew were well exercised in launching boats, the same unfortunate difficulty that had been so fatal in the "Amazon" was present—one of the life-boats that was lowered into the water was immediately swamped, and the other, and the boat on the booms, could not be launched at all. Thus, three boats, which were deeply laden with seventy-eight persons, were all that were actually available for six hundred and thirty persons.

In ten minutes after the first concussion, and while the engines were still turning astern, the ship, as stated, struck again under the engine-room, bilging the side several feet, and tearing open the bottom. Instantly the ship broke in two, abaft the mainmast, the bowsprit sprang up in the air toward the foretopmast, the funnel went over the side, and the forepart of the ship sank instantly; the stern part, now crowded with men, floated a few minutes longer, and then sank, leaving the main topmast and topsail-yard only visible above water. Up to this awful moment the resolution and coolness of all hands were remarkable, "far exceeding," says Captain Wright, "anything that I thought could be effected by the best discipline: every one did as he was directed, and there was not a murmur or a cry among them until the vessel made her final plunge. All the officers received their orders and had them carried out, as if the men were embarking instead of going to the bottom;

there was only this difference, that I never saw any embarkation conducted with so little noise and confusion.

"When the vessel was just about going down, the commander called out 'All those who can swim jump overboard, and make for the boats!' We begged the men not to do as the commander said, as the boat with the women must be swamped. Not more than three made the attempt. Under this heroic obedience to discipline the whole mass were engulfed in the waves by the sinking of the ship. Such as were not sucked into the abyss clung to the masts and yards; some—mostly those who had life-belts—struck out for the shore; others grasped floating spars and pieces of driftwood. The terrors of the sinking ship were nothing to the agony now to be encountered—those on the mast and yard had little prospect but of a brief respite; those who were floating still more horrible anticipation—the sea at this point abounds with numerous sharks; the coast is inaccessible for miles owing to heavy breakers, and to those who should be fortunate enough to escape the jaws of the fish of prey and reach the shallow water, an immense mass of weed, perfectly impenetrable, stretches out and bars access to land, to the wretch who would struggle through it.

"Nearly two hundred persons were floating on the driftwood; Mr. Salmond was seen swimming strongly, but he was struck on the head by a piece of floating wood, and sank; the commander of the soldiers, Colonel Seton, went down with his men. The current swept the swimmers along the coast—many were bitten and carried away by the sharks by the side of their companions, who heard their last shrieks, and beheld them carried down beneath the waters—more were swept into the bank of sea-weed, entangled, and drowned, their corpses affording prey for many days afterward to the voracious fish who congregated in immense numbers along the shore; some—perhaps thirty or forty—were fortunate enough to find a passage through the weed and reached the shore, exhausted, naked, and shoeless. Under a burning sun they had to traverse arid sand thickly planted with prickly shrubs and destitute of inhabitants, until at length they reached a farm settlement where they received every assistance. The country was alarmed, and all

hastened to the coast. Boats were obtained, and the shore, and particularly the outside of the sea-weed, were diligently searched, but only four persons were found alive. The corpses were collected and decently interred. There were not many, however, and I regret to say it could easily be accounted for."

In the mean while the persons in the three boats had pulled along the shore to find a landing-place. After they had proceeded to some distance without success, they descried a sail far at sea, and pulled after her. She was, however, too far off to perceive them, and sailed away; the boats therefore returned to the coast and pulled on, every stroke carrying them away from their perishing companions. The gig succeeded in finding a small cove in which her crew (nine persons) landed, and sent a messenger to Simon's Bay with intelligence of the disaster.

Captain Wyvill, the commander on the station, instantly dispatched the "Rhadamanthus" to pick up the other two boats, and to save any persons who might yet be found alive. The "Rhadamanthus" was too late to be of effectual service in either mission; for she shortly after fell in with the "Lioness"—the schooner previously chased by the boats—having a large number of the shipwrecked men on board. After the boat had lost sight of her, as related, she had changed her course, and sighted them; immediately bore down and took their crews on board—among whom were the women and children—and, learning from them the fearful position of the other survivors, she ran down to the scene of the disaster in sufficient time to take off about forty persons, who were still clinging to the maintopsail-yard. With these, altogether one hundred and sixteen persons, she made sail for Simon's Bay. The "Rhadamanthus" then diligently searched over a large area of sea, and the line of sea-weed, without finding any others surviving; and, having taken on board those who had landed on the coast, returned to port.

Of the six hundred and thirty persons on board the "Birkenhead" at the time of this fearful catastrophe, one hundred and ninety-four were saved: namely, of the ship's company, seven officers, and fifty-three seamen, boys, and marines. Of

the military passengers, one hundred and thirty-four, namely, seven women, thirteen children, five officers, and one hundred and twenty-six soldiers. The officers saved were Captain Wright, Lieutenants Girardol and Lucas, Cornet Brown, and Staff-Surgeon Bowen.

The intelligence of so dreadful a catastrophe excited most painful feelings of horror and compassion. There were, however, in this case, sentiments of a more elevated kind. The unfortunate men had perished, and, though not gloriously on the battle-field or the sea-fight, they had not the less perished in the service of their country; and rarely has the most glorious death called forth more earnest tribute of admiration to soothe the affliction of surviving kinsmen, than the heroic calmness and devotion of the sufferers on this occasion received from their countrymen.

In Parliament and in private it was felt and avowed that there are deaths which shed more real luster on the dead than those which are met in the heat and fury of the fight. Death by the sword or the bullet is within the ordinary condition of the soldier's career—opposed face to face with the foe—victory and glory the one issue, death in advancing his country's cause the other—the soldier dies on the field a soldier's death. But at sea, in the silence of the night, in peace, no foe to grapple with, loss to the public service the one issue, no glorious action to be recounted—to meet death in the open sea, with nerves braced to cold determination, to obey the command which restrains from action, and perhaps from safety, to prefer obedience to imperiling the lives of women and children, and to feel, collected and unappalled, the deck sink beneath them into the waves, does indeed infer moral and physical courage worthy the utmost admiration.

Heroes of the Life-Saving Service*

By GUSTAV KOBBÉ

THERE is one power that wages a ceaseless war against whomsoever ventures upon its domain—the sea. No enemy is more pitiless. Wind and snow and fog are its weapons. It neither asks nor gives quarter. Who shall say how many centuries man has sailed the main? But, also, who shall say how many ships and how many lives it has claimed as tribute? With a kind of savage sarcasm, it often calls in its very opposite, the land, to aid in its work of destruction, so that what should be the sailors' hope and haven becomes at times his source of greatest peril.

A few nations, having awakened to a sense of their responsibility toward humanity, have sought to lessen this last and most cruel peril, so far as lies in human power, and maintain each a little band of men whose duty it is to patrol the coast, watch out for stranded vessels, and go to the rescue of their crews.

In the United States these men belong to what is known as the Life-saving Service. Year after year they are called upon to brave dangers before which the stoutest heart might well quail, and brave them calmly and coolly, without the stimulus of excitement which in battle carries everything along, and often makes a fictitious hero of a natural coward.

There is nothing fictitious in the heroism of the life-savers. They are aware of the possible consequences of their every act. Desperate chances are taken, but they are known to be desperate. As a plain recital of some of the rescues they have

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made will show, they deliberately go forth to save the lives of others, knowing they are imperiling their own; and this, too, without the hope of any adequate reward in case they are successful. There can be no truer "heroes of peace" than they.

Keeper Silas H. Harding and his crew of the Jerry's Point, New Hampshire, station all received gold medals for a rescue the perils of which were almost unique. During a winter storm, with the thermometer below freezing-point, the schooner "Oliver Dyer" stranded on the ledges, a hundred and fifty yards from shore. As the life-savers were about to fire a life-line from the Lyle gun, a heavy sea caught the vessel on her broadside, and, lifting her bodily, threw her thirty or forty feet inshore, where the wash was so great that it would have been impossible to handle the line. The vessel now gradually worked shoreward to within about seventy-five feet of a large, flat, ice-covered, wave-swept rock.

Keeper Harding at once realized that it was from this rock the battle must be fought.

He and his crew succeeded in reaching it between seas. They had barely gained a footing when they saw a man struggling in the breakers. Surfman Hall sprang to his rescue, but as he dragged him out, a wave swept both off the rock. Fortunately, they were carried to the inshore side, and, clinging to its ragged edges, his hands and arms torn and bleeding, the surfman was able, as the sea receded a moment, to regain his footing and draw the sailor up after him. Meanwhile, Surfman Randall had saved another man just as he was being carried out a second time by the undertow. Keeper Harding now made a successful throw with the heaving-stick; and as the men leaped from the vessel, with the line under the armpits, they were hauled ashore, whither the life-savers had retreated after they had succeeded in throwing the line to the vessel.

In their exhausted state no information could be obtained from the men who were rescued as to the number that were aboard the wreck; and Keeper Harding, fearing, although no more signals for help came over the line, that there still might be sailors aboard too benumbed to adjust it, sent Surfmen Randall and Amazeen back to the rock to see if there were

any more men on the wreck. A big wave carried both surfmen off their feet; but Amazeen seized Randall as the sea rolled back, and clung with him to the rock. The rest of the crew dashed out to their rescue; but they were saved only just in time, for they were almost exhausted when brought ashore.

The rescue of these shipwrecked sailors was surrounded by most perilous circumstances; for while Keeper Harding and his men were engaged in saving the crew of the "Dyer," they were, in turn, engaged in saving one another.

To no life-saving crew does the term "heroes of peace" more exactly apply than to that of the station at Evanston, Illinois, on Lake Michigan. With the exception of the keeper, it is composed of students of the Northwestern University, who, when not on duty at the station, are quietly pursuing their studies. It is a kind of college team that has the waves of Lake Michigan for a playground, human lives for a goal, and the elements for umpire.

One Thanksgiving morning these brave fellows received word that the life was being pounded out of a steamer and her crew off Fort Sheridan, twelve miles distant. With the lifeboat they made their way to the scene of the disaster. From the bluff they could see the vessel in the breakers, about a thousand yards from shore. There was a living gale, the thermometer was below the freezing-point, and the air thick with snow and sleet.

A wild ravine—a roaring, ice-glazed crack in the bluff—led down to the shore. It would have been impossible even for this plucky crew to have taken the boat safely down through the steep ravine; but soldiers and civilians, armed with picks and shovels, hewed out steps from its side, and mowed a path through the brush. The beach was a mere strip, exposed to the full fury of the sheeting waves. Thrice, in hauling the boat to the windward point, from which Keeper Lawson decided to launch, it filled.

The bluff was lined with soldiers and others from the fort, and every one held his breath as the frail-looking boat, which seemed a mere cockle-shell amid the writhing waters, left the beach. Once it nearly pitch-poled; once it filled to the thwarts;

and though the crew pulled with the strength of desperation, it was driven to leeward, and had to be forced toward the wreck in the very teeth of the gale. The life-savers' clothing was frozen stiff; the vessel was shrouded with ice; her crew, half perished, huddled forward. At last the boat was forced under the steamer's lee, and six men were brought off and taken ashore. Three trips were made in all, and when the life-savers finally beached their boat, their condition was almost as pitiable as that of those they had saved. That was this college team's Thanksgiving game. They won it against fearful odds, a fact attested by the gold medals awarded to keeper and crew: Lawrence O. Lawson, George Crosby, William M. Ewing, Jacob Loining, Edson B. Fowler, William L. Wilson, and Frank M. Kindig.

To me the rescue of the crew of the British schooner "H. P. Kirkham," by the crew of the Coskata life-saving station, Nantucket Island, seems the most daring exploit ever performed within the scope of the service. Twenty-six hours elapsed between the time the life-boat was launched and its landing with the crew of the wrecked vessel—twenty-six hours of exposure in an open boat, amid the tide-rips and riotous cross-seas of the Nantucket Shoals.

An overcast sky, with occasional snow-squalls, the thermometer twenty degrees below the freezing-point, an icy norther whistling over the sand-dunes—such was the night preceding this rescue.

The Coskata patrols went over their dreary beats, returning to the station chilled and worn with their long trudge through the heavy snow and sand.

At daybreak wind and sea were still rising. Keeper Chase carefully swept with his long glass as much of the coast as he could bring within range; but no vessel was visible. Just then there was a ring at the station telephone, and the lighthouse-keeper at Sankaty Head reported that, just before dawn, he had seen torch-flashes off-shore, and thought he could discern the masts of a vessel on Bass Rip, ten miles out. Keeper Chase again made a careful search. There was no vessel in sight. She must be outside even of Bass Rip. The crew was quickly mustered, and Sankaty Head was called up.

"Is the vessel still there?"

"Yes; still there."

"All right. We will launch and go to her at once. Call up Vineyard Haven, and, if there's a tug in port, ask the master to run off toward Great Rip. Tell him a vessel somewhere beyond there may need a tug; that we've gone out to her; and that, if he can't render assistance to her, we'll probably need him to get back against wind and sea."

Not a man of the crew but knew what it meant to run before a gale on Nantucket Shoals. The gale must moderate, some vessel must pick them up, or seven more men would share the fate of those on the wreck. These descendants of old-time whalemen had no need to speak of this to one another. With the fathers it had been, "Dead whale, or stove boat"; with the sons it was, "Rescued crew, or drowned life-savers."

Sail was made, and Bass Rip reached in a comparatively short time. From there the vessel was first seen, five miles farther out. "On the Rose and Crown Shoal!" exclaimed Keeper Chase. This is the most dangerous of the numerous outlying shoals; but, nothing daunted, the keeper headed the boat for it. When the life-savers got near enough they could make out seven men clinging to the rigging of a three-masted schooner, the hull of which had already worked itself so deep into the treacherous shoal that only part of the port rail could be seen. The sea broke high over the bow, and swirled over deck and stern.

The life-boat was anchored, a hawser taken over the bow, and, carefully steadied by the oars and the long steering-sweep, the boat dropped down with the current toward the wreck, the life-savers intent upon the keeper's every command, whether by word or gesture. One misstroke might mean failure and death. Carefully working in between seas, it became at last possible to hurl a heaving-stick with a small line attached into the rigging. A heavier line was "bent" on to the stick by the schooner's crew, drawn aboard the life-boat, and made fast to the after thwart; and then two of the boat's crew began to haul in carefully toward the wreck.

And now occurred one of the dramatic incidents of the res-

THE LIFE-SAVERS

From a Painting by C. Haquette.

cue. The half-frenzied sailors, intent only upon saving their own lives, began hauling rapidly on their end of the line, at the imminent danger of swamping the life-boat.

"Make that line fast!" shouted Keeper Chase. But the schooner's crew was demoralized and undisciplined, and no attention was paid to the command.

Keeper Chase passed his knife to the stroke-oarsman. "I have charge here," he shouted. "Pull this boat another foot nearer that wreck, and the line shall be cut!"

Keeper Chase stands six feet four inches in his boots, and he has a six-foot-four-inch voice. He towered above the seas in the eyes of the shipwrecked crew, and his command rang in their ears above the storm; and there stood the stroke-oarsman, knife in hand, ready to sever the line. The little wave-tossed boat at the end of that line was their only hope of safety; and so they made fast, and the life-savers worked in as close to the wreck as caution would permit. One after another, the seven men were taken off the wreck, where for fifteen hours almost certain death had been staring them in the face.

Keeper Chase knew that the rescued men, hungry, cold, and exhausted with their long night struggle, drenched with icy seas, and pierced with the north wind, were worse than useless —mere dead weight in the boat. In fact, it would be little less than a miracle if they reached shore alive. So they were simply stowed away lengthwise in the bottom of the boat. From the deeply laden craft no land could be seen. Only the tall red-and-white tower on Sankaty, Nantucket's boldest headland, was now and then barely discernible as the boat rose on the crest of a high sea.

Mast and sail, useless now against a head wind and sea, were cast overboard. The anchor was lifted, and the boat headed shoreward. Wind and current combined to force it toward the breaking shoal, which was weathered only after three hours of the hardest pulling. It was impossible to make farther headway at that time, and the boat was again anchored, to await the turn of the tide, which might aid in reaching land.

At sunset, six hours after leaving the wreck (which had split

up an hour after the rescue), the boat had made only one mile of the fifteen toward shore. To be at anchor in such seas meant no rest. Rolling and pitching, the boat was shipping water with almost every wave, and the utmost exertion was required to keep it even comparatively free. The southern tide was due at nine o'clock, but the fierce norther had caused such a set that, after an hour's pull, the crew was obliged to anchor again. The rescued men weighted the boat and added to the danger of swamping; one of them was moaning piteously; and the bow-oarsman of the rescuing crew was also overcome for a while.

At last one of the life-savers, Perkins, or, as his boat-mates call him, "Perkie," said, "Captain, let me sleep ten minutes, and I'll be all right." So the members of the crew were allowed to sleep in turn, but only a few minutes at a time, for fear of freezing.

The boat had been launched at eight o'clock one morning; it was three o'clock of the next. At last the southern tide made up, wind and sea moderated somewhat, and with sunrise another pull was made for shore. At ten o'clock, twenty-six hours after the crew had left Coskata, they beached the boat at Siasconset, on the southeastern shore of Nantucket, some eight miles across the island from the station, to which they were too exhausted to return until the afternoon.

When the crew started from Coskata, they left behind them in the station a woman, Keeper Chase's wife. As hour after hour wore away, she watched and waited, hoping against hope. When the crew reached the station, she came out, stood up on tiptoe, drew the keeper's bearded face down to hers, and kissed him.

There are times when the tension upon the emotions is so great that the least giving way results in a total collapse; and perhaps this is the reason Keeper Chase—his voice a bit husky, it is true—merely turned to his crew and called out:

"Now, boys, stow away the boat, and get your suppers. It's 'most time for the sunset patrol to be out." And so the routine was quietly resumed.

From the time the life-boat left the wreck until at sunrise

the next morning the imperiled life-savers had kept a constant look out for any tug that might have put out to their aid from Vineyard Haven. Did a tug start in response to the message from Sankaty? Yes; it stood off-shore some five or six miles, and then, afraid to proceed farther in such seas and gale, ran for shelter!

The medals which were awarded to this valiant crew arrived too late for one of its members, the cheerful "Perkie." He had been weakened by an attack of pneumonia the previous winter, and the exposure of those terrible twenty-six hours brought on consumption. He knew the medals had been awarded; and when the keeper visited him shortly before his death, he asked, "Captain, haven't those stove-covers come yet?"

"Perkie" was the sole joy and support of an aged mother, and the medal which came too late for him is the only consolation of this poor sorrowing soul.

During the session of 1894–95 the New York legislature passed resolutions praising in the highest terms the heroism of several life-saving crews on Long Island, among them that of the Lone Hill station.

"Lone Hill!" What a dreary name, suggestive of a wind-swept sand-dune rising in desolate isolation from a sea-worn beach! No wonder the disaster, in spite of the heroism it called forth, has lineaments as terrible as storm and death can present. It combines with a marvelous exhibition of endurance and courage, not only on the part of the life-savers, but also on the part of one of the sailors of the ill-fated vessel, the most tragic aspects of shipwreck. After a forty-four-hours' fight for life, only two survivors of a crew of eight were brought ashore, and of these two, one died soon afterward. That he reached shore with a spark of life in him was due to the almost superhuman efforts of his shipmate, who, with death staring him in the face, and at a time when self-preservation would have been uppermost in the mind of almost any one, watched over this unfortunate with a care, tenderness, and devotion bordering on the miraculous. Yet he was only a common sailor; and when he himself had recovered from the effects of that winter

storm, quietly went his way, and is probably still before the mast.

It is needless to follow the three-masted schooner "Louis V. Place" through all the stress of winter weather which she encountered after she weighed from Baltimore on her last voyage. It converted the vessel into little more than a drifting iceberg. Her running-gear was frozen in the blocks, her sails were as stiff as boards, her decks sheeted with ice. On the morning that was to be her last, the captain, her whereabouts being wholly a matter of conjecture (he thought he was off Sandy Hook), tried to let go his anchors in hope of holding her off the lee shore which his soundings told him was near. But the crew, already subjected to four days and nights of bitter exposure, failed in their efforts to clear away the ice-bound anchors. Though the halyards were cut, the sails, rigid with ice, remained upright in their places, and the vessel's course landward was unchecked. When the shock came—the shock a vessel feels but once—all hands took to the mizzen-rigging.

The men of the Lone Hill station, eight miles east of Fire Island light, were returning from the rescue of a shipwrecked crew when they were notified that a vessel had just stranded near their station. They were soon abreast of her. She lay some four hundred yards out, swept from end to end by the waves. Frequent snow-squalls obscured the atmosphere; the surf was full of porridge ice, and great cakes of ice were piled up on the beach. To launch, let alone pull, a boat under such conditions was beyond human strength. While the Lyle gun was being made ready, two of the men in the rigging were seen to let go their hold and drop into the sea. This occurrence, so early in the catastrophe, was appalling evidence that the crew's vitality was at a low ebb, and that succor, to be of much avail, must be immediate.

It was only at intervals between the snow-gusts that the gun could be fired. The second shot landed the line over the rigging, almost within grasp of the shipwrecked sailors; but not one of them stirred to reach for it. By one o'clock in the afternoon four lines had been fired; but it was evident that the crew was too exhausted or too nearly dead to aid in its own rescue.

The weather now closed in so thick that the vessel was invisible for three hours. Then a glimpse of a few minutes disclosed only four instead of six figures in the rigging. Two had silently frozen and dropped into the sea. Twice more the gun was fired, but again without avail. Darkness now set in. It was a wild, pitiless night. The life-savers built a beacon fire, and watched the surf for any chance, however desperate, to launch their boat. None came, and with daybreak, almost twenty-four hours after the vessel had stranded, it was seen that of the four figures in the rigging only two showed signs of life.

It had been evident already the previous day, and became more so on this, that one of these, if he survived, would owe his life to his shipmate, who, during these awful hours, instead of concentrating his efforts upon his own preservation, made every endeavor to keep up the feeble vitality in the other, beating him with the end of a rope, and shaking and pounding him, in turn. The mizzenmast seemed to be growing insecure; and at low tide, when part of the vessel's deck was not awash, this man slowly and painfully made his way down to it and along it to the main rigging. But before going up he turned and looked at the man he had left in the mizzen. Tottering back, and groping his way up until he reached him again, he in some miraculous way brought him down to the deck, and, by shoving and dragging him, got him over to the main rigging and up it. That the two other figures on the wreck were only frozen corpses soon became apparent. When the sailor who would not desert his shipmate, evidently with the intention of lashing him fast, unwound some rope near these figures, they were suddenly loosened, and swung, one by the head, the other by the feet, to and fro in the gale, nearly knocking the two survivors out of the rigging.

The second day was now rapidly waning. The ninth and last shot was fired. It laid the line fair across the hull, between the main- and fore-mast. The watchers held their breath as the sailor who had shown such unexpected vitality slowly came out of the rigging. He bent over stiffly and painfully, picked up the line, made an effort as if to haul, staggered, fell, and crept

feebly back to the rigging. The tension among those ashore had been so great that, when this seemingly last hope of saving what little of life remained on the doomed ship failed, three of the men burst into tears.

During the waning hours of that second day, and even in the gathering darkness, desperate, almost frantic efforts were made to launch the surf-boat. Each time it was simply tossed back upon the ice-rimmed beach. Again a fire was built, and again the surf watched, as it rushed into the glare, for a favorable opportunity for action. At last, almost at midnight, more than forty hours after the vessel had stranded, the surf seemed a little less powerful and the ice less densely packed. This was the supreme moment. With a mighty rush, the boat was sent into the surf. Waves breasted her, ice pounded her; but, driven on with all the strength her resolute crew could gather, she was at last laid alongside the storm-swept hulk, and the two perishing men were taken off. It was one o'clock on the morning of the third day when they were borne into the Lone Hill station. The heroic sailor, William Stevens, who had done all he could to save his shipmate, recovered. The latter's condition was so pitiable as to beggar description. His feet were frozen solid in his boots. Amputation became necessary, and he died at the hospital to which, at the earliest possible moment, he had been taken from the station.

This gallant rescue was accomplished by Keeper Baker of Lone Hill, Keeper Rorke of Blue Point, and five surfmen. As the resolution passed by the New York legislature says, "Such a service belongs to humanity, and deserves universal admiration." True; but true also of William Stevens of the fo'c'sle.

HEROISM OF DUTY

Heroes Who Fight Fire*

By JACOB RIIS

[Jacob August Riis, journalist and author, was born at Ribe, Denmark, May 3, 1849. He was educated in a Latin school of his native place and after 1876 came to New York and became police reporter for the "New York Sun." He has made a thorough study of the conditions of the poor of the city, was active in the movement to secure small parks and playgrounds, and also participated in the effort toward tenement house and school reform. In 1897 he was secretary of the New York Small Parks Commission and in the same year was executive officer of the Good Government Clubs. He is the author of "How the Other Half Lives," published in 1890; "The Children of the Poor," in 1892; "Nibsy's Christmas," in 1893; "Out of Mulberry Street," in 1898; and "A Ten Years' War," in 1900, and "The Evolution of an American," in 1902. He has written, besides these, many magazine articles on social and economic topics. He lives at Richmond Hill, Staten Island.]

THIRTEEN years have passed since, but it is all to me as if it had happened yesterday—the clanging of the fire-bells, the hoarse shouts of the firemen, the wild rush and terror of the streets; then the great hush that fell upon the crowd; the sea of upturned faces, with the fire-glow upon it; and up there, against the background of black smoke that poured from roof and attic, the boy clinging to the narrow ledge, so far up that it seemed humanly impossible that help could ever come.

But even then it was coming. Up from the street, while the crew of the truck-company were laboring with the heavy extension-ladder that at its longest stretch was many feet too short, crept four men upon long, slender poles with cross-bars, iron-hooked at the end. Standing in one window, they reached up and thrust the hook through the next one above, then

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mounted a story higher. Again the crash of glass, and again the dizzy ascent. Straight up the wall they crept, looking like human flies on the ceiling, and clinging as close, never resting, reaching one recess only to set out for the next; nearer and nearer in the race for life, until but a single span separated the foremost from the boy. And now the iron hook fell at his feet, and the fireman stood upon the step with the rescued lad in his arms, just as the pent-up flame burst lurid from the attic window, reaching with impotent fury for its prey. The next moment they were safe upon the great ladder waiting to receive them below.

Then such a shout went up! Men fell on each other's necks, and cried and laughed at once. Strangers slapped one another on the back, with glistening faces, shook hands, and behaved generally like men gone suddenly mad. Women wept in the street. The driver of a car stalled in the crowd, who had stood through it all speechless, clutching the reins, whipped his horses into a gallop, and drove away yelling like a Comanche, to relieve his feelings. The boy and his rescuer were carried across the street without any one knowing how. Policemen forgot their dignity, and shouted with the rest. Fire, peril, terror, and loss were alike forgotten in the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.

Fireman John Binns was made captain of his crew, and the Bennett medal was pinned on his coat on the next parade-day. The burning of the St. George Flats was the first opportunity New York had of witnessing a rescue with the scaling-ladders that form such an essential part of the equipment of the fire-fighters to-day. Since then there have been many such. In the company in which John Binns was a private of the second grade, two others to-day bear the medal for brave deeds: the foreman, Daniel J. Meagher, and Private Martin M. Coleman, whose name has been seven times inscribed on the roll of honor for twice that number of rescues, any one of which stamped him as a man among men, a real hero. And Hook and Ladder No. 3 is not specially distinguished among the fire-crews of the metropolis for daring and courage. New Yorkers are justly proud of their firemen. Take it all in all, there is not, I think,

to be found anywhere a body of men as fearless, as brave, and as efficient as the fire brigade of New York. I have known it well for twenty years, and I speak from a personal acquaintance with very many of its men, and from a professional knowledge of more daring feats, more hairbreadth escapes, and more brilliant work, than could well be recorded between the covers of this volume.

Indeed, it is hard, in recording any, to make a choice, and to avoid giving the impression that recklessness is a chief quality in the fireman's make-up. That would not be true. His life is too full of real peril for him to expose it recklessly—that is to say, needlessly. From the time when he leaves his quarters in answer to an alarm until he returns, he takes a risk that may at any moment set him face to face with death in its most cruel form. He needs nothing so much as a clear head; and nothing is prized so highly, nothing puts him so surely in the line of promotion; for as he advances in rank and responsibility, the lives of others, as well as his own, come to depend on his judgment. The act of conspicuous daring which the world applauds is oftenest to the fireman a matter of simple duty that had to be done in that way because there was no other. Nor is it always, or even usually, the hardest duty, as he sees it. It came easy to him because he is an athlete trained to do just such things, and because once for all it is easier to risk one's life in the open, in the sight of one's fellows, than to face death alone, caught like a rat in a trap. That is the real peril which he knows too well; but of that the public hears only when he has fought his last fight, and lost.

In the chief's quarters of the Fourteenth Battalion up in Wakefield there sits to-day a man, still young in years, who in his maimed body but unbroken spirit bears testimony to the quality of New York's fire-fighters. Thomas J. Ahearn led his company as captain to a fire in the Consolidated Gas Works on the East Side. He found one of the buildings ablaze. Far toward the rear, at the end of a narrow lane, around which the fire swirled and arched itself, white and wicked, lay the body of a man—dead, said the panic-stricken crowd. His sufferings had been brief. A worse fate threatened all unless the fire

was quickly put out. There were underground reservoirs of naphtha—the ground was honeycombed with them—that might explode at any moment with the fire raging overhead. The peril was instant and great. Captain Ahearn looked at the body, and saw it stir. The watch-chain upon the man's vest rose and fell as if he were breathing.

"He is not dead," he said. "I am going to get that man out." And he crept down the lane of fire, unmindful of the hidden dangers, seeing only the man who was perishing. The flames scorched him; they blocked his way; but he came through alive, and brought out his man, so badly hurt, however, that he died in the hospital that day. The Board of Fire Commissioners gave Ahearn the medal for bravery, and made him chief. Within a year he all but lost his life in a gallant attempt to save the life of a child that was supposed to be penned in a burning Rivington Street tenement. Chief Ahearn's quarters were near by, and he was first on the ground. A desperate man confronted him in the hallway. "My child! my child!" he cried, and wrung his hands. "Save him! He is in there." He pointed to the back room. It was black with smoke. In the front room the fire was raging. Crawling on hands and feet, the chief made his way into the room the man had pointed out. He groped under the bed, and in it, but found no child there. Satisfied that it had escaped, he started to return. The smoke had grown so thick that breathing was no longer possible, even at the floor. The chief drew his coat over his head, and made a dash for the hall door. He reached it only to find that the spring-lock had snapped shut. The door-knob burned his hand. The fire burst through from the front room, and seared his face. With a last effort, he kicked the lower panel out of the door, and put his head through. And then he knew no more.

His men found him lying so when they came looking for him. The coat was burned off his back, and of his hat only the wire rim remained. He lay ten months in the hospital, and came out deaf and wrecked physically. At the age of forty-five the board retired him to the quiet of the country district, with this formal resolution, that did the board more credit than

it could do him. It is the only one of its kind upon the department books:

Resolved, That in assigning Battalion Chief Thomas J. Ahearn to command the Fourteenth Battalion, in the newly annexed district, the Board deems it proper to express the sense of obligation felt by the Board and all good citizens for the brilliant and meritorious services of Chief Ahearn in the discharge of duty which will always serve as an example and an inspiration to our uniformed force, and to express the hope that his future years of service at a less arduous post may be as comfortable and pleasant as his former years have been brilliant and honorable.

No one but an athlete with muscles and nerves of steel could have performed the feat that made Dennis Ryer, of the crew of Engine No. 36, famous three years ago. That was on Seventh Avenue at One Hundred and Thirty-fourth Street. A flat was on fire, and the tenants had fled; but one, a woman, bethought herself of her parrot, and went back for it, to find escape by the stairs cut off when she again attempted to reach the street. With the parrot-cage, she appeared at the top-floor window, framed in smoke, calling for help. Again there was no ladder to reach. There were neighbors on the roof with a rope, but the woman was too frightened to use it herself. Dennis Ryer made it fast about his own waist, and bade the others let him down, and hold on for life. He drew the woman out, but she was heavy, and it was all they could do above to hold them. To pull them over the cornice was out of the question. Upon the highest step of the ladder, many feet below, stood Ryer's father, himself a fireman of another company, and saw his boy's peril.

"Hold fast, Dennis!" he shouted. "If you fall I will catch you." Had they let go, all three would have been killed. The young fireman saw the danger, and the one door of escape, with a glance. The window before which he swung, half smothered by the smoke that belched from it, was the last in the house. Just beyond, in the window of the adjoining house, was safety, if he could but reach it. Putting out a foot, he kicked the wall, and made himself swing toward it, once, twice, bending his body to add to the motion. The third time he all but passed it, and took a mighty grip on the affrighted woman, shouting into her

ear to loose her own hold at the same time. As they passed the window on the fourth trip, he thrust her through sash and all with a supreme effort, and himself followed on the next rebound, while the street, that was black with a surging multitude, rang with a mighty cheer. Old Washington Ryer, on his ladder, threw his cap in the air, and cheered louder than all the rest. But the parrot was dead—frightened to death, very likely, or smothered.

I once asked Fireman Martin M. Coleman, after one of those exhibitions of coolness and courage that thrust him constantly upon the notice of the newspaper man, what he thought of when he stood upon the ladder, with this thing before him to do that might mean life or death the next moment. He looked at me in some perplexity.

"Think?" he said slowly. "Why, I don't think. There ain't any time to. If I'd stopped to think, them five people would 'a' been burnt. No; I don't think of danger. If it is anything, it is that—up there—I am boss. The rest are not in it. Only I wish," he added, rubbing his arm ruefully at the recollection, "that she hadn't fainted. It's hard when they faint. They're just so much dead weight. We get no help at all from them heavy women."

Firemen dread cellar fires more than any other kind, and with reason. It is difficult to make a vent for the smoke, and the danger of drowning is added to that of being smothered when they get fairly to work. If a man is lost to sight or touch of his fellows there for ever so brief a while, there are five chances to one that he will not again be seen alive. Then there ensues such a fight as the city witnessed a few years ago at the burning of a Chambers Street paper-warehouse. It was fought out deep underground, with fire and flood, freezing cold and poisonous gases, leagued against Chief Bonner's forces. Next door was a cold-storage house, whence the cold. Something that was burning—I do not know that it was ever found out just what—gave forth the smothering fumes before which the firemen went down in squads. File after file staggered out into the street, blackened and gasping, to drop there. The near engine-house was made into a hospital, where the senseless men

were laid on straw hastily spread. Ambulance surgeons worked over them. As fast as they were brought to, they went back to bear a hand in the work of rescue. In delirium they fought to return. Down in the depths one of their number was lying helpless.

There is nothing finer in the records of glorious war than the story of the struggle these brave fellows kept up for hours against tremendous odds for the rescue of their comrade. Time after time they went down into the pit of deadly smoke, only to fail. Lieutenant Banta tried twice and failed. Fireman King was pulled up senseless, and having been brought round, went down once more. Fireman Sheridan returned empty-handed, more dead than alive. John O'Connell, of Truck No. 1, at length succeeded in reaching his comrade and tying a rope about him, while from above they drenched both with water to keep them from roasting. They drew up a dying man; but John G. Reinhardt dead is more potent than a whole crew of firemen alive. The story of the fight for his life will long be told in the engine-houses of New York, and will nerve the Kings and the Sheridans and the O'Connells of another day to like deeds.

While I am writing this, the morning paper that is left at my door tells the story of a fireman who, laid up with a broken ankle in an up-town hospital, jumped out of bed, forgetting his injury, when the alarm-gong rang his signal, and tried to go to the fire. The fire-alarms are rung in the hospitals for the information of the ambulance corps. The crippled fireman heard the signal at the dead of night, and, only half awake, jumped out of bed, groped about for the sliding-pole, and, getting hold of the bedpost, tried to slide down that. The plaster cast about his ankle was broken, the old injury reopened, and he was seriously hurt.

"Like a cry of fire in the night" appeals to the dullest imagination with a sense of sudden fear. There have been nights in this city when the cry swelled into such a clamor of terror and despair as to make the stoutest heart quake—when it seemed to those who had to do with putting out fires as if the end of all things was at hand. Such a night promised

to be the one when the Manhattan Bank and the State Bank across the street on the other Broadway corner, with three or four other buildings, were burned, and when the ominous "two nines" were rung, calling nine-tenths of the whole force below Central Park to the threatened quarter. But, happily, the promise was not fully kept. The supposed fire-proof bank was crumbling in the withering blast like so much paper; the cry went up that whole companies of firemen were perishing within it; and the alarm had reached Police Headquarters in the next block, where they were counting the election returns. Thirteen firemen, including the deputy department chief, a battalion chief, and two captains, limped or were carried from the burning bank, more or less injured. The stone steps of the fire-proof stairs had fallen with them or upon them. Their imperiled comrades, whose escape was cut off, slid down hose and scaling-ladders. The last, the crew of Engine Company No. 3, had reached the street, and all were thought to be out, when the assistant foreman, Daniel Fitzmaurice, appeared at a fifth-story window. The fire beating against it drove him away, but he found footing at another, next adjoining the building on the north. To reach him from below, with the whole building ablaze, was impossible. Other escape there was none, save a cornice ledge extending half-way to his window; but it was too narrow to afford foothold.

Then an extraordinary scene was enacted in the sight of thousands. In the other building were a number of fire-insurance patrolmen, covering goods to protect them against water damage. One of these—Patrolman John Rush—stepped out on the ledge, and edged his way toward a spur of stone that projected from the bank building. Behind followed Patrolman Barnett, steadying him and pressing him close against the wall. Behind him was another, with still another holding on within the room, where the living chain was anchored by all the rest. Rush, at the end of the ledge, leaned over and gave Fitzmaurice his hand. The fireman grasped it, and edged out upon the spur. Barnett, holding his rescuer fast, gave him what he needed—something to cling to. Once he was on the ledge, the chain wound itself up as it had unwound itself. Slowly, inch

by inch, it crept back, each man pushing the next flat against the wall with might and main, while the multitudes in the street held their breath, and the very engines stopped panting, until all were safe.

No account of heroic life-saving at fires, even as fragmentary as this, could pass by the marvelous feat, or feats, of Sergeant (now Captain) John R. Vaughan on that February morning, when the Hotel Royal was burned. The alarm rang in patrol station No. 3 at 3:20 o'clock on Sunday morning. Sergeant Vaughan, hastening to the fire with his men, found the whole five-story hotel ablaze from roof to cellar. The fire had shot up the elevator shaft, round which the stairs ran, and from the first had made escape impossible. Men and women were jumping and hanging from windows. One, falling from a great height, came within an inch of killing the sergeant as he tried to enter the building. Darting up into the next house, and leaning out of the window with his whole body, while one of the crew hung on to one leg, he took a half-hitch with the other in some electric-light wires that ran up the wall, trusting to his rubber boots to protect him from the current, and made of his body a living bridge for the safe passage from the last window of the burning hotel of three men and a woman whom death stared in the face, steadying them as they went with his free hand. As the last passed over, ladders were being thrown up against the wall, and what could be done there was done.

Sergeant Vaughan went up on the roof. The smoke was so dense there that he could see little, but through it he heard a cry for help, and made out the shape of a man standing upon a window-sill in the fifth story, overlooking the courtyard of the hotel. The yard was between them. Bidding his men follow —they were five, all told—he ran down and around in the next street to the roof of the house that formed an angle with the hotel wing. There stood the man below him, only a jump away, but a jump which no mortal might take and live. His face and hands were black with smoke. Vaughan, looking down, thought him a negro. He was perfectly calm.

"It is no use," he said, glancing up. "Don't try. You can't do it."

The sergeant looked wistfully about him. Not a stick or a piece of rope was in sight. Every shred was used below. There was absolutely nothing. "But I couldn't let him," he said to me, months after, when he had come out of the hospital a whole man again, and was back at work—"I just couldn't, standing there so quiet and brave." To the man he said sharply:

"I want you to do exactly as I tell you, now. Don't grab me, but let me get the first grab." He had noticed that the man wore a heavy overcoat, and had already laid his plan.

"Don't try," urged the man. "You cannot save me. I will stay here till it gets too hot; then I will jump."

"No, you won't," from the sergeant, as he lay at full length on the roof, looking over. "It is a pretty hard yard down there. I will get you, or go dead myself."

The four sat on the sergeant's legs as he swung free down to the waist; so he was almost able to reach the man on the window with outstretched hands.

"Now jump—quick!" he commanded; and the man jumped. He caught him by both wrists as directed, and the sergeant got a grip on the collar of his coat.

"Hoist!" he shouted to the four on the roof; and they tugged with their might. The sergeant's body did not move. Bending over till the back creaked, it hung over the edge, a weight of two hundred and three pounds suspended from and holding it down. The cold sweat started upon his men's foreheads as they tried and tried again, without gaining an inch. Blood dripped from Sergeant Vaughan's nostrils and ears. Sixty feet below was the paved courtyard; over against him the window, behind which he saw the back-draft coming, gathering headway with lurid, swirling smoke. Now it burst through, burning the hair and the coats of the two. For an instant he thought all hope was gone.

But in a flash it came back to him. To relieve the terrible dead weight that wrenched and tore at his muscles, he was swinging the man to and fro like a pendulum, head touching head. He could *swing him up!* A smothered shout warned his men. They crept nearer the edge without letting go their

grip on him, and watched with staring eyes the human pendulum swing wider and wider, farther and farther, until now, with a mighty effort, it swung within their reach. They caught the skirt of the coat, held on, pulled in, and in a moment lifted him over the edge.

They lay upon the roof, all six, breathless, sightless, their faces turned to the winter sky. The tumult of the street came up as a faint echo; the spray of a score of engines pumping below fell upon them, froze, and covered them with ice. The very roar of the fire seemed far off. The sergeant was the first to recover. He carried down the man he had saved, and saw him sent off to the hospital. Then first he noticed that he was not a negro; the smut had been rubbed off his face. Monday had dawned before he came to, and days passed before he knew his rescuer. Sergeant Vaughan was laid up himself then. He had returned to his work, and finished it; but what he had gone through was too much for human strength. It was spring before he returned to his quarters, to find himself promoted, petted, and made much of.

Thus a fireman's life. That the very horses that are their friends in quarters, their comrades at the fire, sharing with them what comes of good and evil, catch the spirit of it, is not strange. It would be strange if they did not. With human intelligence, and more than human affection, the splendid animals follow the fortunes of their masters, doing their share in whatever is demanded of them. In the final showing that in thirty years, while with the growing population the number of fires has steadily increased, the average loss per fire has as steadily decreased, they have their full share, also, of the credit. In 1866 there were seven hundred and ninety-six fires in New York, with an average loss of $8,075.38 per fire. In 1876, with 1,382 fires, the loss was but $2,786.70 at each. In 1896, 3,890 fires averaged only $878.81. It means that every year more fires are headed off than run down—smothered at the start, as a fire should be. When to the verdict of "faithful unto death" that record is added, nothing remains to be said. The firemen know how much of that is the doing of their four-legged comrades. It is the one blot on the fair picture that the city which

owes these horses so much has not seen fit, in gratitude, to provide comfort for their worn old age. When a fireman grows old, he is retired on half-pay for the rest of his days. When a horse that has run with the heavy engines to fires by night and by day for perhaps ten or fifteen years is worn out, it is—sold, to a huckster, perhaps, or a contractor, to slave for him until it is fit only for the bone-yard! The city receives a paltry two or three thousand dollars a year for this rank treachery, and pockets the blood-money without a protest. There is room next, in New York, for a movement that shall secure to the fireman's faithful friend the grateful reward of a quiet farm, a full crib, and a green pasture to the end of its days, when it is no longer young enough and strong enough to "run with the machine."

Joan of Arc

By OLIVER H. G. LEIGH

THE famous heroine of France is to be canonized as a saint of the Latin church. The first stage has been reached in a process which requires many years to complete. Centuries of inadequate recognition of her mystical but real greatness of soul cry loudly for just honor to be paid to her memory. She is no longer a legendary being. We now know her life, her character, and experiences from historical records of her day, which have in our time been unearthed and subjected to jealous scrutiny.

Joan was born in the village of Domremy in 1412. In all cases, but particularly in hers, we should make an honest effort to put ourselves in the circumstances of those we wish to understand and judge. This is difficult in proportion to the remoteness of the period and our unfamiliarity with the actual conditions in which the persons lived. When Joan's public history began she was a robust country lass of thirteen, a tomboy like her mates and no better schooled, but she was naturally given to moody fits and strange fancies. The only literary and artistic culture possible to her class in rural France nearly five hundred years ago was that of the pulpit and church, the lore of Biblical and legendary story indelibly impressed on the youthful mind by the realistic imagery of preachers, and the storied windows, eloquent symbols, pictures, sculptures, and stately beauty of the great church, which to the peasant class of that stormy time was a veritable foretaste of heaven.

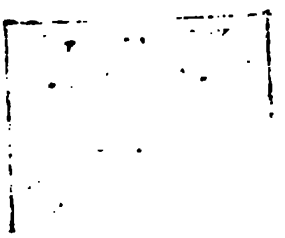
The English King, Henry V., had invaded France. Tales

of dreadful carnage were the common gossip-news all over the country districts. Children were familiarized with the terrors of war as they played their games and sang their nursery rhymes. They lived in dread of the foreign invaders. We can only surmise what must have been the fact, that most of the young people of Joan's day and locality grew up with profoundest hatred of the cruel marauders who spared neither property nor life in their brutal raids. Joan took these things to heart. No telling what common inspirations nerved her girl-spirit to the vast crusade she conceived and carried out at the cost of her life. Companions must have listened as she told them her strange day-dreams of childlike ambitions and glorious deeds of bravery. Cannot we remember our own soaring visions of untrammeled fancy? Some among her listeners must have counterbalanced the disheartening ridicule or silent smile of the stupider ones by their eager belief in her creepy accounts of ghostly creatures talking to her out of the leafy trees. We may not fix the limits of inspiration's working, either in the mature or the child mind.

She told her little cronies in their twilight gatherings, after she had milked her father's cows and had a chance to be her own self, how yesterday, being alone in their patch of orchard ground, a great bright light set the trees aglow. After her first fright she felt as if fairy-land had come to her. By and by, as her eyes got used to the light, she recognized St. Michael, who was surrounded by other angels. The village church was dedicated to St. Michael, and what more natural than that an impressionable girl of thirteen should reproduce in glorified form the stained window representation of the patron saint as the sunset radiance, shining through the rustling foliage, illuminated the picture imprinted by ardent devotion deep in her spiritual eyes. Whatever her reason was, she soon kept her visions to herself. They were realities to Joan, and no second person can be trusted with the sacred secrets from which what the world calls "inspiration" springs. It only calls it so after the results forbid any lesser title, but in the early stage it mocks at the seemingly trivial or crazy manifestations of a soul in sublime earnest.

JOAN OF ARC

From a painting by J. Ingres.



The vision returned often within the next few weeks. The archangel bade Joan be a good girl and he would send Saints Catherine and Margaret to visit her, and whatever they might wish her to do would be the command of God. In due course three heavenly messengers appeared to her expectant gaze. They spoke to her in the simple language of her kind and told her she was to go to the help of the King of France. Joan had of her own accord convinced herself that there would be no return of peace and happiness until the foreign usurper was driven from her beloved country. The Dauphin, Charles, rightful sovereign of France, was a poor, despicable creature, incapable of saving his country or inspiring others to drive out the enemy.

For three years Joan communed with her celestial directors in the burning bush. She went about her daily work like other girls, keeping her grand secret to herself until the time was ripe for action. Meanwhile Domremy church was burnt down by raiders. This stung her keenly. Joan determined at all risks to "obey the voices." She was not yet eighteen, but she demanded permission of the governor of the province to visit the Dauphin, Charles. After endless hindrances this official sanctioned her journey and gave a safe-conduct introduction. Joan verily believed that she would be the means of securing the coronation of the king, and would be present at the ceremony.

She was now the topic of national gossip, malicious, superstitious, honestly enthusiastic. Some regarded her as having supernatural powers, some said she was a witch, others thought her a sham. A hundred obstacles were put in her way by people who had motives of their own, not conspicuously patriotic. When certain persons of great social influence tried to prevent her progress by force Joan gave them this reply, which was recorded at the time and has come down to us: "Before mid-Lent I *must* be with the Dauphin though I have to wear my legs down to the knees. No one in the world, neither kings nor dukes nor King of Scotland's daughter, nor any one else, can recover the kingdom of France without help from me, though I would rather spin by my mother's side, since this soldiering is not my calling."

Joan decided to wear the uniform of a soldier, modified to suit her sex. This circumstance was used against her when before the ecclesiastical court, but she was quite a match for the Inquisitors when they tried to entrap her into admissions of questionable intentions.

Having silenced opposition, Joan was at last pronounced theologically and morally sound by the doctors of the Church. On this, Charles the coward had his girl-champion equipped in rather gorgeous military attire, no doubt to the natural gratification of Joan, who never ceased to be womanly through all her adventures. A sacred sword from a church treasure-chest was placed in her hand, and with this inspiring start she headed the brilliant march of an army of 5,000 men, themselves inspired by the sight of one they venerated as a heaven-sent deliverer.

They reached Orleans at last. The sight of its walls quickened the devotion of her soldiers. They fought like heroes. Joan dashed to the front, scaled the ramparts in the teeth of the enemy's fierce resistance. She received a glancing arrow wound on her neck, but made light of it because the victory was won. Orleans fell. The Dauphin was able to go to Rheims to be crowned. Joan accompanied him and proudly bore her conquering banner during the celebration.

There was more fighting to be done before the English could be driven out of the country. In the next battle Joan was taken prisoner. She had expected this, as her "voices" had predicted it. Her coward king made no effort to rescue his deliverer and maker. In despair at her fate in falling into the hands of the merciless English Joan sought death by flinging herself off her prison wall, but no bones were broken. She had not many prominent champions among women of influence. One of the few had about this time been burnt at the stake as a witch by the authorities of the University of Paris, because she had declared her belief in Joan and her cause.

The English meanly abetted the ecclesiastics in their efforts to convict Joan of heresy and witchcraft. She was solemnly warned that if she did not save her soul by confession she might forfeit her life. Her fine retort was this: "If I were now at the judgment seat, and if I saw the torch burning and

the fagots laid, and the executioner ready to light the fire; if I were *in* the fire, I would say nothing else and would stand by what I said at the trial, even to death." She never swerved from her faith in the divine message that had been sent her. Its truth had been proven by the results.

Continued pestering, in her weakened state of body and distress of mind, at length so far affected the poor girl's stamina that she signed—so her persecutors alleged—a recantation on the day set for her burning. It was done at the foot of the stake. But before a few days had gone Joan insisted on withdrawing that involuntary confession. She had been made to wear woman's clothes. Her "voices" bade her put on again the soldier-suit that was placed within her reach as a trap. The fact was eagerly used as a proof that Joan was a "lapsed heretic." She was delivered to be burnt to death by the Church's court, backed by the brutal sanction of the English who had quailed at her heroic stroke.

The official preacher at the execution libelled the Church's maiden victim by pronouncing her to be an "apostate, idolater, blasphemer," and such like terms. As the fire was kindled poor Joan begged for a cross. Its solace was denied her by the iron-hearted Church. An English soldier handed his to her, a couple of sticks tied crosswise. From the flame that enwrapped her was heard her dying cry, "Jesus! Jesus!"

And so went up as heroic a soul as ever endured the agonies of martyrdom for one's country's cause.

HEROISM OF WOMEN

Grace Darling

THE charming name of this brave girl has doubtless helped to keep her famous action in the public memory, as that of Florence Nightingale enhanced the affection with which the world regards the gentle minister of grace who brought "songs in the night" to the sufferers in the Crimea. The chronicles of the life-boat service glow with splendid examples of heroisms performed in the way of routine duty. The story of Grace Darling stands out from the rest by reason of the rescuer being a woman.

The lighthouse on Longstone Island, off the coast of Northumberland, was in charge of William Darling. Here Grace Darling was born, on November 15, 1816, her schoolroom being the lantern chamber. On the night of September 6, 1838, a sudden storm arose and the steamer "Forfarshire" struck on one of the neighboring Fern Islands and broke in two. William Darling learned of the disaster at three in the morning, and got ready to set out in his boat. Grace, a buoyant-hearted girl of two-and-twenty, said she would accompany her father. Mrs. Darling strongly objected, as the sea was terribly rough, and at last only consented on condition that she too should go. When the three were stepping into the boat her husband as emphatically protested against his wife going. He represented that, by occupying a place in the boat, she would deprive one passenger of a chance for life, whereas, by staying at home, she could do better service by making fires and preparing blankets and clothes and food for those he and Grace might rescue. She stayed behind, and we can partly imagine her agony of suspense during that hour of peering through the darkness for

the returning boat. Darling was a master of his perilous business and knew how to head off a dangerous panic. By skillful management of his boat, authoritative commands to the sailors and passengers, and prompt action at the critical moment—in all of which Grace was a masterly second—nine of the half-frantic survivors were rescued from the ledge of rock on which they shivered.

The story of the rescue was flashed from end to end of the land. Grace was honored as a marvel of bravery, but she thought nothing of her share in it and never could understand the sensation it caused throughout the kingdom. She always insisted, and it was true, that there were girls all along the coast who would and did accompany their fathers and brothers to sea in storms, when called on to save life. Harriet Martineau describes the enthusiasm manifested by the nation over Grace Darling's deed. "Her name flew abroad over the world. As she sat at her sewing in the little room in the lighthouse, the world came to pay her homage. The rich, the high-born, and the good visited her. Those who could not come sent poems or books or money. The protection of her father was not enough under the pressure of suitors and worshipers, and the Duke of Northumberland made himself her guardian, took care of her money, kept an eye upon her lovers, and promoted, as far as he could, the quietness she longed for. Her life had lost its simplicity, though her mind and manners never did. Her health gave way under the impossibility of repose, and she died of consumption on October 20, 1842, as much a martyr to her own deed as if the boat had been swamped in its passage to the rock. Seldom has so tender a sorrow spread through the heart of the nation as when the newspapers told of the death of Grace Darling. She had found quiet, and a more intense image of repose can scarcely be presented than her monument, where she lies with her oar resting on her arm. That monument will preach a lesson of self-sacrifice, and rouse a spirit of heroic goodwill long after the sectarian strifes of the time shall have been forgotten."

Clara Barton

GOOD angels of the battle-field and other public scenes of suffering richly deserve honorable tribute in every record of heroic deeds. Clara Barton was born at Oxford, Massachusetts, in 1830, where she commenced life as a school-teacher. It was not enough that she should be doing perfunctory duty, so, in Old Bordentown, N. J., she saw the need of a free school that should reach a class then unprovided for. Miss Barton took up her work in earnest, and founded a free school. It started with only six scholars, but before she left there were nearly six hundred. In 1854 she entered the Patent Office in Washington as a clerk, where she remained until the war. The records of suffering that saw the light moved her deeply; she felt that there must be infinitely more which did not reach the public ear. She determined to go to the front and devote herself to caring for the wounded. General Butler appointed her "lady in charge" of hospitals with the Army of the James. Here began the practical work which she has carried on so successfully, crowning it with the arduous labors that mitigated the evils of the war with Spain. The name of Clara Barton was of itself a healing influence, as her kindly word and cheering smile made many a wounded soldier for the time forget his pain. In 1863 she was sent officially to Andersonville, Ga., to identify and mark the graves of Union soldiers, and to search for missing men. Only a tender heart could have undertaken a task so distressing; only a brave one could have faced the dreadful associations of Andersonville. Miss Barton gained a rare, practical experience of army life, of the horrors of war, of the arduous duties of the field.

This service having impaired her health, Miss Barton went to Switzerland. When the Franco-German War broke out, in 1870, the Grand Duchess of Baden enlisted her services in establishing military hospitals upon the best basis. During the war her ministrations were freely and extensively given where they were most needed, without partiality. At the joint request of the German and French authorities, Miss Barton took charge of the distribution of relief among the suffering poor of Strasburg after the siege. She did similar service during the siege of Paris, superintending the administration of relief to the destitute. She received the honorable decoration of the Golden Cross of Baden, and the Iron Cross of Germany.

In 1881 the American Red Cross Society was formed, on the model of the English organization. Miss Barton was chosen to be its first president. The treaty of nations, according protection to its agents, was signed in 1882. Its object is to organize and operate a system of national relief in time of war, pestilence, famine, or other calamities. When the devastating floods of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers occurred, in 1884, Miss Barton was in charge of the Red Cross Society's operations. Later, in the same year, she went as delegate to the International Peace Convention, at Geneva, and also to that of the Red Cross Societies at the same place. Governor Butler appointed Miss Barton superintendent of the female reformatory prison at Sherborn, Mass. Besides much other pen-work of a practical kind, she has written the history of the Red Cross movement.

A Heroine in Humble Life

THE girl Alice Ayres, who died yesterday in Guy's Hospital, was as true a heroine (remarks a correspondent) as ever lived. She was a servant in the house of an oilman in London. On Thursday a fire broke out in the oilman's premises, and rapidly spread to his dwelling-house above the shop. Alice Ayres was the first to be awakened by it. She ran to a window and cried for assistance; but when assistance came it was not herself that she saved. When she found that no one could enter the burning house, she flung a feather-bed to the pavement below, and then, in spite of the blinding smoke and heat, carried her master's three children to the window and threw them down upon the bed. The first child fell unhurt, and the other two with only the slightest injury, although before she threw the last one down the heroic girl was evidently exhausted. Having thus nobly risked her life for the children, Alice Ayres tried to jump to the bed; but her strength was gone, and, falling short upon the pavement, she suffered the injuries from which she died. There is not in the record of our battles by land or sea a deed of self-sacrifice surpassing the deed of this humble girl.—*Daily newspapers, April 27, 1885.*

The Conqueror's Grave

By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

[William Cullen Bryant was born in Cummington, Mass., November 3, 1794. He entered Williams College, but remained only seven months, after which he studied law and practised for twelve years in Western Massachusetts. He served the town of Great Barrington as tithing man, town-clerk, and justice of the peace. He had begun to write verse at the age of eight and, at seventeen, produced his famous threnody, "Thanatopsis," a poem that he never surpassed in his maturity. In 1821 he read a long poem, "The Ages," before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard, and his first volume of poems was published the same year. Besides the two poems already mentioned, the volume contained the lines "To a Waterfowl" and the "Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood." After his removal to New York he edited the "New York Review," and then went upon the staff of the "New York Evening Post," becoming eventually a proprietor and its chief editor.

From this time to the end of his life he filled a foremost place in the literary and journalistic life of the metropolis, writing, besides many poems, several volumes of letters on foreign travel, a popular history of the United States, and translations of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." In 1864 his seventieth birthday was celebrated by the Century Club, and in 1875 the two houses of legislature at Albany gave an official reception in his honor. He died June 12, 1878.]

WITHIN this lowly grave a conqueror lies,
And yet the monument proclaims it not,
Nor round the sleeper's name hath chisel wrought
The emblems of a fame that never dies,—
Ivy and amaranth, in a graceful sheaf,
Twined with the laurel's fair, imperial leaf.
A simple name alone,
To the great world unknown,
Is graven here, and wild flowers rising round,
Meek meadow-sweet and violets of the ground,
Lean lovingly against the humble stone.

Here, in the quiet earth, they laid apart
No man of iron mold and bloody hands,
Who sought to wreak upon the cowering lands
The passions that consumed his restless heart:
But one of tender spirit and delicate frame,
Gentlest, in mien and mind,
Of gentle womankind,
Timidly shrinking from the breath of blame;
One in whose eyes the smile of kindness made
Its haunt, like flowers by sunny brooks in May,
Yet, at the thought of others' pain, a shade
Of sweeter sadness chased the smile away.

Nor deem that when the hand that molders here
Was raised in menace, realms were chilled with fear
And armies mustered at the sign, as when
Clouds rise on clouds before the rainy East,—
Gray captains leading bands of veteran men
And fiery youths to be the vulture's feast.
Not thus were waged the mighty wars that gave
The victory to her who fills this grave:
Alone her task was wrought,
Alone the battle fought;
Through that long strife her constant hope was stayed
On God alone, nor looked for other aid.

She met the hosts of Sorrow with a look
That altered not beneath the frown they wore,
And soon the lowering brood were tamed, and took
Meekly her gentle rule, and frowned no more.
Her soft hand put aside the assaults of wrath,
And calmly broke in twain
The fiery shafts of pain,
And rent the nets of passion from her path.
By that victorious hand despair was slain.
With love she vanquished hate and overcame
Evil with good, in her Great Master's name.

Her glory is not of this shadowy state,
Glory that with the fleeting season dies;
But when she entered at the sapphire gate
What joy was radiant in celestial eyes!

How heaven's bright depths with sounding welcomes rung,
And flowers of heaven by shining hands were flung!
And He who, long before,
Pain, scorn, and sorrow bore,
The Mighty Sufferer, with aspect sweet,
Smiled on the timid stranger from his seat;
He who returning, glorious, from the grave,
Dragged Death disarmed, in chains, a crouching slave.

See, as I linger here, the sun grows low;
Cool airs are murmuring that the night is near.
Oh gentle sleeper, from thy grave I go,
Consoled though sad, in hope and yet in fear.
Brief is the time, I know,
The warfare scarce begun;
Yet all may win the triumphs thou hast won.
Still flows the fount whose waters strengthened thee;
The victors' names are yet too few to fill
Heaven's mighty roll; the glorious armory
That ministered to thee, is open still.

HEROISM IN RELIGIOUS DEVOTION

The Founding of New England

By EDWARD EVERETT

[Edward Everett, as scholar, statesman, and philanthropist among the foremost of eminent Americans of the first half of the nineteenth century, was born in Dorchester, Mass., in 1794. He entered Harvard College in 1807, and after graduation studied divinity under President Kirkland, and in 1813 was called to the pastorate of the Brattle Street Church. Two years later he was appointed professor of Greek in Harvard College; in preparation for which post he spent the ensuing four years in Europe. During his professorship he was four years editor of the "North American Review." He was elected to Congress in 1825, as an independent, and retained his seat for ten years. He then became governor of Massachusetts and was three times re-elected.

In 1840 he went abroad, and, upon the incoming of the Whig administration under Harrison, was accredited as minister to the Court of St. James. Webster, who was secretary of state, left almost entirely in his hands the conduct of negotiations concerning the settlement of the North East boundary dispute and the questions arising out of the rebellion in Canada. With the change of administration in 1845 he retired and became president of Harvard College, which office he administered for three years. In the leisure which followed the relinquishment of this post he interested himself in the founding of the Boston Public Library, to which he gave his entire collection of state papers, together with many books. From 1856 to 1860 he earned by lectures and writing the sum of $100,000, which he devoted to the preservation of Mount Vernon.

His last public service was rendered in 1864, when his name headed the list of Republican electors chosen by Massachusetts to cast the vote of the state for Lincoln. He died on January 15, 1865. The present article on the founding of New England is from his address at Plymouth, December 22, 1824.]

IT is not by pompous epithets or lively antitheses that the exploits of the Pilgrims are to be set forth. We can only do this worthily by repeating the plain tale of their sufferings, by dwelling on the circumstances under which their memorable enterprise was executed, and by catching that spirit which led

them across the ocean, and guided them to the spot where we stand. We need no voice of artificial rhetoric to celebrate their names. The bleak and deathlike desolation of Nature proclaims with touching eloquence the fortitude and patience of the meek adventurers. On the bare and wintry fields around us their exploits are written, in characters which will last, and tell their tale to posterity when brass and marble have crumbled into dust.

Were it only as an act of rare adventure, were it a trait in foreign or ancient history, we should fix upon the achievement of our fathers as one of the noblest deeds in the annals of the world. Were we attracted to it by no other principle than that sympathy we feel in all the fortunes of our race, it could lose nothing, it must gain, in the contrast, with whatever history or tradition has preserved to us of the wanderings and settlements of the tribes of man. A continent, for the first time, effectually explored; a vast ocean, traversed by men, women, and children, voluntarily exiling themselves from the fairest portions of the Old World; and a great nation grown up, in the space of two centuries, on the foundation so perilously laid by this feeble band—point me to the record or to the tradition of anything that can enter into competition with it! It is the language, not of exaggeration, but of truth and soberness, to say that there is nothing in the accounts of Phœnician, of Grecian, or of Roman colonization, that can stand in the comparison.

These are the well-known titles of our ancestors to our gratitude and veneration.

But there seems to me this peculiarity in the nature of their enterprise, that its grand and beneficent consequences are, with the lapse of time, constantly unfolding themselves, in an extent, and to a magnitude, beyond the reach of the most sanguine promise. Successful, indeed, in its outset—it has been more and more successful, at every subsequent point, in the line of time. Accomplishing all they projected—what they projected was the least part of what has come to pass. Forming a design, in itself grand, bold, and even appalling, for the risks and sacrifices it required—the fulfilment of that design is the least thing, which, in the steady progress of events, has flowed from

their counsels and their efforts. Did they propose to themselves a refuge, beyond the sea, from the religious and political tyranny of Europe? They achieved not that alone, but they have opened a wide asylum to all the victims of oppression throughout the world. We ourselves have seen the statesmen, the generals, the kings of the elder world flying for protection to our shores. Did they look for a retired spot, inoffensive for its obscurity, and safe in its remoteness, where the little church of Leyden might enjoy the freedom of conscience? Behold the mighty regions, over which, in peaceful conquest—*victoria sine clade*—they have borne the banners of the Cross! Did they seek, under the common franchise of a trading charter, to prosecute a frugal commerce, in reimbursement of the expenses of their humble establishment? The fleets and navies of their descendants are on the farthest ocean; and the wealth of the Indies is now wafted, with every tide, to the coasts where, with hook and line, they painfully gathered up their frugal earnings. In short, did they, in their brightest and most sanguine moments, contemplate a thrifty, loyal, and prosperous colony, portioned off, like a younger son of the imperial household, to an humble and dutiful distance? Behold the spectacle of an independent and powerful republic, founded on the shores where some of those are but lately deceased who saw the first-born of the Pilgrims!

When the first settlements were made upon the coasts of America by Europeans, a voyage across the Atlantic must have been much more formidable, to all except seafaring people by profession, than it is at the present day. Persons, like most of those who composed the company of the "Mayflower," no doubt regarded with natural terror the passage of the mighty deep. Navigation, notwithstanding the great advances which it had made in the sixteenth century, was yet, comparatively speaking, in its infancy. The very fact that voyages of great length and hazard were successfully attempted in very small vessels—a fact which, on first view, might seem to show a high degree of perfection in the art—in reality proves that it was as yet but imperfectly understood. That the great Columbus should put to sea, for the discovery of a new passage across the western

ocean to India, with two out of three vessels unprovided with decks, may, indeed, be considered the effect, not of ignorance of the art of navigation, but of bitter necessity. Sir Francis Drake, nearly a hundred years afterward, the first naval commander who ever sailed around the earth, enjoying the advantage of the royal patronage, and of no little personal experience, embarked on his voyage of circumnavigation with five vessels, of which the largest was of one hundred, and the smallest of fifteen tons. This fact must be regarded as proof that the art of navigation, in the generation preceding our ancestors, had not reached that point where the skilful adaptation of means to ends supersedes the necessity of extraordinary intrepidity, aided by not less extraordinary good fortune. It was, therefore, the first obstacle which presented itself to the project of the Pilgrims, that it was to be carried into execution across the ocean which separates our continent from the rest of the world. Notwithstanding, however, this circumstance, and the natural effect it must have had on their minds, there is no doubt that it is one of those features in our natural situation, to which America is indebted, not merely for the immediate success of the enterprise of settlement, but for much of its subsequent prosperity.

Religious reformation was the original principle which kindled the zeal of our Pilgrim fathers; as it has been so often acknowledged to be the master principle of the greatest movements in the modern world. The religions of Greece and Rome were portions of the political systems of these countries. The Scipios, the Crassuses, and Julius Cæsar himself were high priests. It was, doubtless, owing in part to this example, that, at an early period after the first introduction of Christianity, the heads of the Church so entirely mistook the spirit of this religion, that, in imitation of the splendid idolatry which was passing away, they aimed at a new combination of church and state, which received but too much countenance from the policy of Constantine. This abuse, with ever multiplying and aggravated calamitous consequences, endured without any effectual check till the first blow was aimed at the supremacy of the papal power by Philip the Fair of France, in the fourteenth

century, who laid the foundation of the liberties of the French Church by what may be called the Gallican Reformation.

After an interval of two hundred years, this example was followed and improved upon by the princes in Germany who espoused the Protestant Reformation of Luther, and in a still more decisive manner by Henry VIII. in England; at which period we may accordingly date the second great step in the march of religious liberty.

Much more, however, was yet to be effected toward the dissolution of the political bond between church and state. Hitherto, a domestic was substituted for a foreign yoke, and the rights of private conscience had, perhaps, gained but little in the exchange. In the middle of the sixteenth century, and among the exiles whom the tyranny of Queen Mary had driven to the free cities on the Rhine, the ever-memorable sect of Puritans arose. On their return to England, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, their dislike to the ceremonial of the Church of England gained strength and intensity by the compulsory means employed to establish conformity.

Nearly as we have now reached, both in simplicity of principle and point of time, to our Pilgrim forefathers, there is one more purifying process to go through, and one more generation to pass away. The major part of the non-conformists themselves, while they rejected the ceremonies and disliked the organization of the Church of England, approved, in substance, the constitution of the Genevan Church, and their descendants were willing, a century later, to accept of a legal establishment in Scotland.

It remained, therefore, to take the last step in the progress of reform, by asserting the independence of each single church. This principle may be considered as firmly established from the time of John Robinson, who may be called the father of the *Independent* churches. His own, at Leyden, was the chief of these; and fidelity to their principles was the motive of their departure from Holland, and the occasion of their settlement at Plymouth.

Under these auspices, the Pilgrims landed on the coast of New England. They found it a region of moderate fertility,

offering an unsubdued wilderness to the hand of labor, with a climate temperate, indeed, but, compared with that which they had left, verging somewhat near to either extreme; and a soil which promised neither gold nor diamonds, nor anything but what should be gained from it by patient industry. This was but a poor reality for that dream of Oriental luxury with which America had filled the imaginations of men. The visions of Indian wealth, of mines of silver and gold, and fisheries of pearl, with which the Spanish adventurers in Mexico and Peru had astonished the ears of Europe, were but poorly fulfilled in the bleak and sterile plains of New England. No doubt, in the beginning of the settlement, these circumstances operated unfavorably on the growth of the colony. In the nature of things, it is mostly adventurers who incline to leave their homes and native land, and risk the uncertainty of another hemisphere; and a climate and soil like ours furnished but little attraction to the adventuring class. Captain Smith, in his zeal to promote the growth of New England, is at no little pains to show that the want of mineral treasures was amply compensated by the abundant fishery of the coast; and having sketched, in strong colors, the prosperity and wealth of the states of Holland, he adds, "Divers, I know, may allege many other assistances, but this is the chiefest mine, and the sea the source of those silver streams of their virtue, which hath made them now the very miracle of industry, the only pattern of perfection for these affairs; and the benefit of fishing is that *primum mobile* that turns all their spheres to this height of plenty, strength, honor, and exceeding great admiration."

While we smile at this overwrought panegyric on the primitive resource of the first settlers of New England, we cannot but acknowledge that it has foundation in truth. It is, doubtless, to the untempting qualities of our climate and soil, and the conditions of industry and frugality, on which alone the prosperity of the colony could be secured, that we are to look for a full share of the final success of the enterprise.

Nor should we omit to say, that if our forefathers found, in the nature of the region to which they emigrated, the most favorable spot for the growth of a free and happy state, they

themselves sprang from the country and the stock the best adapted to furnish the habits and principles essential to the great undertaking. In an age that speculates, and speculates to important purpose, on the races of fossil animals, of which no living specimen has existed since the Deluge, and which compares, with curious criticism, the dialects of languages which ceased to be spoken a thousand years ago, it cannot be called idle, to inquire, which of the different countries of modern Europe possesses the qualities that best adapt it to become the parent nation of a new and free state. I know not, in fact, what more momentous question in human affairs could be asked, than that which regards the most hopeful lineage of a collective empire. But without engaging in so extensive a discussion, I may presume that there is not one who hears me, that does not regard it as a matter of congratulation and joy, that our fathers were Englishmen.

No character is perfect among nations more than among men; but it must needs be conceded that, of all the states of Europe, England has been, from an early period, the most favored abode of liberty; the only part of Europe, where, for any length of time, constitutional liberty can be said to have a stable existence.

I am not—I need not say I am not—the panegyrist of England. I am not dazzled by her riches, nor awed by her power. The sceptre, the mitre, and the coronet—stars, garters, and blue ribbons—seem to me poor things for great men to contend for. Nor is my admiration awakened by her armies, mustered for the battles of Europe; her navies, overshadowing the ocean; nor her empire, grasping the farthest East. It is these, and the price of guilt and blood by which they are too often maintained, which are the cause why no friend of liberty can salute her with undivided affections. But it is the cradle and the refuge of free principles, though often persecuted; the school of religious liberty, the more precious for the struggles through which it has passed; the tombs of those who have reflected honor on all who speak the English tongue; it is the birthplace of our fathers, the home of the Pilgrims; it is these which I love and venerate in England. I should feel ashamed of an

enthusiasm for Italy and Greece, did I not also feel it for a land like this. In an American, it would seem to me degenerate and ungrateful to hang with passion upon the traces of Homer and Virgil, and follow without emotion the nearer and plainer footsteps of Shakespeare and Milton. I should think him cold in his love for his native land, who felt no melting in his heart for that other native country, which holds the ashes of his forefathers.

But it was not enough that our fathers were of England: the masters of Ireland and the lords of Hindostan are of England too. But our fathers were Englishmen, aggrieved, persecuted, and banished. It is a principle amply borne out by the history of the great and powerful nations of the earth, and by that of none more than the country of which we speak, that the best fruits and choicest action of the commendable qualities of the national character are to be found on the side of the oppressed few, and not of the triumphant many. As, in private character, adversity is often requisite to give a proper direction and temper to strong qualities, so the noblest traits of national character in all countries, our own not excepted, will often be found in times of trial and disaster, in the ranks of a protesting minority or of a dissenting sect. Never was this truth more clearly illustrated than in the settlement of New England.

Could a common calculation of policy have dictated the terms of that settlement, no doubt our foundations would have been laid beneath the royal smile. Convoys and navies would have been solicited to waft our fathers to the coast; armies, to defend the infant communities; and the patronage of princes and great men, to defend their interest in the councils of the mother country. Happy, that our fathers enjoyed no such patronage; happy, that they fell into no such protecting hands; happy, that our foundations were silently and deeply cast in quiet insignificance, beneath a charter of banishment, persecution, and contempt; so that, when the royal arm was at length outstretched against us, instead of a submissive child, tied down by former graces, it found a youthful giant in the land, born amidst hardships, and nourished on the rocks, indebted for no favors, and owing no duty. From the dark portals of the Star Cham-

ber, and in the stern text of the Acts of Uniformity, the Pilgrims received a commission more efficient than any that ever bore the royal seal. Their banishment to Holland was fortunate; the decline of their little company in the strange land was fortunate; the difficulties which they experienced in getting the royal consent to banish themselves to this wilderness were fortunate; all the tears and heart-breakings of that ever-memorable parting at Delfthaven had the happiest influence on the rising destinies of New England. All this purified the ranks of the settlers. These rough touches of fortune brushed off the light, uncertain, selfish spirits. They made it a grave, solemn, self-denying expedition. They cast a broad shadow of thought and seriousness over the cause, and if this sometimes deepened into severity and bitterness, can we find no apology for such a human weakness?

It is sad, indeed, to reflect on the disasters which this little band of Pilgrims encountered; sad to see a portion of them, the prey of unrelenting cupidity, treacherously embarked in an unseaworthy ship, which they are soon obliged to abandon, and crowd themselves into one vessel—one hundred persons, besides the ship's company, in a vessel of one hundred and sixty tons. One is touched at the story of the long, cold, and dangerous autumnal passage; of the landing on the inhospitable rocks at this dismal season; where they are deserted before long by the ship which had brought them, and which seemed their only hold upon the world of fellow-men—a prey to the elements and to want, and fearfully ignorant of the power and the temper of the savage tribes that filled the unexplored continent upon whose verge they had ventured. But all this wrought together for good. These trials of wandering and exile, of the ocean, the winter, the wilderness, and the savage foe, were the final assurance of success. They kept far away from the enterprise all patrician softness, all hereditary claims to pre-eminence. No effeminate nobility crowded into the dark and austere ranks of the Pilgrims. No Carr nor Villiers desired to conduct the ill-provided band of despised Puritans. No well-endowed clergy were desirous to quit their cathedrals, and set up a splendid hierarchy in the frozen wilderness. No craving governors

were anxious to be sent over to our cheerless El Dorados of ice and of snow. No, they could not say they had encouraged, patronized, or helped the Pilgrims. They could not afterward fairly pretend to reap where they had not strown; and as our fathers reared this broad and solid fabric with pains and watchfulness, unaided, barely tolerated, it did not fall when the arm which had never supported was raised to destroy.

Methinks I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the "Mayflower" of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route; and now, driven in fury before the raging tempest, in their scarcely seaworthy vessel. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening weight against the staggered vessel. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five-months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth, weak and exhausted from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their shipmaster for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes. Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers. Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the boundaries of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted

settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children? was it hard labor and spare meals? was it disease? was it the tomahawk? was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved and left, beyond the sea?—was it some or all of these united that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there have gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled so glorious?

Notes and Queries.—Compare crossing the ocean now with what it meant to the Pilgrim Fathers, and consider how much stronger the author of this address could have made his praise had he been able to realize the advance in the means of navigation which the last seventy-five years would produce. Under what family of English kings were the Puritans persecuted? What was the fate of the members of that family?

HEROISM IN RELIGIOUS DEVOTION

Barclay of Ury

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

[John Greenleaf Whittier was born December 17, 1807, at Haverhill, Mass. His family belonged to the Society of Friends, and he himself always maintained that connection. He attended the district school, scribbled poetry, and worked upon the farm. At nineteen he sent a poem to William Lloyd Garrison, editor of the "Newburyport Free Press," and just then beginning his career as an abolitionist. It was commended and the writer urged to continue his literary pursuits. In 1827 he attended the Haverhill Academy for six months and in the fall taught school at Amesbury. In 1829 he went to Boston to edit a protective tariff paper, "The Manufacturer," and in 1830 was occupying the same post on the "New England Weekly Review" at Hartford, supporting Clay and the National Republicans on questions of tariff and finance, and promulgating advanced views on abolition and temperance. In 1832 he left the "Review," and, the year following, issued a pamphlet, 'Justice and Expediency," attacking the institution of slavery. He was mobbed in Concord, N. H., and forced to leave town. In 1836 he was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature; then for three years he resided in Philadelphia, as secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society. After 1840 he made his home in Massachusetts, becoming a frequent contributor to periodicals, including the "Atlantic Monthly," for which he wrote from its inception. His poems may be fairly said to have been one of the potent influences that stirred up the abolition sentiment of the North, and during the Civil War his voice was as that of Tyrtæus of old. Some of his best-known poems are "Skipper Ireson's Ride," written in 1860; "Barbara Frietchie," in 1863; "Maud Muller," in 1866; "The Tent on the Beach," in 1867. He died at Hampton Falls, N. H., in September, 1892.]

UP the streets of Aberdeen,
By the kirk and college green,
Rode the Laird of Ury;
Close behind him, close beside,
Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,
Pressed the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl,
Jeered at him the serving girl,
  Prompt to please her master;
And the begging carlin, late
Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,
  Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet, with calm and stately mien,
Up the streets of Aberdeen
  Came he slowly riding;
And, to all he saw and heard
Answering not with bitter word,
  Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadswords swinging,
Bits and bridles sharply ringing,
  Loose and free and froward;
Quoth the foremost, "Ride him down!
Push him! prick him! through the town
  Drive the Quaker coward!"

But from out the thickening crowd
Cried a sudden voice and loud:
  "Barclay! Ho! a Barclay!"
And the old man at his side,
Saw a comrade, battle tried,
  Scarred and sunburned darkly;

Who with ready weapon bare,
Fronting to the troopers there,
  Cried aloud: "God save us!
Call ye coward him who stood
Ankle deep in Lutzen's blood,
  With the brave Gustavus?"

"Nay, I do not need thy sword,
Comrade mine," said Ury's lord
  "Put it up I pray thee:
Passive to His holy will,
Trust I in my Master still,
  Even though he slay me.

"Pledges of thy love and faith,
Proved on many a field of death,
Not by me are needed."
Marveled much that henchman bold,
That his laird, so stout of old,
Now so meekly pleaded.

"Woe's the day," he sadly said,
With a slowly shaking head,
And a look of pity;
"Ury's honest lord reviled,
Mock of knave and sport of child,
In his own good city!

"Speak the word, and, master mine,
As we charged on Tilly's line,
And his Walloon lancers,
Smiting through their midst we'll teach
Civil look and decent speech
To these boyish prancers!"

"Marvel not, mine ancient friend,
Like beginning, like the end:"
Quoth the Laird of Ury,
"Is the sinful servant more
Than his gracious Lord who bore
Bonds and stripes in Jewry?

"Give me joy that in His name
I can bear, with patient frame,
All these vain ones offer;
While for them He suffereth long,
Shall I answer wrong with wrong,
Scoffing with the scoffer?

"Happier I, with loss of all,
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,
With few friends to greet me,
Than when reeve and squire were seen,
Riding out from Aberdeen,
With bared heads, to meet me.

"When each good-wife, o'er and o'er,
Blessed me as I passed her door;
And the snooded daughter,
Through her casement glancing down,
Smiled on him who bore renown
From red fields of slaughter.

"Hard to feel the stranger's scoff,
Hard the old friend's falling off,
Hard to learn forgiving:
But the Lord His own rewards,
And His love with theirs accords,
Warm and fresh and living.

"Through this dark and stormy night
Faith beholds a feeble light
Up the blackness streaking;
Knowing God's own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest
For the full day-breaking!"

So the Laird of Ury said,
Turning slow his horse's head
Toward the Tolbooth prison,
Where, through iron grates, he heard
Poor disciples of the Word
Preach of Christ arisen!

Not in vain, Confessor old,
Unto us the tale is told
Of thy day of trial;
Every age on him, who strays
From its broad and beaten ways,
Pours its seven-fold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear
Angel comfortings can hear,
O'er the rabble's laughter;
And, while Hatred's fagots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern,
Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this, that never yet
Share of Truth was vainly set
  In the world's wide fallow;
After hands shall sow the seed,
After hands from hill and mead
  Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus with somewhat of the Seer,
Must the moral pioneer
  From the Future borrow;
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,
And, on midnight's sky of rain,
  Paint the golden morrow!

Notes and Queries.—Barclay of Ury was a Scotch soldier who had served under Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, in the Thirty-Years' War. What was Gustavus called? What cause did he fight for? You will find a life of him in the "Heroes of the Nations" series. Who was Tilly? What people bore the name of Walloons? What ethical principle of the Quakers is illustrated in this poem?

HEROISM IN RELIGIOUS DEVOTION

Father Damien among the Lepers

By CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

[Charles Warren Stoddard, author and traveler, was born at Rochester, N. Y., August 7, 1843. While a boy, his family removed to California where his education was continued in the common schools and in the university of that State. Ill health prevented his graduation. He then spent some time upon the stage as an actor, after which he served for seven years as special correspondent for the "San Francisco Chronicle," in nearly every part of the globe. Five years of this time was spent in the South Seas. From 1885 to 1887 he was Professor of English Literature, in the University of Notre Dame, Ind., and since 1889 has filled the same chair in the Catholic University of America at Washington. In 1867 he published a volume of "Poems," and in 1873 a volume of tales called "South Sea Idyls." "Marshallah, a Flight into Egypt" appeared in 1881, "The Lepers of Molokai" and "A Troubled Heart" in 1885. "Lazy Letters from Low Latitudes," in 1894; "The Wonder Worker of Padua" in 1896; "A Cruise under the Crescent, from Suez to San Marco" in 1898; "Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska" in 1899. Besides the foregoing he has written "With Staff and Scrip," "Under Italian Skies," "Hither and Yon," "My Late Widow," and "The Dream Lady." His home is in Washington, D. C.]

PUBLIC interest was excited in the eighties by various accounts of the extraordinary work of a Belgian Catholic priest among the lepers of Hawaii. Joseph Damien de Veuster, known as Father Damien, had devoted his life to their welfare.

THE afternoon was waning in the tropical seaport; already the heat was tempered and the glare softened by the humidity of the slowly approaching dusk. A little while and the sun would sink silently into the immeasurable abyss beyond the waves, and the brief, delicious twilight, bathed for a moment only in the splendor of the afterglow, would adorn itself with clusters of trembling stars.

At such an hour, beguiled with reveries and soothed by the exquisite fragrance that exhales at dew-fall, I was startled by a piercing cry that seemed the last agonizing protest of a riven heart. Not one voice only broke upon the stillness, but another and another, and yet another, until a chorus of despair rang shrilly over the low-roofed cottages in the grove that stood between me and the not far-distant shore. With no little emotion I hurried seaward, and speedily overtook a melancholy procession of weeping women following a few silent people, who were being conducted with decent haste toward the esplanade of Honolulu.

The miserable beings, with the dazed look of lingering death in their fearful countenances, were soon disposed on the deck of a small outward-bound craft; and then, in the few moments that intervened between the casting off of the shore line and the sudden impulse of the little steamer as she swung about in mid-stream, and made bravely for the mouth of the harbor, the pitiful wail of men, women, and children was renewed. Those grouped upon the extreme edge of the wharf were wringing their hands over the water, while rivers of tears coursed down their ashen cheeks. The others, upon the deck of the departing vessel, brooded for a time as in dumb agony, but anon an unearthly cry rang over the tranquil sea: it was their long farewell.

The sun, just touching the horizon, seemed to pause for a moment, while the great deep burst into a sheet of flame; tongues of fire darted and played among the wavelets as they tossed in the evening breeze; and the broad rays shot from cloud to cloud, painting them with glory, and crowning the peaks of the beautiful island with red-gold. Even the palm-trees were gilded, and their plumes glistened as they swayed rhythmically to the low melody of the tide that ebbed beneath them.

So faded that ill-starred bark like a mote in the shimmering sea. A few moments only, and the splendor died away; the twilight glow of the tropics is as brief as it is intense, and the sudden coming of night drew a veil over a picture that, though frequent, is nevertheless painful to the least sympathetic observer.

Darkness had come; the silence that came with it was bro-

ken only by the splash of ripples under the bow of some passing canoe, or the low moan of the water upon the distant reef. But the mourners were still crouching upon the edge of the deck, whence their eyes had caught the last glimpse of the fading forms of those whom they were never again to behold in the flesh; for those despairing but unresisting souls, swallowed up in the transfiguration of the sunset, were lepers, snatched from the breast of sympathy and from the arms of love, doomed to the hopeless degradation of everlasting banishment, and borne in the night to that dim island whose melancholy shores are the sole refuge of these hostages to death: an island as solitary, as silent, as serene as dreamland—mournful Molokai.

The first glimpse of Kalawao might lead a stranger to pronounce it a thriving hamlet of perhaps five hundred inhabitants. Its single street is bordered by neat whitewashed cottages, with numerous little gardens of bright flowers, and clusters of graceful and decorative tropical trees. It lies so near the base of the mountain that not a few of the huge stones that were loosened by the rains have come thundering down the heights, and rolled almost to the fences that enclose the village suburbs.

As we passed down the street, my companion, Dr. Fitch, was greeted on every hand. He had been expected, for it was his custom to visit the settlement monthly; and many a shout of welcome was raised, and many an "*Aloha!*"—the fond salutation of the race—rang from doorway, window, and veranda. One group of stalwart fellows swung their hats in air, and gave three lusty cheers for "*Kauka*" (the doctor), topping them off with a burst of childish laughter.

Thus far, inasmuch as we had scarcely looked into the faces of these villagers, they seemed to us the merriest and most contented community in the world; but let it be remembered that we were all in the deep afternoon shadow, and our arrival was the sensation of the hour.

By the roadside, in the edge of the village, between it and the sea, stood a little chapel; the cross upon its low belfry, and the larger cross in the cemetery beyond, assured us that the poor villagers were not neglected in the hour of their extremity.

As we drew near, the churchyard gate was swung open for

us by a troop of laughing urchins, who stood hat in hand to give us welcome. Now, for the first time, I noticed that they were all disfigured: that their faces were seared and scarred; their hands and feet maimed and sometimes bleeding; their eyes like the eyes of some half-tamed animal; their mouths shapeless, and their whole aspect in many cases repulsive.

These were lepers; so were they, each of them, that had greeted us as we passed through the village; so are they all, with a few privileged exceptions, who dwell in the two little villages under the cliffs by the sea.

Other lepers gathered about us as we entered the churchyard: the chapel steps were crowded with them—for a stranger is seldom seen at Kalawao—and as their number increased, it seemed as if each newcomer was more horrible than the last, until corruption could go no further, and flesh suffer no deeper dishonor this side of the grave. They voluntarily drew aside as we advanced, closing in behind us, and encircling us at every step.

The chapel door stood ajar; in a moment it was thrown open, and a young priest paused upon the threshold to give us welcome. His cassock was worn and faded; his hair tumbled like a school-boy's, his hands stained and hardened by toil; but the glow of health was in his face, the buoyancy of youth in his manner; while his ringing laugh, his ready sympathy, and his inspiring magnetism told of one who in any sphere might do a noble work, and who in that which he has chosen is doing the noblest of all works.

This was Father Damien, the self-exiled priest, the one clean man in the midst of his flock of lepers.

We were urged to dine with him. Good soul! he was conscious of asking us to the humblest of tables, but we were a thousand times welcome to the best he had. When we assured him that our dinner was even then in preparation, and that we had packed over with us all the way from Honolulu butter, flour, and other delicacies, he insisted upon our adding a fowl to our bill of fare, with his compliments and his blessing.

Born in Louvain, Belgium, January 3, 1840; when he was but four and twenty, his brother, who had just entered the

priesthood, was ordered to embark for Honolulu, but at the moment fell sick with typhoid fever. Young Damien, who was a theological student at the University, having received minor orders, and belonging to the same order—the Society of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary (commonly called Society of Picpus)—at once wrote to his superior, and begged that he might be sent upon the mission in his brother's stead. In one week he was on his way to that far country. He was ordained upon his arrival in Honolulu, and for a few years led the life of toil and privation which invariably falls to the lot of the Catholic missionary.

In 1873 he, in common with others of the clergy, was invited to be present at the dedication of a beautiful chapel just completed by Father Leonor at Wailuku, on the Island of Maui. There he met the Bishop, who expressed regret that he was still unable to send a priest to Molokai; for the demand was far in excess of the supply. Father Damien at once said: "My Lord, I hear that a small vessel will next week take cattle from Kawaihae to Kaulapapa: if you will permit me I will go there to help the lepers make their Easter duties."

His request was granted, and, in company with the bishop and the French consul, he landed at the settlement, where he found a colony of eight hundred lepers, of whom between four and five hundred were Catholics. A public meeting was immediately called, at which the bishop and the consul presided. His Grace arose to address the singular gathering, and said: "Since you have written me so often that you have no priest, I leave you one for a little time"; and, imparting the benediction, he returned immediately to the vessel which was to sail that very hour. Father Damien added: "As there is much to be done here, by your leave I will not even accompany you to the shore." Thus the good work was at once begun. It was high time: the lepers were dying at the rate of from eight to twelve per week. The priest had not time to build himself a hut—he had not even the material with which to build it—and for a season he slept in the open air, under a tree, exposed to the wind and the rain.

Soon after he received a letter of congratulation from the

white residents of Honolulu—chiefly Protestants—together with some lumber, and a purse of $120; then he put up his little house, and began to feel at home. After remaining some weeks at Kalawao, he was obliged to go to Honolulu, there being no more convenient priest to whom he could make his confession.

He naturally called upon the president of the Board of Health, who seemed much surprised, but received the priest with frigid politeness. He then asked leave to return to the settlement on Molokai, and was curtly informed that he might indeed return, but that in that case he must remain there for good.

Father Damien explained to this gentleman how necessary it is for one priest to see another at reasonable intervals, in order to make his confession, and asked permission to visit Lahaina, on the Island of Maui, not far from Molokai, promising to return there directly in a small boat, as soon as he had attended to his religious duties. This was denied him. He was told that he must remain at Kalawao, and not leave it on any pretension whatever. Nor would the Board permit the priest at Lahaina to visit Father Damien at Kalawao.

Here an eminent physician—one of the Board of Health—pleaded his cause, insisting that permission be granted the Father to go and come at will. "This is the rule in all civilized countries," said he; "the priest and the physician are exempt. They have privileges which no one else has, and which no one else should have." The doctor was heartily seconded by the French consul, in whose hands the business of the mission was deposited; and Father Damien returned to Kalawao on a special permit.

Shortly after his return he received an official notice that he must remain where he was; and that on any attempt to leave the island, or even to visit other portions of Molokai, he would be immediately put under arrest.

Six months later a permit came, granting Father Damien leave to come and go as he pleased; but in eleven years how seldom has he cared to use it!

Father Damien's duties were never-ending. From early

mass till long after his flock was housed in sleep, he was busy; and when at last he had sought his pillow, it was too often to lie awake planning for the future, and perhaps to be called again into the ward-rooms to ease the anguish of the sick or the dying.

The neat white cottages which have taken the place of the thatched huts of the natives were erected under his eye; and, furthermore, he personally assisted in the construction of most of them. The small chapel which he found at the settlement has become the transept of the present edifice; he, with the aid of a handful of lepers, enlarged the building, painted it without, decorated it within; and there he daily offers the holy sacrifice of the mass, preaches frequently, instructs the children, and fills all the offices of the church.

Forty orphan boys and girls are under his immediate direction. Houses with dormitories have been erected for them; and the girls, under the direction of suitable instructors, are taught needlework and the domestic arts. It has been found advisable to permit those who are of a marriageable age to marry the partners of their choice, and these marriages are duly solemnized in the presence of witnesses.

The spiritual wants of the priest's flock were sufficient to fully occupy his time. On Sundays and feast days there was high mass at Kalawao; the celebrant was then obliged to hasten to Kaulapapa, and there again offer the divine sacrifice; now—at noon—he was permitted to partake of a little refreshment, the first since midnight; then back to Kalawao for vespers, benediction, and catechism; over again to Kaulapapa, to repeat the offices; and at last, at nightfall, home once more, to look after the affairs of his people, and to cook his own supper, and put his house in order for the night. He was indeed Jack-of-all-trades: physician of the soul and of the body, magistrate, school-teacher, carpenter, joiner, painter, gardener, housekeeper, cook, and even, in some cases, undertaker and grave-digger. Great was his need of help, and long was he in need of it before it came. More than 1,600 lepers had been buried under his administration, and a death-bed was always awaiting him—sometimes two or three of them.

There is yet much to be done for the lepers. Many who

seem whole and sound, who are still in the full enjoyment of life and liberty, are doubtless the unconscious victims of a disease that has been declared incurable by the best medical testimony of the age. The germ has been planted—it has possibly been inherited—and sooner or later it will make itself visible. The law of segregation must be enforced until the last leper has ended his miserable existence, and the survivors are delivered from the ravages of the plague.

The fear of contagion and of possible infection hangs over the ill-fated kingdom.* The Hawaiians are a susceptible people; possessed of much physical beauty, and of but little strength and endurance, they succumb easily under the influence of diseases that with us are of small moment. With them the measles are almost as much to be dreaded as the smallpox; they need the same watchful care that one gives to an unreasoning child; they live lives of reckless intercourse, and seem to invite epidemics. Your Hawaiian in a high fever will deliberately plunge into the sea, and remain there in the hope of cooling off; the chill of the grave too often follows this amazing act of stupidity.

The lepers, once gathered together, should be forbidden all intercourse with those who are not leprous; they have no fear of contagion; they divide their garments among their friends; they pass a pipe from mouth to mouth, Indian-fashion; they marry even where one or the other is known to be leprous. At Kakaako the lepers are on one side of a high picket-fence; their friends on the other side spend hours daily in affectionate intercourse, passing the pipe back and forth, fondling one another, and even kiss at meeting and parting.

Once I wandered alone into the chapel; a small organ was standing near an open window; beyond the window was the very pandanus tree under which Father Damien found shelter when he first came to Kalawao. I sat at the instrument, dreaming over the keys, and thinking of the life one must lead in such a spot; of the need and the lack of human sympathy; of the solitude of the soul destined to a communion with per-

* This was written before the annexation of Hawaii, to the United States and while it was yet a kingdom.

petual death—and, hearing a slight rustling near me, I turned, and found the chapel nearly filled with lepers, who had silently stolen in, one after another, at the sound of the organ. The situation was rather startling; but when I asked where Father Damien might be found, they directed me, and stood aside to let me pass.

I found him where I might have known he was likely to be found, working bravely among his men, he by far the most industrious of them all. As I approached them unobserved, the bell of the little chapel rang out the Angelus; and on the instant they all knelt, uncovered, and in their midst the priest recited the beautiful prayer, to which they responded in soft, low voices—while the gentle breeze rustled the broad leaves about them, and the sun poured a flood of glory upon their bowed forms. Lepers all of them, save the good pastor, and soon to follow in the ghastly procession, whose motionless bodies he blesses in their peaceful sleep.

Angelus Domini! Was not that sight pleasing in the eyes of God?

* * * * * * *

Farewell! The time had come to say farewell. The evening before our departure we saw a pleasant phase of life at the leper settlement. The little steamer that visits them at intervals was due; long before sunset a faint smoke-cloud on the horizon heralded her approach, and the news spread like wildfire from Kalawao to Kaulapapa; the excitement grew as the steamer drew near, and when she passed the little land of the proscribed, and blew a shrill, long blast, that was echoed in a half-dozen neighboring valleys, every one who was able to leave his bed was on his way to the landing. Many horses are owned at the settlement, and there is dry pasturage for many more; the cavalcade and the infantry soon depopulated one village, and filled the other to overflowing.

More lepers were arriving, and were welcomed with tears of sympathy to their new home. The scene was pathetic beyond description, and were it not evident that the exiles are as comfortable and as happy, in course of time, on Molokai as they can be anywhere in the world, nature would revolt at the spec-

tacle. It is undoubtedly best as it is, and it is as well as it can be under the circumstances.

That was a gala night at Kaulapapa, but we were thinking most of our departure on the morrow. We had chosen another trail up the Pali; there are but two, and it may be almost said of them that each is more dreadful than the other. As is usually the case, we were assured that the ascent was easy; that it had been made in fifty minutes, and without suffering much fatigue. We began gaily enough; the path bordered a pretty curve of the shore, and then led up on to a wooded plateau, where the view was charming, the air delicious. For a time we threaded a grove, and beyond that the trail was shaded at intervals, while the underbrush hedged us in as we rounded the shoulders of the cliff.

Anon came steep acclivities, with stretches of bare, sun-heated rocks, where our hearts fainted—at least mine did. There was one terrible bit of wall-like cliff that was almost perpendicular; it crumbled as we clung to it like cats; and when I looked below to find footing, I discovered that the rock upon which I was stretched in an agony of suspense was apparently overhanging the sea; the deep, green water was far below me; I felt as if I were climbing into the sky—and then I nearly fell from sheer fright. But a cloud blew down upon us—they fly low in that latitude; in this thin disguise I tried to forget that I was suspended in mid-air by my eyelids, with nothing but sole-leather between me and a thousand feet of space, with certain death at the lower end of it.

We were rained upon and shined upon, covered with dust and débris, and when we reached the top of the Pali I was dizzy, and parched with thirst. It was my last ascent; we made it in two hours and forty minutes, with my heart knocking wildly at my ribs all the way up. It is the mountain of difficulty. Surely no leper may ever hope to scale it! Nor was ever so weird a spot dedicated to such sorrow and long-suffering before.

With health and companionship, one might endure banishment, but these lepers are dying by inches; they sit about much of the time, with an air of hopeless resignation—sit there, waiting for the grave to open and receive them.

The martyrs of Molokai! If we pity the lepers, who are, fortunately, soon comforted after every grief, what shall we say of those servants of God who have dedicated their lives to this noble work? Think of their unutterable loneliness, shut in between vast stretches of sea and sky—a solitude that has driven men mad before now. They receive no guests, for no one cares to visit them; very few of their friends write to them, for some are even afraid to receive a reply.

Their meager rations are sometimes unavoidably cut short, yet one hears no complaint from them in their own behalf: it is always a compassionate appeal in behalf of their suffering charges. These are their companions—if the uncompanionable can be called such,—these, the helpless and the hopeless; and over the devoted heads of those involuntary martyrs hangs ever the possible—yea, the probable—fate that is hourly expiated in revolting and ignominious death.

Take heed, O people! lest in these self-sacrificing ministers ye entertain an angel unawares. Untrumpeted, incomparable heroes! "Verily they shall receive their reward."

* * * * * * *

When I laid down my pen at the close of the last paragraph of this lamentable narrative, it was with a sigh of relief that I turned to more cheerful themes. I believed that the worst had been told, and that henceforth I could think of the pastor of Molokai as of one standing sentinel over the haunt of affliction, wrestling night and day with the Angel of Death—his body clean as the soul that encases it; uncontaminated in the midst of contamination; an impenetrable armor shielding him from the poison darts that assail him on every hand, and he a living witness to the certitude of a special providence.

Such indeed he has been for more than a decade; but within a twelvemonth from the time when together we sat with the dead and dying, when I saw with my own eyes the evidences of his wholesome and holy influence, and heard with my own ears of the works of mercy to which he has consecrated his life—heard it from the lips of those whose hearts were overflowing with gratitude—in one brief year he has been seized, treacher-

ously, I might almost say, and his fate is sealed in common with that of his ill-starred flock; yet, there is more Christian valor in his surrender than in many a conquest that is blazoned on the annals of history.

Listen to these passages from a letter recently received from Kalawao:

"Since March last my confrère Father Albert has left Molokai and this Archipelago, and has returned to Tahiti and the Poumoutous. I am now the only priest on Molokai, and am supposed to be myself afflicted with this terrible disease. . . .

"Impossible for me to go any more to Honolulu, on account of the leprosy breaking out on me. Those *microbes* have finally settled themselves in my left leg and my ear, and one eyebrow begins to fall. I expect to have my face soon disfigured.

"Having no doubt myself of the true character of my disease, I feel calm, resigned, and happier among my people. Almighty God knows what is best for my own sanctification, and with that conviction I say daily a good *fiat voluntas tua*.

"Please pray for your afflicted friend, and recommend me and my unhappy people to all servants of the Lord."

It is the beginning of the end. Already his garment is a winding-sheet, and a grave awaits him in the mouth of the dark valley.*

Is this the reward of virtue, and of piety, humility, and devotion? No! All worldly distinctions are as nothing in comparison with the home which awaits him eternal in the heavens. Death, even such a death as his, comes honorably to one who exchanges a life of voluntary sacrifice for a crown of glory.

Revered and beloved Father! at your feet I lay this tribute in memory of our last sad meeting and parting. In my heart you live forever; nothing can touch you further, and when you are laid to rest, I believe that you will have achieved a record of modest heroism almost without a parallel in these times. Degradation it may be in the eyes of many, the death in life, the slow, sure-footed decay; but out of the loam of this corruptible body springs heavenward the invisible blossom of the soul. Oh, my friend! forget me not, as I cannot cease to remember

* Since writing this article Father Damien has died.

thee, when the fragrance of that flower shall gladden the paths of paradise.

Notes and Queries.—How does the modern method of restraining contagious diseases by systematic quarantine regulations compare with the old method of allowing the victims to go where they pleased except when some frenzy of popular terror inspired what was practically persecution? What great cities do you recall that have been depopulated by plagues and pestilences? Look up the article on "Plague" in Johnson's or Chambers's Cyclopedia, the American or the Encyclopedia Britannica, and note the terrible loss of life. Read, if convenient, De Foe's account of the plague in London, Bulwer's account, in Rienzi, of the plague in Florence, and Thucydides' of the plague in Athens. Why do the English find it so difficult to restrain these pestilences in the great cities of India? What do you know of the institution of caste? Look it up in the cyclopedia.

The Keys of Calais

By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE

[Charlotte M. Yonge, English novelist and historian, was born at Otterbourne, Hants, August 11, 1823. Her father was a magistrate for Hampshire and her education was acquired at home. She has written many novels of English life in which she has endeavored to accentuate the doctrine of the High Church school of opinion.

Some of her works are "The Heir of Redcliffe," "Amy Herbert," "Katherine Ashton," "Heartease," "Dynever Terrace," "The Daisy Chain," the profits of which latter, £2,000, she contributed to the building of a Missionary College at Auckland, New Zealand. She has also published "The Kings of England," "Landmarks of History: Ancient, Middle Ages, and Modern" (for young people); "The Story of English Missionary Workers" issued in 1871; "Life of John Coleridge Patterson," Missionary Bishop of the Milanesian Islands, in 1873; "Stories of English History," 1874; "Stories of Greek History for the Little Ones," 1876; "Aunt Charlotte's Roman History for the Little Ones," and "Aunt Charlotte's German History for the Little Ones," in 1877; "Unknown to History, A Story of the Captivity of Mary of Scotland," a novel, in 1882; and "A Book of Golden Deeds." In 1851 she started "The Monthly Packet of Evening Readings for Younger Members of the English Church," which she conducted for over forty years. Many of her novels first appeared in its pages. Several novels have been issued since. She died at Otterbourne on March 24, 1901.]

NOWHERE does the continent of Europe approach Great Britain so closely as at the Straits of Dover, and when our sovereigns were full of the vain hope of obtaining the crown of France, or at least of regaining the great possessions that their forefathers had owned as French nobles, there was no spot so coveted by them as the fortress of Calais, the possession of which gave an entrance into France.

Thus it was that when, in 1346, Edward III. had beaten Philip VI. at the battle of Crecy, the first use he made of his victory was to march upon Calais, and lay siege to it. The

walls were exceedingly strong and solid; mighty defenses of masonry, of huge thickness and like rocks for solidity, guarded it, and the king knew that it would be useless to attempt a direct assault. Indeed, during all the Middle Ages, the modes of protecting fortifications were far more efficient than the modes of attacking them. The walls could be made enormously massive, the towers raised to a great height, and the defenders were so completely sheltered by battlements that they could not easily be injured, and could take aim from the tops of their turrets, or from their loophole windows. The gates had absolute little castles of their own, a moat flowed around the walls full of water, and only capable of being crossed by a draw-bridge, behind which the portcullis, a grating armed beneath with spikes, was always ready to drop from the archway of the gate and close up the entrance. The only chance of taking a fortress by direct attack was to fill up the moat with earth and faggots, and then raise ladders against the walls; or else to drive engines against the defences, battering-rams which struck them with heavy beams, mangonels which launched stones, sows whose arched wooden backs protected troops of workmen who tried to undermine the wall, and moving towers consisting of a succession of stages or shelves, filled with soldiers, and with a bridge with iron hooks, capable of being launched from the highest story to the top of the battlements. The besieged could generally disconcert the battering-ram by hanging beds or mattresses over the walls to receive the brunt of the blow, the sows could be crushed with heavy stones, the towers burnt by well-directed flaming missiles, the ladders overthrown, and in general the besiegers suffered a great deal more damage than they could inflict. Cannon had indeed just been brought into use at the battle of Crecy, but they only consisted of iron bars fastened together with hoops, and were as yet of little use, and thus there seemed to be little danger to a well-guarded city from any enemy outside the walls.

King Edward arrived before the place with all his victorious army early in August, his good knights and squires arrayed in glittering steel armor, covered with surcoats richly embroidered with their heraldic bearings; his stout men-at-arms, each of

whom was attended by three bold followers; and his archers, with their cross-bows to shoot bolts, and long-bows to shoot arrows of a yard long, so that it used to be said that each went into battle with three men's lives under his girdle, namely, the three arrows he kept there ready to his hand. With the king was his son, Edward, Prince of Wales, who had just won the golden spurs of knighthood so gallantly at Crecy, when only in his seventeenth year, and likewise the famous Hainault knight, Sir Walter Mauny, and all that was noblest and bravest in England.

This whole glittering army, at their head the king's great royal standard bearing the golden lilies of France quartered with the lions of England, and each troop guided by the square banner, swallow-tailed pennon, or pointed pennoncel of their leader, came marching to the gates of Calais, above which floated the blue standard of France with its golden flowers, and with it the banner of the governor, Sir Jean de Vienne. A herald, in a rich, long robe, embroidered with the arms of England, rode up to the gate, a trumpet sounding before him, and called upon Sir Jean de Vienne to give up the place to Edward, King of England, and of France, as he claimed to be. Sir Jean made answer that he held the town for Philippe, King of France, and that he would defend it to the last; the herald rode back again and the English began the siege of the city.

At first they only encamped, and the people of Calais must have seen the whole plain covered with the white canvas tents, marshaled round the ensigns of the leaders, and here and there a more gorgeous one displaying the colors of the owner. Still there was no attack upon the walls. The warriors were to be seen walking about in the leathern suits they wore under their armor; or if a party was to be seen with their coats of mail on, helmet on head, and lance in hand, it was not against Calais that they came; they rode out into the country, and by and by might be seen driving back before them herds of cattle and flocks of sheep or pigs that they had seized and taken away from the poor peasants; and at night the sky would show red lights where farms and homesteads had been set on fire. After a time, in front of the tents, the English were to be seen hard

at work with beams and boards setting up huts for themselves, and thatching them over with straw or broom. These wooden houses were all ranged in regular streets, and there was a market-place in the midst, whither every Saturday came farmers and butchers to sell corn and meat, and hay for the horses; and the English merchants and Flemish weavers would come by sea and by land to bring cloth, bread, weapons, and everything that could be needed to be sold in this warlike market.

The governor, Sir Jean de Vienne, began to perceive that the king did not mean to waste his men by making vain attacks on the strong walls of Calais, but to shut up the entrance by land, and watch the coast by sea so as to prevent any provisions from being taken in, and so to starve him into surrendering. Sir Jean de Vienne, however, hoped that before he should be entirely reduced by famine, the king of France would be able to get together another army and come to his relief, and at any rate he was determined to do his duty, and hold out for his master to the last. But as food was already beginning to grow scarce, he was obliged to turn out such persons as could not fight and had no stores of their own, and so one Wednesday morning he caused all the poor to be brought together, men, women, and children, and sent them all out of the town, to the number of 1,700. It was probably the truest mercy, for he had no food to give them; and they could only have starved miserably within the town, or have hindered him from saving it for his sovereign; but to them it was dreadful to be driven out of house and home, straight down upon the enemy, and they went along weeping and wailing, till the English soldiers met them and asked why they had come out. They answered that they had been put out because they had nothing to eat, and their sorrowful, famished looks gained pity for them. King Edward sent orders that not only should they go safely through his camp, but that they should all rest, and have the first hearty dinner that they had eaten for many a day, and he sent every one a small sum of money before they left the camp, so that many of them went on their way praying aloud for the enemy who had been so kind to them.

A great deal happened whilst King Edward kept watch in

his wooden town and the citizens of Calais guarded their walls. England was invaded by King David II. of Scotland, with a great army, and the good Queen Philippa, who was left to govern at home in the name of her little son Lionel, assembled all the forces that were left at home, and sent them to meet him. And one autumn day, a ship crossed the Straits of Dover, and a messenger brought King Edward letters from his queen to say that the Scots army had been entirely defeated at Nevil's Cross, near Durham, and that their king was a prisoner.

Soon after, three days before All Saints' Day, there was a large and gay fleet to be seen crossing from the white cliffs of Dover, and the king, his son, and his knights, rode down to the landing-place to welcome plump, fair-haired Queen Philippa, and all her train of ladies, who had come in great numbers to visit their husbands, fathers, or brothers in the wooden town. Then there was a great court, and numerous feasts and dances, and the knights and squires were constantly striving who could do the bravest deed of prowess to please the ladies. The king of France had placed numerous knights and men-at-arms in the neighboring towns and castles, and there were constant fights whenever the English went out foraging, and many bold deeds that were much admired were done. The great point was to keep provisions out of the town, and there was much fighting between the French who tried to bring in supplies, and the English who intercepted them. Very little was brought in by land, and Sir Jean de Vienne and his garrison would have been quite starved but for two sailors of Abbeville, named Marant and Mestriel, who knew the coast thoroughly, and often, in the dark autumn evenings, would guide in a whole fleet of little boats, loaded with bread and meat for the starving men within the city. They were often chased by King Edward's vessels, and were sometimes very nearly taken, but they always managed to escape, and thus they still enabled the garrison to hold out.

So all the winter passed. Christmas was kept with brilliant feastings and high merriment by the king and his queen in their wooden palace outside, and with lean cheeks and scanty fare by

the besieged within. Lent was strictly observed perforce by the besieged.

About Whitsuntide Edward completed a great wooden castle upon the seashore, and placed in it numerous warlike engines, with forty men-at-arms and two hundred archers, who kept such a watch upon the harbor that not even the two Abbeville sailors could enter it, without having their boats crushed and sunk by the great stones that the mangonels launched upon them. The townspeople began to feel what hunger really was, but their spirits were kept up by the hope that their king was at last collecting an army for their rescue.

And Philippe did collect all his forces, a great and noble army, and came one night to the hill of Sangate, just behind the English army, the knights' armor glancing and their pennons flying in the moonlight, so as to be a beautiful sight to the hungry garrison who could see the white tents pitched upon the hillside. Still there were but two roads by which the French could reach their friends in the town—one along the sea-coast, the other by a marshy road higher up the country, and there was but one bridge by which the river could be crossed. The English king's fleet could prevent any troops from passing along the coast road, the Earl of Derby guarded the bridge, and there was a great tower, strongly fortified, close upon Calais. There were a few skirmishes, but the French king, finding it difficult to force his way to relieve the town, sent a party of knights with a challenge to King Edward to come out of his camp and do battle upon a fair field.

To this Edward made answer that he had been nearly a year before Calais, and had spent large sums of money on the siege, and that he had nearly become master of the place, so that he had no intention of coming out only to gratify his adversary, who must try some other road if he could not make his way in by that before him.

Three days were spent in parleys, and then, without the slightest effort to rescue the brave, patient men within the town, away went King Philippe of France, with all his men, and the garrison saw the host that had crowded the hill of Sangate melt away like a summer cloud.

August had come again, and they had suffered privation for a whole year for the sake of the king who deserted them at their utmost need. They were in so grievous a state of hunger and distress that the hardiest could endure no more, for ever since Whitsuntide no fresh provisions had reached them. The governor, therefore, went to the battlements and made signs that he wished to hold a parley, and the king appointed Lord Basset and Sir Walter Mauny to meet him, and appoint the terms of surrender.

The governor owned that the garrison was reduced to the greatest extremity of distress, and requested that the king would be contented with obtaining the city and fortress, leaving the soldiers and inhabitants to depart in peace.

But Sir Walter Mauny was forced to make answer that the king, his lord, was so much enraged at the delay and expense that Calais had cost him, that he would only consent to receive the whole on conditional terms, leaving him free to slay, or to ransom, or make prisoners whomsoever he pleased, and he was known to consider that there was a heavy reckoning to pay, both for the trouble the siege had cost him and the damage the Calesians had previously done to his ships.

The brave answer was: "These conditions are too hard for us. We are but a small number of knights and squires, who have loyally served our lord and master as you would have done, and have suffered much ill and disquiet, but we will endure far more than any man has done in such a post, before we consent that the smallest boy in the town shall fare worse than ourselves. I therefore entreat you, for pity's sake, to return to the king and beg him to have compassion, for I have such an opinion of his gallantry that I think he will alter his mind."

The king's mind seemed, however, sternly made up; and all that Sir Walter Mauny and the barons of the council could obtain from him was that he would pardon the garrison and townsmen on condition that six of the chief citizens should present themselves to him, coming forth with bare feet and heads, with halters round their necks, carrying the keys of the town, and becoming absolutely his own to punish for their obstinacy as he should think fit.

On hearing this reply, Sir Jean de Vienne begged Sir Walter Mauny to wait till he could consult the citizens; and, repairing to the market-place, he caused a great bell to be rung, at sound of which all the inhabitants came together in the town-hall. When he told them of these hard terms he could not refrain from weeping bitterly, and wailing and lamentation arose all round him. Should all starve together, or sacrifice their best and most honored after all suffering in common so long?

Then a voice was heard: it was that of the richest burgher in the town, Eustache de St. Pierre. "Messieurs, high and low," he said, "it would be a sad pity to suffer so many people to die through hunger, if it could be prevented; and to hinder it would be meritorious in the eyes of our Saviour. I have such faith and trust in finding grace before God, if I die to save my townsmen, that I name myself as first of the six."

As the burgher ceased, his fellow-townsmen wept aloud, and many, amid tears and groans, threw themselves at his feet in a transport of grief and gratitude. Another citizen, very rich and respected, rose up and said, "I will be second to my comrade, Eustache." His name was Jean Daire. After him Jacques Wissant, another very rich man, offered himself as companion to these, who were both his cousins; and his brother Pierre would not be left behind: and two more, unnamed, made up this gallant band of men willing to offer their lives for the rescue of their fellow-townsmen.

Sir Jean de Vienne mounted a little horse—for he had been wounded, and was still lame—and came to the gate with them, followed by all the people of the town, weeping and wailing, yet, for their own sakes and their children's, not daring to prevent the sacrifice. The gates were opened, the governor and the six passed out, and the gates were again shut behind them. Sir Jean then rode up to Sir Walter Mauny, and told him how these burghers had voluntarily offered themselves, begging him to do all in his power to save them; and Sir Walter promised with his whole heart to plead their cause. De Vienne then went back into the town, full of heaviness and anxiety; and the six citizens were led by Sir Walter to the presence of the king, in his full court. They all knelt down, and the foremost said:

"Most gallant king, you see before you six burghers of Calais, who have all been capital merchants, and who bring you the keys of the castle and town. We yield ourselves to your absolute will and pleasure, in order to save the remainder of the inhabitants of Calais, who have suffered much distress and misery. Condescend, therefore, out of your nobleness of mind to have pity on us."

Strong emotion was excited among all the barons and knights who stood round, as they saw the resigned countenances, pale and thin with patiently endured hunger, of these venerable men, offering themselves in the cause of their fellow-townsmen. Many tears of pity were shed; but the king still showed himself implacable, and commanded that they should be led away, and their heads stricken off. Sir Walter Mauny interceded for them with all his might, even telling the king that such an execution would tarnish his honor, and that reprisals would be made on his own garrisons; and all the nobles joined in entreating pardon for the citizens, but still without effect; and the headsman had been actually sent for, when Queen Philippa, her eyes streaming with tears, threw herself on her knees amongst the captives, and said: "Ah, gentle sir, since I have crossed the sea, with much danger, to see you, I have never asked you one favor; now I beg as a boon to myself, for the sake of the Son of the Blessed Mary, and for your love to me, that you will be merciful to these men!"

For some time the king looked at her in silence; then he exclaimed: "Dame, dame, would that you had been anywhere than here! You have entreated in such a manner that I can not refuse you; I therefore give these men to you, to do as you please with."

Joyfully did Queen Philippa conduct the six citizens to her own apartments, where she made them welcome, sent them new garments, entertained them with a plentiful dinner, and dismissed them each with a gift of six nobles. After this, Sir Walter Mauny entered the city, and took possession of it; retaining Sir Jean de Vienne and the other knights and squires till they should ransom themselves, and sending out the old French inhabitants; for the king was resolved to people the

city entirely with English, in order to gain a thoroughly strong hold of this first step in France.

The king and queen took up their abode in the city; and the houses of Jean Daire were, it appears, granted to the queen —perhaps because she considered the man himself as her charge, and wished to secure them for him—and her little daughter Margaret was, shortly after, born in one of his houses. Eustache de St. Pierre was taken into high favor, and was placed in charge of the new citizens whom the king placed in the city.

Indeed, as this story is told by no chronicler but Froissart, some have doubted of it, and thought the violent resentment thus imputed to Edward III. inconsistent with his general character; but it is evident that the men of Calais had given him strong provocation by attacks on his shipping—piracies which are not easily forgiven—and that he considered that he had a right to make an example of them. It is not unlikely that he might, after all, have intended to forgive them, and have given the queen the grace of obtaining their pardon, so as to excuse himself from the fulfilment of some over-hasty threat. But, however this may have been, nothing can lessen the glory of the six grave and patient men who went forth, by their own free will, to meet what might be a cruel and disgraceful death, in order to obtain the safety of their fellow-townsmen.

Notes and Queries.—Why did the English king especially wish to gain possession of Calais? Why was it a favorite port of the French privateers who preyed on English commerce? Look up its geographical location. Upon what did the English base their claims to the French crown? How long did they hold Calais? What were Queen Mary's dying words about it? What was the general feeling of the English over the loss? What position of similar importance to commerce does England now hold in a foreign country? To contrast with the motive that prompted Eustache de St. Pierre consider the vicarious sacrifice of the Japanese peasant who accused himself falsely of the murder of a foreign traveler in order that his emperor should not be shamed before the civilized world for his failure to detect and punish the criminal. Compare this with the Oriental idea of honor as portrayed in the story of the Forty-Seven Rônins, included in this volume.

HEROISM OF SELF-SACRIFICE

Sir Philip Sidney*

By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

[George William Curtis, editor, orator, and litterateur, was born at Providence, R. I., February 24, 1824. He attended school at Jamaica Plain, Mass., but at fifteen was placed in an importing house in New York City. A year later, with his elder brother, he joined the Brook Farm Community, where, as the youngest member, he stayed four years. In 1846 went to Europe, where he spent four years in a leisurely journey through the Continent to Egypt, Palestine, and Syria. After his return he published in 1851 "Nile Notes of a Howadji" and the next year "The Howadji in Syria." The summer of 1852 was spent at American watering-places gathering material that appeared in "Lotus Eating." In the same year he became associated with Parke Goodwin and Charles F. Briggs in establishing "Putnam's Magazine," with which interest he was engaged until 1857, when he began to edit "The Easy Chair" of "Harper's Magazine" and "The Lounger" of the "Weekly."

In 1853 he entered the Lyceum lecture field and became one of its most popular speakers, so that when the firm that published "Putnam's Magazine" failed in 1857 his earnings in two years cleared off all claims. His career in practical politics began in 1860 when he occupied a seat in the convention that nominated Lincoln. In that year he became chief editorial writer for "Harper's Weekly" and advocated the cause of union and emancipation. He served as Presidential elector for the Republicans in 1868, and in 1871 was on the commission appointed by Grant to draw up rules regulating the Civil Service. At the formation of the New York Civil Service League in 1880 he was made president.

As an orator he had a distinguished address and a diction notably pure and elegant. He published "The Potiphar Papers" in 1853, "Prue and I" in 1856, "Trumps," a novel, in 1862. In 1891 appeared essays from the Easy Chair and a "Life of Washington Irving." He died on Staten Island, August 31, 1892.]

EVERY hero in history is as near to a man as his neighbor, and if we should tell the simple truth of some of our neighbors, it would sound like poetry. Sir Philip Sidney wore doublet and hose, and died in Flanders three hundred years

*From "Literary and Social Essays," by George William Curtis. Copyright, 1894, by Harper and Bros.

ago. His name is the synonym of manly honor, of generous scholarship, of the finest nobility, of the spiritual light that most irradiates human nature. His father, Sir Henry Sidney, was a wise and honest man. Bred at court, his sturdy honor was never corrupted. King Edward died in his arms, and Queen Mary confirmed all his honors and offices three weeks before the birth of his oldest son, whom, in gratitude, he named Philip, for the queen's new Spanish husband. Philip's mother was Mary Dudley, daughter of the Duke of Northumberland, sister of the famous Earl of Leicester, sister also of Lord Guildford Dudley, and sister-in-law of Lady Jane Grey. The little Philip was born into a sad household. Within fifteen months his grandfather and uncle had been beheaded for treason; and his sorrowing mother, a truly noble and tender woman, had been the victim of smallpox, and hid her grieving heart and poor scarred face in the silence and seclusion of Penshurst. On the south side of the house was the old garden or plaisance, sloping down to the Medway, where, in those English summers of three hundred years ago, when the cruel fires of Mary were busily burning at Smithfield, the lovely boy Philip, fair-featured, with a high forehead and ruddy brown hair, almost red, walked with his shy mother, picking daisies and chasing butterflies, and calling to her in a soft, musical voice; while within the house the grave father, when he was not away in Wales, of which he was lord-president, mused upon great events that were stirring in Europe—the abdication of Charles V., the fall of Calais, and the accession of Queen Elizabeth to the throne of England.

At the age of eleven Master Sidney was put to school at Shrewsbury, on the borders of Wales, of which country his father was lord-president. His fond friend, Fulke Greville, who was here at school with him, and afterwards wrote his life, says that even the masters found something in him to observe and learn. Study probably cost him little effort and few tears. We may be sure he stood at the head of his class, and was a grave, good boy—not good as calves and blanc-mange are, but like wine and oak saplings. "My little Philip," as his mother tenderly calls him, was no Miss Nancy. When he was older he wrote to his brother Robert, then upon his travels, that "if

there were any good wars he should go to them." So, at Shrewsbury he doubtless went to all the good wars among his schoolmates, while during the short intervals of peace he mastered his humanities, and at last, when not yet fifteen years old, he was entered at Christ Church, Oxford.

Great good fortune is the most searching test of character. If a man have fine friends, fine family, fine talents, and fine prospects, they are very likely to be the sirens in whose sweet singing he forgets everything but the pleasure of listening to it. If most of us had come of famous ancestry—if our father were a vice-regal governor—if the sovereign's favorite were our uncle, who intended us for his heir—if a marriage were proposed with the beautiful daughter of the prime minister, and we were ourselves young, handsome, and accomplished—and all this were three hundred years ago, before the rights of men and the dignity of labor had been much discussed, we should probably have come up to Oxford, of which our famous uncle was chancellor, in a state of what would be called at Oxford to-day extreme bumptiousness. But Philip Sidney was too true a gentleman not to be a simple-hearted man; and although he was even then one of the most accomplished as well as fortunate youths in England, he writes to Lord Burleigh to confess with "heavy grief" that in scholarship he can neither satisfy Burleigh's expectation nor his own desire.

In the month of May, 1572, Philip Sidney left Oxford, and after staying a short time with his parents, following the fashion of young gentlemen of rank, he crossed over into France in the train of the Earl of Lincoln, who was Queen Elizabeth's extraordinary ambassador upon the subject of her marriage with the brother of Charles IX. of France. The young king immediately made Sidney a gentleman of the bedchamber, and Henry of Navarre found him a fit companion for a future king. The Paris that Sidney saw had then about as many inhabitants as Boston has to-day. Montaigne called it the most beautiful city in the world, and it had a delusive air of peace. But the witch Catherine de Medici sat in the smooth-tongued court like a spider in its web, spinning and spinning the meshes in which the hope of liberty was to be entangled. The gay city filled

and glittered with the wedding guests of Henry and the king's sister Margaret—among others, the hero of St. Quentin, Admiral Coligny. Gayer and gayer grew the city—smoother and smoother the court—faster and faster spun the black Italian spider—until on the twenty-third of August, the Eve of St. Bartholomew, the bloodiest deed in all the red annals of that metropolis was done, and the young Sidney looked shuddering from Walsingham House upon the streets reeking with the blood of his fellow Huguenots.

That night made Philip Sidney a man. He heard the applause of the Romish party ring through Europe—he heard the commendation of Philip of Spain—he knew that the most eloquent orator of the Church, Muretus, had congratulated the pope upon this signal victory of the truth. He knew that medals were stamped in commemoration of the brutal massacre, and he remembered that the same spirit that had struck at the gray head of Coligny had also murdered Egmont and Horn in the Netherlands; had calmly gazed in the person of Philip upon De Sessa perishing in the fire, and by the hand of Philip had denounced death against all who wrote, sold, or read Protestant books; and he knew that the same spirit, in the most thriving and intelligent country of Europe, the Netherlands, was blotting out prosperity in blood, and had driven at least a hundred thousand exiles into England.

Pondering these things, Sidney left Paris, and at Frankfort met Hubert Languet. Languet was not only a Protestant, but, at heart, a republican. He was the friend of Melancthon and of William of Orange, in whose service he died. One of the most accomplished scholars and shrewdest statesmen in Europe honored and trusted by all the Protestant leaders, this wise man of fifty-four was so enamored of the English youth of eighteen that they became life-long friends.

As they traveled by easy stages across Germany, where the campaign of Protestantism had begun, they knew that the decisive battle was yet to be fought. Europe was silent. The tumult of Charles V.'s reign was over, and that great monarch marched and countermarched no more from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. Charles had been victorious so long as he

fought kings with swords of steel. But the monk Martin Luther drew the sword of the spirit, and the conqueror quailed. Luther challenged the Church of Rome at its own door. King and emperor and pope fed the fire. The reign of terror blasted the Netherlands, and when it had succeeded there, when Italy, Austria, and Holland surrounded the states of Germany, Philip knew it would be the smothering coil of the serpent around the cradle of religious liberty. But the young Hercules of free thought throttled the serpent, and leaped forth to win his victorious and immortal race.

We can see it now, but Sidney could not know it. To him the future was as inscrutable as our own to the eyes of thirty years ago. Yet he and Languet must have discussed the time with curious earnestness as they passed through Germany until they reached Vienna. There Sidney devoted himself to knightly games, to tennis, to music, and especially to horsemanship, which he studied with Pugliono, who, in praise of the horse, became such a poet that in the "Defense of Poesy" Sidney says that if he had not been a piece of a logician before he came to him, Pugliono would have persuaded him to wish himself a horse.

At Vienna Philip parted with Languet, and arrived in Venice in the year 1573. The great modern days of Italy were passed. The golden age of the Medici was gone. Lorenzo the Magnificent had died nearly a century before, in the same year that Columbus had discovered America. His son, Pope Leo X., had eaten his last ortolan, had flown his last falcon, had listened to his last comedy, and hummed his last tune, in the frescoed corridors of the Vatican. Upon its shining walls the fatal finger of Martin Luther, stretching out of Germany, had written "Mene, Mene." Beneath the terrible spell the walls were cracking and the earth was shaking, but the splendid pope, in his scarlet cloud of cardinals, saw only the wild beauty of Raphael's Madonnas and the pleasant pages of the recovered literature of pagan Greece. When Sidney stepped for the first time into his gondola at Venice, the famous Italian cathedrals and stately palaces were already built, and the great architects were gone. Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarch, who had created Italian lit-

erature, lived about as long before Sidney as we live after him. Cimabue and Giotto had begun; Raphael and Michel Angelo had perfected that art in which they have had no rivals—and they were gone. Andrea Doria steered the galleys of Genoa no more, and since the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope and the West Indies, the spices of the Indian Sea were brought by Portuguese ships into the Baltic instead of the Adriatic. The glory of the Lombards, who were the first merchants of Europe, had passed away to the descendants of their old correspondents of Bruges and Ghent, until, with its five hundred ships daily coming and going, and on market days eight and nine hundred; with its two thousand heavy wagons creaking every week through the gates from France and Germany and Lorraine, Antwerp reigned in the place of Venice, and the long twilight that has never been broken was settling upon the Italy that Sidney saw.

But in all the gayeties and graces of his travel, Philip Sidney was not content to be merely an elegant lounger. He never forgot for a moment that all his gifts and accomplishments were only weapons to be kept burnished for his country's service. He was a boy of twenty, but his boy's warmth was tempered by the man's wisdom. "You are not over cheerful by nature," Languet writes to him; and when Sidney sat to Paul Veronese, and sent his friend the portrait, Languet replies: "The painter has represented you sad and thoughtful."

In 1575 Sidney returned to England. Every author who writes of this period breaks out into the most glowing praises of him. Indeed, he is the choice darling of English history. The only discordant note in the chorus of praise came long afterwards in the voice of the pedantic dandy Horace Walpole, who called Goldsmith "an inspired idiot." This is not surprising, for the earnestness and heroic simplicity of Sidney were as incomprehensible to the affected trifler of Strawberry Hill as the fresh enthusiasm of his nephew Arthur to Major Pendennis. The Earl of Leicester, who seemed to love his nephew more than anything except his own ambition, presented his brilliant young relative to the queen, who made him her cup-bearer. Sidney was now twenty-one years old—the finest

gentleman and one of the most accomplished scholars in England.

In Sidney's time the classics had few rivals. After reading Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Boccaccio, with Sannazaro's "Arcadia," in Italian; Rabelais, Froissart, and Comines, in French; Chaucer, Gower, and the "Mirror for Magistrates," in English, what remained for an ardent young student to devour? When Sidney came home, Montaigne—whom he probably saw at the French court—was just writing his essays at his château in the Gironde. The Portuguese Camoens had only just published his great poem, to which his own country would not listen, and of which no other had heard. The Italian Tasso's "Jerusalem" was still in manuscript, and the Spanish Ponce de Leon was little known to Europe. All was yet to come. In Spain, Cervantes, Lope de Vega, and Calderon; in France, Corneille and Racine and Molière, Fénelon and Bossuet, Rousseau and Voltaire; in Germany, everything except the Nibelungen and Hans Sachs's rhymes. When Philip Sidney kissed Elizabeth's hand as her cup-bearer, William Shakespeare, a boy of eleven, was grinding out his trousers on the restless seats of the free grammar-school at Stratford; young Francis Bacon, a youth of sixteen, was studying in France; a poor scholar at Cambridge, Edmund Spenser, was just finishing his studies, and the younger brother of an old Devonshire family, Walter Raleigh, had just returned from campaigning in France; indeed, all the literature of modern times was subsequent to Philip Sidney. The young man shone at court, fascinating men and women, courtiers, scholars, and divines; and in a few months was made special ambassador to condole with the Austrian emperor upon the death of his father. Upon this embassy he departed in great state. His mission was supposed to be purely complimentary; but he was really the beautiful eye with which England and Elizabeth, becoming the head of the Protestant movement, watched the disposition of the Protestant princes. On his way home, Sidney passed into the Low Countries to see William of Orange. He came, resplendent with chivalric magnificence, accompanied by the flower of English nobility, and met the grave William, who had been the richest citizen in the Nether-

lands, clad in an old serge cloak, and surrounded by plain Dutch burghers. But it was a meeting of men of one mind and heart in the great cause, and neither was disturbed by the tailoring of the other. The interview was the beginning of a faithful friendship, and among all the compliments Sidney received, none is so lofty and touching as that of William, the greatest man in Europe, who called him in their correspondence, "Philip, my master."

In 1577 Sidney was home again. He had a right to expect conspicuous advancement, but he got nothing. This was the more disagreeable, because living at Elizabeth's court was an expensive luxury for a poor gentleman's son who had magnificent tastes. His father, Lord Henry Sidney, was lord-deputy of Ireland, but he was also an honest man, and, like most honest men in high public office, he was not rich. He wrote to Philip, begging him to remember whose son, not whose nephew, he was; for Philip's companions, the golden youth of the court, blazed in silks and velvets and jewels, until the government had to impose laws, as the subjects had brought luxury from Venice, and Elizabeth, who died the happy owner of 3,000 dresses, issued a solemn proclamation against extravagance in dress.

At such a time, the brilliant nephew of Uncle Leicester would have been a quickly ruined man if he had not been Philip Sidney. He bowed and flirted at court, but he chafed under inaction, and, while he loitered, beating all the courtiers with their own weapons in wit, in riding, in games, at tournament, the tales of American discovery shed a wondrous glamour upon the new continent. Nothing was too beautiful for belief, and the fiery feet of youth burned the English soil with eagerness to tread the unutterable tropics. Francis Drake sailed from Plymouth to follow Magellan around the world, and he went in a manner consonant with the popular fancy of the countless riches that rewarded such adventures. His cooking-vessels were of silver; his table-plate of exquisite workmanship. The queen knighted him, gave him a sword, and said: "Whoever striketh at you, Drake, striketh at us." A band of musicians accompanied the fleet, and the English sailor went to circumnavigate the globe with the same nonchalant magnificence with

which in other days the gorgeous Alcibiades, with flutes and soft recorders blowing under silken sails, came idling home from victory.

Philip Sidney, his heart alive to all romance, and longing to be his companion, saw him sail away. But he turned and saw the black Italian spider, whose sting he had seen on Bartholomew's Eve in Paris, still weaving her stealthy web, and seeking to entangle Elizabeth into a match with the Duke of Anjou. The queen was forty-six, and Mounseer, as the English called him, twenty-three; and while she was coaxing herself to say the most fatal yes that ever woman said—when Burleigh, Leicester, Walsingham, all the safe, sound, conservative old gentlemen and counsellors were just ceasing to dissuade her—Philip Sidney, a youth of twenty-five, who knew that he had a country as well as a queen, that the hope of that country lay in the triumph of Protestantism, and that to marry Mounseer was to abandon that hope, and for the time betray mankind—Philip Sidney, a youth who did not believe that he could write gravely of sober things because he had written gayly of ladies' eyebrows, knowing as the true-hearted gentleman always knows that to-day it may be a man's turn to sit at a desk in an office, or bend over a book in college, or fashion a horseshoe at the forge, or toss flowers to some beauty at her window, and to-morrow to stand firm against a cruel church or a despotic court, a brutal snob or an ignorant public opinion—this youth, this immortal gentleman, wrote the letter which dissuaded her from the marriage, and which was as noble a triumph for Protestantism and human liberty as the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

I cannot follow this lovely life in detail, nor linger, as I would, upon his literary retirement. The very name of Sidney's "Arcadia" is aromatic in the imagination, and its traditional place in our literature is unquestioned. In our day it is very little read, nor is it a very interesting story. But under its quaint and courtly conceit its tone is so pure and lofty, its courtesy and appreciation of women so hearty and honorable; it has so fine a moral atmosphere, such noble thoughts, such stately and beautiful descriptions, that to read it is like conversing with a hero. So there is no better reading than the "De-

fense of Poesy," that noble hymn of loyalty to intellectual beauty. Hallam well calls Sidney "the first good prose writer" in our language, and scarcely had he finished in his "Defense" an exquisite criticism of English poetry to that time than the full choir of Elizabethan poets burst into

> "the songs that fill
> The spacious times of great Elizabeth
> With sounds that echo still."

In 1582 Philip Sidney married the daughter of Walsingham, but in his retirement, whether steadfastly watching the great struggle upon the Continent or listening to the alluring music of far-off seas, he knew that the choice days of his life were passing, and if a career were not opened for him by the queen, he must make one for himself. William of Orange had been murdered; Elizabeth promptly succeeded him as the active head of the Protestant world; Philip of Spain was the great enemy. Strike him at home, said Sidney; strike him at sea, but strike him everywhere; and he arranged with Drake a descent upon Spanish America. He hurried privately to Plymouth to embark, but at the last moment a peer of the realm arrived from the queen forbidding his departure. Two months after his fleet sailed, on November 7, 1585 (about the time that William Shakespeare first came to London), Elizabeth appointed Sidney governor of Flushing, in the Netherlands. He went thither gladly on the eighteenth, with three thousand men, to strike for the cause in which he believed. He had already told the queen that the spirit of the Netherlands was the spirit of God, and was invincible. His uncle, the Earl of Leicester, followed him as commander-in-chief. The earl was handsome at tournaments, but not fit for battle-fields, and Sidney was annoyed by his uncle's conduct; but he writes to his father-in-law, Walsingham, in a strain full of the music of a noble soul, and fitly preluding his end: "I think a wise and constant man ought never to grieve while he doth play, as a man may say, his own part truly."

For that he was always ready. In the misty dawn of September 22, 1586, a force of three thousand Spaniards stole si-

lently along to the relief of Zutphen, on the river Isel. Sidney, at the head of five hundred cavalry, rode forward to meet them. In the obscurity the battle was sharp and confused. Seeing his friend Lord Willoughby in special danger, Sidney spurred to the rescue. His horse was shot under him and fell. Springing upon another, he dashed forward again and succored his friend, but at the instant a shot struck him below the knee, glancing upward. His furious horse became unmanageable, and Sir Philip was obliged to leave the field. But as he passed slowly along to the rear of the soldiers, he felt faint with bleeding, and called for water. A cup was brought to him, but as he was lifting it to his mouth he saw a dying soldier staring at it with burning eyes. Philip Sidney paused before tasting it, leaned from the saddle, and handed it to the soldier, saying to him in the same soft, musical voice with which the boy called to his mother in the sunny garden at Penshurst: "Friend, thy necessity is yet greater than mine."

He was borne on to Arnheim, and lived in suffering for twenty-six days. He conversed pleasantly and called for music, and said at last to his brother, whom he had loved as brothers seldom love: "Love my memory; cherish my friends. Their faith to me may assure you they are honest. But, above all, govern your will and affections by the will and word of your Creator, in me beholding the end of this world with all her vanities." "And so," says old Stowe, with fond particularity, "he died, the seventeenth day of October, between two and three of the clock in the afternoon."

> "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike the inevitable hour.
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

This is the story of Philip Sidney. A letter, a book, a battle. How little to justify his unique fame! How invisible his performance among the illustrious events of his prodigious age! Yet is not the instincts of the human heart true; and in the stately society of his time, if Bacon were the philosopher, Shakespeare the poet, Burleigh the counsellor, Raleigh the

soldier, Drake the sailor, Hooker the theologian, Essex the courtier, and Gresham the merchant, was not Philip Sidney as distinctively the gentleman? Heroes stood beside him in clusters, poets in constellations; all the illustrious men of the age achieved more tangible results than he, yet none of them has carved his name upon history more permanently and with a more diamond point; for he had that happy harmony of mind and temper, of enthusiasm and good sense, of accomplishment and capacity, which is described by that most exquisite and most abused word, gentleman. His guitar hung by a ribbon at his side, but his sword hung upon leather beneath it. His knee bent gallantly to the queen, but it knelt reverently also to his Maker. And it was the crown of the gentleman that he was neither ashamed of the guitar nor of the sword; neither of the loyalty nor the prayer. For a gentleman is not an idler, a trifler, a dandy; he is not a scholar only, a soldier, a mechanic, a merchant; he is the flower of men, in whom the accomplishment of the scholar, the bravery of the soldier, the skill of the mechanic, the sagacity of the merchant, all have their part and appreciation. A sense of duty is his mainspring, and like a watch crusted with precious stones, his function is not to look elegant, but to tell the time of day. Philip Sidney was not a gentleman because his grandfather was the Duke of Northumberland and his father lord-deputy of Ireland, but because he was himself generous, simple, truthful, noble, refined. He was born with a gold spoon in his mouth, but the gold is only the test. In the mouths of the base it becomes brass and iron. George IV., called with bitter irony the first gentleman in Europe, was born with the gold spoon, but his acrid humors turned it to the basest metal, betraying his mean soul. George Stephenson was born with the pewter spoon in his mouth, but the true temper of his soul turned it into pure gold. The test of a gentleman is his use, not his uselessness; whether that use be direct or indirect, whether it be actual service or only inspiring and aiding action. "To what purpose should our thoughts be directed to various kinds of knowledge," wrote Philip Sidney in 1578, "unless room be afforded for putting it into practice so that public advantage may be the result?" Algernon Sidney

said, nearly a century later: "I have ever had it in my mind that when God cast me into such a condition as that I cannot save my life but by doing an indecent thing, he shows me the time has come wherein I should resign it." And when that time came he did resign it; for every gentleman instinctively serves justice and liberty. He feels himself personally disgraced by an insult to humanity, for he, too, is only a man; and however stately his house may be and murmurous with music, however glowing with pictures and graceful with statues and reverend with books—however his horses may outtrot other horses, and his yachts outsail all yachts—the gentleman is king and master of these and not their servant; he wears them for ornament, like the ring upon his finger or the flower in his buttonhole, and if they go the gentleman remains. He knows that all their worth came from human genius and human training; and loving man more than the works of man, he instinctively shuns whatever in the shape of man is degraded, outraged, and forsaken. He does not make the poverty of others the reason for robbing them; he does not make the oppression of others the reason for oppressing them, for his gentility is his religion; and therefore with simple truth and tender audacity the old English dramatist Dekkar calls Him who gave the name to our religion, and who destroyed the plea that might makes right, "the first true gentleman that ever breathed."

Notes and Queries.—If you wish to read a further life of Sir Philip Sidney the best probably is in the "Heroes of the Nations" series. To get a picture of the social life of Sidney's times read Scott's "Kenilworth"; at the same time bear in mind the fact that Sidney went with his parents in the train of Elizabeth when she made the memorable visit, which Scott describes, to Sidney's uncle, the Earl of Leicester. Curtis here mentions some of the world's greatest names: you will do well to consult the "Century Dictionary of Names" or almost any encyclopedia and find out for what each is famous. Among them you will see Froissart, whose "Chronicles of France, England, Scotland, and Spain" should be read for their vivid pictures of the age of chivalry. Look up the achievements of Drake, Magellan, and Ponce de Leon, whose deeds form a part of the history of our own land. What city was the seat of the Medici family? What was the source of their

power and influence? What was the family coat-of-arms? How is it perpetuated in modern times and why? What were the trade routes to the East before 1492? State what caused the impetus to discovery and thus account for the fact that trade was diverted from the Adriatic to the Baltic. See Fiske's "History of the United States for Schools." Mr. Curtis especially points out the new chivalry of which Sidney was an exemplar—that of the true gentleman. Read Froissart and contrast the two types.

HEROISM OF SELF-SACRIFICE

The Forty-Seven Ronins

By ALGERNON BERTRAM MITFORD

[Algernon Bertram Mitford was born at Exbury, Hants, February 24, 1837. He was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, at the latter place obtaining a second class medal in Moderations. He entered the foreign office in 1858, and in 1863 was appointed third secretary of the embassy at St. Petersburg. Two years later he was transferred to the embassy at Pekin, and in 1868 was appointed second secretary of the legation in Japan. Between 1874 and 1886 he was secretary of Her Majesty's office of works, and from 1892 to 1895 sat in Parliament for Southwest Warwickshire. He was a member of the royal commission on civil services in 1887, and has been decorated for public services. He published "Tales of Old Japan" in 1871, and "The Bamboo Garden" in 1896. He lives at Batesford Park, Gloucestershire.]

I BEG my readers to fancy themselves wafted away to the shores of the Bay of Yedo—a fair, smiling landscape: gentle slopes, crested by a dark fringe of pines and firs, lead down to the sea; the quaint eaves of many a temple and holy shrine peep out here and there from the groves; the bay itself is studded with picturesque fisher-craft, the torches of which shine by night like glowworms among the outlying forts; far away to the west loom the goblin-haunted heights of Oyama, and beyond the twin hills of the Hakoné Pass, Fuji-Yama, the Peerless Mountain, solitary and grand, stands in the center of the plain, from which it sprang, vomiting flames, twenty-one centuries ago. For a hundred and sixty years the huge mountain has been at peace; but the frequent earthquakes still tell of hidden fires, and none can say when the red-hot stones and ashes may once more fall like rain over five provinces.

In the midst of a nest of venerable trees in Takanawa, a suburb of Yedo, is hidden Sengakuji, or the Spring Hill Tem-

ple, renowned throughout the length and breadth of the land for its cemetery, which contains the graves of the forty-seven Rônins,* famous in Japanese history, heroes of Japanese drama, the tale of whose deeds I am about to transcribe.

On the left-hand side of the main court of the temple is a chapel, in which, surmounted by a gilt figure of Kwanyin, the Goddess of Mercy, are enshrined the images of the forty-seven men and of the master whom they loved so well. The statues are carved in wood, the faces colored, and the dresses richly lacquered. As works of art, they have great merit, the action of the heroes, each armed with his favorite weapon, being wonderfully lifelike and spirited. Some are venerable men, with thin gray hair (one is seventy-seven years old); others are mere boys of sixteen. Close by the chapel, at the side of a path leading up the hill, is a little well of pure water, fenced in and adorned with a tiny fernery, over which is an inscription setting forth that "This is the well in which the head was washed; you must not wash your hands or your feet here." A little farther on is a stall, at which a poor old man earns a pittance by selling books, pictures, and medals, commemorating the loyalty of the Forty-seven; and higher up, shaded by a grove of stately trees, is a neat enclosure, kept up, as a signboard announces, by voluntary contributions, round which are ranged forty-eight little tombstones, each decked with evergreens, each with its tribute of water and incense for the comfort of the departed spirit. There were forty-seven Rônins; there are forty-eight tombstones, and the story of the forty-eighth is truly characteristic of Japanese ideas of honor. Almost touching the rail of the graveyard is a more imposing monument, under which lies buried the lord whose death his followers piously avenged.

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*The word Rônin means, literally, a "wave-man," one who is tossed about hither and thither, as a wave of the sea. It is used to designate persons of gentle blood, entitled to bear arms, who, having become separated from their feudal lords, by their own act, or by dismissal, or by fate, wander about the country in the capacity of somewhat disreputable knights-errant, without ostensible means of living, offering themselves for hire to new masters, or supporting themselves by pillage. Sometimes, for political reasons, a man will become Rônin, in order that his lord may not be implicated in some deed of blood in which he is about to engage.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century lived a daimio, called Asano Takumi no Kami, the lord of the castle of Akô, in the province of Harima. Now it happened that an imperial ambassador from the court of the mikado, having been sent to the shogun at Yedo, Takumi no Kami and another noble called Kamei Sama were appointed to receive and feast the envoy; and a high official, named Kira Kôtsuké no Suké, was named to teach them the proper ceremonies to be observed upon the occasion. The two nobles were accordingly forced to go daily to the castle to listen to the instructions of Kôtsuké no Suké. But this Kôtsuké no Suké was a man greedy of money; and as he deemed that the presents which the two daimios, according to time-honored custom, had brought him in return for his instruction, were mean and unworthy, he conceived a great hatred against them, and took no pains in teaching them, but, on the contrary, rather sought to make laughingstocks of them. Takumi no Kami, restrained by a stern sense of duty, bore his insults with patience; but Kamei Sama, who had less control over his temper, was violently incensed, and determined to kill Kôtsuké no Suké.

One night when his duties at the castle were ended, Kamei Sama returned to his own palace, and having summoned his councilors to a secret conference, said to them: "Kôtsuké no Suké has insulted Takumi no Kami and me, during our service in attendance on the imperial envoy. This is all against decency, and I was minded to kill him on the spot; but I bethought me that if I did such a deed within the precincts of the castle, not only would my own life be forfeit, but my family and vassals would be ruined; so I stayed my hand. Still, the life of such a wretch is a sorrow to the people, and to-morrow when I go to court I will slay him; my mind is made up, and I will listen to no remonstrance." And as he spoke, his face became livid with rage.

Now one of Kamei Sama's councilors was a man of great judgment, and when he saw from his lord's manner that remonstrance would be useless, he said: "Your lordship's words are law; your servant will make all preparations accordingly; and to-morrow, when your lordship goes to court, if this Kôtsuké

no Suké should again be insolent, let him die the death." And his lord was pleased at this speech, and waited with impatience for the day to break, that he might return to court and kill his enemy.

But the councilor went home, and was sorely troubled, and thought anxiously about what his prince had said. And as he reflected, it occurred to him that since Kôtsuké no Suké had the reputation of being a miser, he would certainly be open to a bribe, and that it was better to pay any sum, no matter how great, than that his lord and his house should be ruined. So he collected all the money he could, and, giving it to his servants to carry, rode off in the night to Kôtsuké no Suké's palace, and said to his retainers: "My master, who is now in attendance upon the imperial envoy, owes much thanks to my Lord Kôtsuké no Suké, who has been at so great pains to teach him the proper ceremonies to be observed during the reception of the imperial envoy. This is but a shabby present which he has sent by me, but he hopes that his lordship will condescend to accept it, and commends himself to his lordship's favor." And, with these words, he produced a thousand ounces of silver for Kôtsuké no Suké, and a hundred ounces to be distributed among his retainers.

When the latter saw the money, their eyes sparkled with pleasure, and they were profuse in their thanks; and begging the councilor to wait a little, they went and told their master of the lordly present which had arrived with a polite message from Kamei Sama. Kôtsuké no Suké, in eager delight, sent for the councilor into an inner chamber, and, after thanking him, promised on the morrow to instruct his master carefully in all the different points of etiquette. So the councilor, seeing the miser's glee, rejoiced at the success of his plan; and, having taken his leave, returned home in high spirits. But Kamei Sama, little thinking how his vassal had propitiated his enemy, lay brooding over his vengeance, and on the following morning at daybreak went to court in solemn procession.

When Kôtsuké no Suké met him, his manner had completely changed, and nothing could exceed his courtesy. "You have come early to court this morning, my Lord Kamei," said

he. "I cannot sufficiently admire your zeal. I shall have the honor to call your attention to several points of etiquette to-day. I must beg your lordship to excuse my previous conduct, which must have seemed very rude; but I am naturally of a cross-grained disposition, so I pray you to forgive me." And as he kept on humbling himself and making fair speeches, the heart of Kamei Sama was gradually softened, and he renounced his intention of killing him. Thus, by the cleverness of his councilor, was Kamei Sama, with all his house, saved from ruin.

Shortly after this, Takumi no Kami, who had sent no present, arrived at the castle, and Kôtsuké no Suké turned him into ridicule even more than before, provoking him with sneers and covert insults; but Takumi no Kami affected to ignore all this, and submitted himself patiently to Kôtsuké no Suké's orders.

This conduct, so far from producing a good effect, only made Kôtsuké no Suké despise him the more, until at last he said haughtily: "Here, my Lord of Takumi, the ribbon of my sock has come untied; be so good as to tie it up for me."

Takumi no Kami, although burning with rage at the affront, still thought that as he was on duty he was bound to obey, and tied up the ribbon of the sock. Then Kôtsuké no Suké, turning from him, petulantly exclaimed: "Why, how clumsy you are! You cannot so much as tie up the ribbon of a sock properly! Any one can see that you are a boor from the country, and know nothing of the manners of Yedo." And with a scornful laugh he moved toward an inner room.

But the patience of Takumi no Kami was exhausted; this last insult was more than he could bear.

"Stop a moment, my lord," cried he.

"Well, what is it?" replied the other. And, as he turned round, Takumi no Kami drew his dirk, and aimed a blow at his head; but Kôtsuké no Suké being protected by the court cap which he wore, the wound was but a scratch, so he ran away; and Takumi no Kami, pursuing him, tried a second time to cut him down, but, missing his aim, struck his dirk into a pillar. At this moment an officer, named Kajikawa Yosobei, seeing the affray, rushed up, and holding back the infuriated noble, gave Kôtsuké no Suké time to make good his escape.

Then arose a great uproar and confusion, and Takumi no Kami was arrested and disarmed, and confined in one of the apartments of the palace, under the care of the censors. A council was held, and the prisoner was given over to the safeguard of a daimio, called Tamura Ukiyô no Daibu, who kept him in close custody in his own house, to the great grief of his wife and of his retainers; and when the deliberations of the council were completed, it was decided that, as he had committed an outrage and attacked another man within the precincts of the palace, he must perform *hara-kiri*—that is, commit suicide by disemboweling; his goods must be confiscated, and his family ruined. Such was the law. So Takumi no Kami performed *hara-kiri*, his castle of Akô was confiscated, and his retainers, having become Rônins, some of them took service with other daimios, and others became merchants.

Among these retainers was his principal councilor, a man called Oishi Kuranosuké, who, with forty-six other faithful dependants, formed a league to avenge their master's death by killing Kôtsuké no Suké. This Oishi Kuranosuké was absent at the castle of Akô at the time of the affray, which, had he been with his prince, would never have occurred; for, being a wise man, he would not have failed to propitiate Kôtsuké no Suké by sending him suitable presents; while the councilor who was in attendance on the prince at Yedo was a dullard, who neglected this precaution, and so caused the death of his master and the ruin of his house.

So Oishi Kuranosuké and his forty-six companions began to lay their plans of vengeance against Kôtsuké no Suké; but the latter was so well guarded by a body of men lent to him by a daimio called Uyésugi Sama, whose daughter he had married, that they saw the only way of attaining their end would be by throwing their enemy off his guard. With this object, they separated and disguised themselves, some as carpenters or craftsmen, others as merchants; and their chief, Kuranosuké, went to Kiôto, and built a house in the quarter called Yamashina, where he took to frequenting houses of the worst repute, and gave himself up to drunkenness and debauchery, as if nothing were further from his mind than revenge. Kôtsuké no

Suké, in the meanwhile, suspecting that Takumi no Kami's former retainers would be scheming against his life, secretly sent spies to Kiôto, and caused a faithful account to be kept of all that Kuranosuké did. The latter, however, determined thoroughly to delude the enemy into a false security, went on leading a dissolute life. One day, as he was returning home drunk from some low haunt, he fell down in the street and went to sleep, and all the passers-by laughed him to scorn. It happened that a Satsuma man saw this, and said: "Is not this Oishi Kuranosuké, who was a councilor of Asano Takumi no Kami, and who, not having the heart to avenge his lord, gives himself up to women and wine? See how he lies drunk in the public street! Faithless beast! Fool and craven! Unworthy the name of a Samurai!" *

And he trod on Kuranosuké's face as he slept, and spat upon him. But when Kôtsuké no Suké's spies reported all this at Yedo, he was greatly relieved at the news, and felt secure from danger.

One day Kuranosuké's wife, who was bitterly grieved to see her husband lead this abandoned life, went to him and said: "My lord, you told me at first that your debauchery was but a trick to make your enemy relax in watchfulness. But indeed, indeed, this has gone too far. I pray and beseech you to put some restraint upon yourself."

"Trouble me not," replied Kuranosuké, "for I will not listen to your whining. Since my way of life is displeasing to you, I will divorce you, and you may go about your business; and I will buy some pretty young girl from one of the public houses, and marry her. I am sick of the sight of an old woman like you about the house, so get you gone—the sooner the better."

So saying, he flew into a violent rage, and his wife, terror-stricken, pleaded piteously for mercy.

"O my lord, unsay those terrible words! I have been your faithful wife for twenty years, and have borne you three children; in sickness and in sorrow I have been with you; you

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* Samurai, a man belonging to the Buké or military class, entitled to bear arms.

cannot be so cruel as to turn me out of doors now. Have pity! Have pity!"

"Cease this useless wailing. My mind is made up, and you must go; and as the children are in my way also, you are welcome to take them with you."

When she heard her husband speak thus, in her grief she sought her eldest son, Oishi Chikara, and begged him to plead for her and pray that she might be pardoned. But nothing would turn Kuranosuké from his purpose; so his wife was sent away, with the two younger children, and went back to her native place. But Oishi Chikara remained with his father.

The spies communicated all this without fail to Kôtsuké no Suké; and he, when he heard how Kuranosuké, having turned his wife and children out of doors and bought a concubine, was groveling in a life of drunkenness, began to think he had no longer anything to fear from the retainers of Takumi no Kami, who must be cowards, without the courage to avenge their lord. So by degrees he began to keep a less strict watch, and sent back half of the guard which had been lent to him by his father-in-law, Uyésugi Sama. Little did he think how he was falling into the trap laid for him by Kuranosuké, who, in his zeal to slay his lord's enemy, thought nothing of divorcing his wife and sending away his children. Admirable and faithful man!

In this way Kuranosuké continued to throw dust into the eyes of his foe, by persisting in his apparently shameless conduct; but his associates all went to Yedo, and having, in their several capacities as workmen and peddlers, contrived to gain access to Kôtsuké no Suké's house, made themselves familiar with the plan of the building and the arrangement of the different rooms, and ascertained the character of the inmates—who were brave and loyal men, and who were cowards; upon all of which matters they sent regular reports to Kuranosuké. And when at last it became evident from the letters which arrived from Yedo that Kôtsuké no Suké was thoroughly off his guard, Kuranosuké rejoiced that the day of vengeance was at hand; and, having appointed a trysting-place at Yedo, he fled secretly

from Kiôto, eluding the vigilance of his enemy's spies. Then the forty-seven men, having laid all their plans, bided their time patiently.

It was now midwinter, the twelfth month of the year, and the cold was bitter. One night, during a heavy fall of snow, when the whole world was hushed, and peaceful men were stretched in sleep upon the mats, the Rônins determined that no more favorable opportunity could occur for carrying out their purpose. So they took counsel together, and, having divided their band into two parties, assigned to each man his post. One band, led by Oishi Kuranosuké, was to attack the front gate; and the other, under his son Oishi Chikara, was to attack the postern of Kôtsuké no Suké's house. But as Chikara was only sixteen years of age, Yoshida Chiuzayémon was appointed to act as his guardian. Further it was arranged that a drum, beaten at the order of Kuranosuké, should be the signal for the simultaneous attack; and that if any one slew Kôtsuké no Suké and cut off his head, he should blow a shrill whistle, as a signal to his comrades, who would hurry to the spot, and, having identified the head, carry it off to the temple called Sengakuji, and lay it as an offering before the tomb of their dead lord. Then they must report their deed to the government, and await the sentence of death which would surely be passed upon them. To this the Rônins one and all pledged themselves. Midnight was fixed upon as the hour; and the forty-seven comrades, having made all ready for the attack, partook of a farewell feast together, for on the morrow they must die. Then Oishi Kuranosuké addressed the band, and said:—

"To-night we shall attack our enemy in his palace; his retainers will certainly resist us, and we shall be obliged to kill them. But to slay old men and women and children is a pitiful thing; therefore I pray you to take great heed lest you kill a single helpless person."

His comrades all applauded this speech, and so they remained, waiting for the hour of midnight to arrive.

When the appointed hour came the Rônins set forth. The wind howled furiously, and the driving snow beat in their faces;

but little cared they for wind or snow as they hurried on their road, eager for revenge. At last they reached Kôtsuké no Suké's house, and divided themselves into two bands; and Chikara, with twenty-three men, went round to the back gate. Then four men, by means of a ladder of ropes, which they hung on to the roof of the porch, effected an entry into the courtyard; and, as they saw signs that all the inmates of the house were asleep, they went into the porter's lodge where the guard slept, and, before the latter had time to recover from their astonishment, bound them. The terrified guard prayed hard for mercy, that their lives might be spared; and to this the Rônins agreed on condition that the keys of the gate should be given up; but the others tremblingly said that the keys were kept in the house of one of their officers, and that they had no means of obtaining them. Then the Rônins lost patience, and with a hammer dashed in pieces the big wooden bolt which secured the gate, and the doors flew open to the right and to the left. At the same time Chikara and his party broke in by the back gate.

Then Oishi Kuranosuké sent a messenger to the neighboring houses, bearing the following message: "We, the Rônins who were formerly in the service of Asano Takumi no Kami, are this night about to break into the palace of Kôtsuké no Suké to avenge our lord. As we are neither night robbers nor ruffians, no hurt will be done to the neighboring houses. We pray you to set your minds at rest." And as Kôtsuké no Suké was hated by his neighbors for his coveteousness, they did not unite their forces to assist him. Another precaution was yet taken. Lest any of the people inside should run out to call the relatives of the family to the rescue, and these coming in force should interfere with the plans of the Rônins, Kuranosuké stationed ten of his men, armed with bows, on the roof of the four sides of the courtyard, with orders to shoot any retainers who might attempt to leave the place. Having thus laid all his plans and posted his men, Kuranosuké with his own hand beat the drum and gave the signal for attack.

Ten of Kôtsuké no Suké's retainers, hearing the noise, woke up, and, drawing their swords, rushed into the front room

to defend their master. At this moment the Rônins, who had burst open the door of the front hall, entered the same room. Then arose a furious fight between the two parties, in the midst of which Chikara, leading his men through the garden, broke into the back of the house; and Kôtsuké no Suké, in terror of his life, took refuge, with his wife and female servants, in a closet in the veranda; while the rest of his retainers, who slept in the barrack outside the house, made ready to go to the rescue. But the Rônins who had come in by the front door, and were fighting with the ten retainers, ended by overpowering and slaying the latter, without losing one of their own number; after which, forcing their way bravely toward the back rooms, they were joined by Chikara and his men, and the two bands were united in one.

By this time the remainder of Kôtsuké no Suké's men had come in, and the fight became general; and Kuranosuké, sitting on a camp stool, gave his orders and directed the Rônins. Soon the inmates of the house perceived that they were no match for their enemy, so they tried to send out intelligence of their plight to Uyésugi Sama, their lord's father-in-law, begging him to come to the rescue with all the force at his command. But the messengers were shot down by the archers whom Kuranosuké had posted on the roof. So, no help coming, they fought on in despair. Then Kuranosuké cried out with a loud voice: "Kôtsuké no Suké alone is our enemy; let some one go inside and bring him forth dead or alive!"

Now in front of Kôtsuké no Suké's private room stood three brave retainers with drawn swords. The first was Kobayashi Héhachi, the second was Waku Handaiyu, and the third was Shimidzu Ikkaku—all good men and true, and expert swordsmen. So stoutly did these men lay about them, that for a while they kept the whole of the Rônins at bay, and at one moment even forced them back. When Oishi Kuranosuké saw this, he ground his teeth with rage, and shouted to his men: "What! did not every man of you swear to lay down his life in avenging his lord? And now you are driven back by three men! Cowards, not fit to be spoken to! to die fighting in a master's cause should be the noblest ambition of a retainer!" Then turning

to his own son Chikara, he said: "Here, boy! engage those men; and if they are too strong for you, die!"

Spurred by these words, Chikara seized a spear, and gave battle to Waku Handaiyu, but could not hold his ground, and backing by degrees, was driven out into the garden, where he missed his footing and slipped into a pond; but as Handaiyu, thinking to kill him, looked down into the pond, Chikara cut his enemy in the leg and caused him to fall, and then crawling out of the water dispatched him. In the meanwhile Kobayashi Héhachi and Shimidzu Ikkaku had been killed by the other Rônins, and of all Kôtsuké no Suké's retainers not one fighting man remained. Chikara, seeing this, went with his bloody sword in his hand into a back room to search for Kôtsuké no Suké, but he only found the son of the latter, a young lord named Kira Sahioyé, who, carrying a halberd, attacked him, but was soon wounded, and fled. Thus, the whole of Kôtsuké no Suké's men having been killed, there was an end of the fighting; but as yet no trace of Kôtsuké no Suké was to be found.

Then Kuranosuké divided his men into several parties and searched the whole house, but all in vain; women and children weeping were alone to be seen. At this the forty-seven men began to lose heart in regret that after all their toil they had allowed their enemy to escape them, and there was a moment when in their despair they agreed to commit suicide together on the spot; but they determined to make one more effort. So Kuranosuké went into Kôtsuké no Suké's sleeping-room, and, touching the quilt with his hands, exclaimed: "I have just felt the bedclothes, and they are yet warm; and so methinks our enemy is not far off. He must certainly be hidden somewhere in the house." Greatly excited by this, the Rônins renewed their search. In the raised part of the room, near the place of honor, a picture was hanging. Taking down this picture, they saw there was a large hole in the plastered wall; and on thrusting in a spear, they could feel nothing beyond it. So one of the Rônins, called Yazama Jiutarô, got into the hole, and found that on the other side there was a little courtyard, in which stood an outhouse for holding charcoal and firewood. Looking into the outhouse, he spied something white at the farther end,

at which he struck with his spear, when two armed men sprang out upon him and tried to cut him down; but he kept them back until one of his comrades came up and killed one of the two men and engaged the other, while Jiutarô entered the outhouse and felt about with his spear. Again seeing something white, he struck it with his lance, when a cry of pain betrayed that it was a man; so he rushed up, and the man in white clothes, who had been wounded in the thigh, drew a dirk and aimed a blow at him. But Jiutarô wrested the dirk from him, and, clutching him by the collar, dragged him out of the outhouse. Then the other Rônin came up, and they examined the prisoner attentively, and saw that he was a noble-looking man, some sixty years of age, dressed in a white satin sleeping-robe, which was stained by the blood from the thigh-wound which Jiutarô had inflicted. The two men felt convinced that this was no other than Kôtsuké no Suké, and they asked him his name, but he gave no answer; so they gave the signal whistle, and all their comrades came together at the call. Then Oishi Kuranosuké, bringing a lantern, scanned the old man's features, and it was indeed Kôtsuké no Suké; and if further proof were wanting, he still bore a scar on his forehead where their master, Asano Takumi no Kami, had wounded him during the affray in the castle. There being no possibility of mistake, therefore, Oishi Kuranosuké went down on his knees, and, addressing the old man very respectfully, said:—

"My lord, we are the retainers of Asano Takumi no Kami. Last year your lordship and our master quarreled in the palace, and our master was sentenced to *hara-kiri*, and his family was ruined. We have come to-night to avenge him, as is the duty of faithful and loyal men. I pray your lordship to acknowledge the justice of our purpose. And now, my lord, we beseech you to perform *hara-kiri*. I myself shall have the honor to act as your second, and when, with all humility, I shall have received your lordship's head, it is my intention to lay it as an offering upon the grave of Asano Takumi no Kami."

Thus, in consideration of the high rank of Kôtsuké no Suké, the Rônins treated him with the greatest courtesy, and over

and over again entreated him to perform *hara-kiri*. But he crouched speechless and trembling. At last Kuranosuké, seeing that it was vain to urge him to die the death of a nobleman, forced him down, and cut off his head with the same dirk with which Asano Takumi no Kami had killed himself. Then the forty-seven comrades, elated at having accomplished their design, placed the head in a bucket, and prepared to depart; but before leaving the house they carefully extinguished all the lights and fires in the place, lest by any accident a fire should break out and the neighbors suffer.

As they were on their way to Takanawa, the suburb in which the temple called Sengakuji stands, the day broke, and the people flocked out to see the forty-seven men, who, with their clothes and arms all blood-stained, presented a terrible appearance; and every one praised them, wondering at their valor and faithfulness. But they expected every moment that Kôtsuké no Suké's father-in-law would attack them and carry off the head, and made ready to die bravely, sword in hand. However, they reached Takanawa in safety, for Matsudaira Aki no Kami, one of the eighteen chief daimios of Japan, of whose house Asano Takumi no Kami had been a cadet, had been highly pleased when he heard of the last night's work, and he had made ready to assist the Rônins in case they were attacked. So Kôtsuké no Suké's father-in-law dared not pursue them.

At about seven in the morning they came opposite to the palace of Matsudaira Mutsu no Kami, the Prince of Sendai; and the prince, hearing of it, sent for one of his councilors and said:—

"The retainers of Takumi no Kami have slain their lord's enemy, and are passing this way. I cannot sufficiently admire their devotion; so, as they must be tired and hungry after their night's work, do you go and invite them to come in here, and set some gruel and a cup of wine before them."

So the councilor went out and said to Oishi Kuranosuké: "Sir, I am a councilor of the Prince of Sendai, and my master bids me beg you, as you must be worn out after all you have undergone, to come in and partake of such poor refreshment

as we can offer you. This is my message to you from my lord."

"I thank you, sir," replied Kuranosuké. "It is very good of his lordship to trouble himself to think of us. We shall accept his kindness gratefully."

So the forty-seven Rônins went into the palace, and were feasted with gruel and wine, and all the retainers of the Prince of Sendai came and praised them.

Then Kuranosuké turned to the councilor and said: "Sir, we are truly indebted to you for this kind hospitality; but as we have still to hurry to Sengakuji, we must needs humbly take our leave." And, after returning many thanks to their hosts, they left the palace of the Prince of Sendai and hastened to Sengakuji, where they were met by the abbot of the monastery, who went to the front gate to receive them, and led them to the tomb of Takumi no Kami.

And when they came to their lord's grave, they took the head of Kôtsuké no Suké, and having washed it clean in a well hard by, laid it as an offering before the tomb. When they had done this, they engaged the priests of the temple to come and read prayers while they burned incense. First Oishi Kuranosuké burned incense, and then his son Oishi Chikara, and after them the other forty-five men performed the same ceremony. Then Kuranosuké, having given all the money that he had by him to the abbot, said:—

"When we forty-seven men shall have performed *hara-kiri*, I beg you to bury us decently. I rely upon your kindness. This is but a trifle that I have to offer; such as it is, let it be spent in masses for our souls."

And the abbot, marveling at the faithful courage of the men, with tears in his eyes pledged himself to fulfill their wishes. So the forty-seven Rônins, with their minds at rest, waited patiently until they should receive the orders of the government.

At last they were summoned to the Supreme Court, where the governors of Yedo and the public censors had assembled; and the sentence passed upon them was as follows: "Whereas, neither respecting the dignity of the city nor fearing the gov-

ernment, having leagued yourselves together to slay your enemy, you violently broke into the house of Kira Kôtsuké no Suké by night and murdered him, the sentence of the court is, that, for this audacious conduct, you perform *hara-kiri*."

When the sentence had been read, the forty-seven Rônins were divided into four parties, and handed over to the safe-keeping of four different daimios; and sheriffs were sent to the palaces of those daimios, in whose presence the Rônins were made to perform *hara-kiri*. But, as from the very beginning they had made up their minds that to this end they must come, they met their death nobly; and their corpses were carried to Sengakuji and buried in front of the tomb of their master, Asano Takumi no Kami. And when the fame of this became noised abroad, the people flocked to pray at the graves of these faithful men.

Among those who came to pray was a Satsuma man, who, prostrating himself before the grave of Oishi Kuranosuké, said: "When I saw you lying drunk by the roadside at Yamashina, in Kiôto, I knew not that you were plotting to avenge your lord; and, thinking you to be a faithless man, I trampled on you and spat in your face as I passed. And now I have come to ask pardon and offer atonement for the insult of last year." With these words, he prostrated himself again before the grave, and, drawing a dirk from his girdle, stabbed himself in the belly and died. And the chief priest of the temple, taking pity upon him, buried him by the side of the Rônins; and his tomb still remains to be seen with those of the forty-seven comrades.

This is the end of the story of the forty-seven Rônins.

A terrible picture of fierce heroism which it is impossible not to admire. In the Japanese mind this feeling of admiration is unmixed, and hence it is that the forty-seven Rônins receive almost divine honors. Pious hands still deck their graves with green boughs and burn incense upon them; the clothes and arms which they wore are preserved carefully in a fireproof storehouse attached to the temple, and exhibited yearly to admiring crowds, who behold them probably with little less veneration than is accorded to the relics of Aix-la-

Chapelle or Trèves; and once in sixty years the monks of Sengakuji reap quite a harvest for the good of their temple by holding a commemorative fair or festival, to which the people flock during nearly two months.

A silver key once admitted me to a private inspection of the relics. We were ushered, my friend and I, into a back apartment of the spacious temple, overlooking one of those marvelous miniature gardens, cunningly adorned with rockeries and dwarf trees, in which the Japanese delight. One by one, carefully labeled and indexed boxes containing the precious articles were brought out and opened by the chief priest. Such a curious medley of old rags and scraps of metal and wood! Home-made chain armor, composed of wads of leather secured together by pieces of iron, bear witness to the secrecy with which the Rônins made ready for the fight. To have bought armor would have attracted attention, so they made it with their own hands. Old moth-eaten surcoats, bits of helmets, three flutes, a writing-box that must have been any age at the time of the tragedy, and is now tumbling to pieces; tattered trousers of what once was rich silk brocade, now all unraveled and befringed, scraps of leather, part of an old gauntlet, crests and badges, bits of sword-handles, spearheads, and dirks, the latter all red with rust, but with certain patches more deeply stained, as if the fatal clots of blood were never to be blotted out—all these were reverently shown to us. Among the confusion and litter were a number of documents, yellow with age and much worn at the folds. One was a plan of Kôtsuké no Suké's house, which one of the Rônins obtained by marrying the daughter of the builder who designed it.

I will add one anecdote to show the sanctity which is attached to the graves of the forty-seven. In the month of September, 1868, a certain man came to pray before the grave of Oishi Chikara. Having finished his prayers, he deliberately performed *hara-kiri*, and, the wound not being mortal, dispatched himself by cutting his throat. Upon his person were found papers setting forth that, being a Rônin and without means of earning a living, he had petitioned to be allowed to enter the clan of the Prince of Chôshiu, which he looked upon

as the noblest clan in the realm; his petition having been refused, nothing remained for him but to die, for to be a Rônin was hateful to him, and he would serve no other master than the Prince of Chôshiu; what more fitting place could he find in which to put an end to his life than the graveyard of these braves? This happened at about two hundred yards' distance from my house, and when I saw the spot an hour or two later, the ground was all bespattered with blood and disturbed by the death-struggles of the man.

Notes and Queries.—When was Japan opened to communication with the civilized world and how? What has been the result? A short study of the differences between old and new Japan will be interesting in this connection. See "Japan," in "Story of the Nations" series. Has there been any equally remarkable transformation in the history of the world? What is its most striking contrast? What great nation of antiquity most resembled the Japanese in their willingness to adopt good foreign ideas? What was the result? The history of Rome is much less spectacular, but the element of adaptability and the willingness to learn from even conquered peoples had much to do with their great success. Wherein does the Oriental idea of honor differ from that of our own civilization? In reading of the deeds of foreign, semi-civilized, or barbarous peoples, we must try to place ourselves for the moment in their position in order to best appreciate what we read. Having done this and admired heroism, even when inspired by a false ideal, it is of still deeper moment to compare the false ideals with the true and to perceive the advantages of the latter. Why are murder and suicide committed from a sense of honor inconsistent with the ideal of higher civilization?

HEROISM OF SELF-SACRIFICE

The Death of Sydney Carton

By CHARLES DICKENS

[Charles Dickens was born at Landport, a suburb of Portsea, February 7, 1812. His mother was his first teacher, and he afterwards went to one William Giles, who kept a day school at Chatham. His first employment was pasting labels in a blacking warehouse. By chance he was enabled, about 1824, to attend school at Wellington House Academy, where he remained for a period of nearly two years, after which he became clerk in a law office; and, with the project in mind of fitting himself for a reporter, he read much in the British Museum.

Reporting was abandoned after the publication of "Sketches by Boz" in 1836. With the "Pickwick Papers," published in 1836–7, he achieved high fame as a humorist. From 1837 to 1839 Dickens published serially "Oliver Twist" and "Nicholas Nickleby," beginning the latter before the former was completed. In 1841 he visited Edinburgh by invitation; and from January to July of the following year traveled in America, and later published, as an outgrowth, "American Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit." From this time until 1847 he lived much in Italy, Switzerland, and Paris. Upon his return to London in 1847 he became interested in amateur theatricals as manager and actor. Earlier in life he had known intimately Macready and Fechter and was only by accident deterred from going on the stage. He participated in the production of Jonson's "Every Man in His Humour" and Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor" in Liverpool, Manchester, and London.

From 1853 until the year of his death his literary activities were interspersed with frequent public appearances as a reader from his own works in England, Scotland, Ireland, and America. He was connected editorially with such periodicals as "Household Words" and "All the Year Round," and in 1850 he published "David Copperfield"; "Hard Times," 1854; "A Tale of Two Cities," 1859; "Great Expectations," 1860. In 1864–5 he published "Our Mutual Friend," and his death, at Gadshill, June 8, 1870, left "Edwin Drood" unfinished.]

THIS picture of the voluntary sacrifice of Sydney Carton is taken from Dickens's famous historical novel "A Tale of Two Cities." A brief statement of so much of the plot of the story as concerns the people here introduced may aid in

understanding this episode—the final one of the story. Charles Darnay is the son of the aristocratic family of Evrémonde. During his innocent childhood his father and uncle, in the conscienceless manner common to the upper classes, inflicted outrage and death upon the family of Thérèse Defarge. Vengeance was slow in coming but has arrived at last and visits the innocent offspring of the real offenders. Darnay, after growing up, has voluntarily surrendered his property and aristocratic pretensions, has married Lucy Manette, the daughter of an English physician, and lived a useful and unselfish life. But the sins of his father are remembered, and while in Paris during the Revolution, assisting in the escape of Dr. Manette, a prisoner of the Bastile, is himself taken and condemned to death. Sydney Carton, a young barrister, of brilliant abilities but dissipated life, has tenderly loved and lost Lucy Manette. He now finds the opportunity to prove his undying devotion in sacrificing himself in place of her husband Evrémonde.

IN the black prison of the Conciergerie, the doomed of the day awaited their fate. They were in number as the weeks of the year. Fifty-two were to roll that afternoon on the life-tide of the city to the boundless everlasting sea. Before their cells were quit of them, new occupants were appointed; before their blood ran into the blood spilled yesterday, the blood that was to mingle with theirs to-morrow was already set apart.

Two score and twelve were told off. From the farmer-general of seventy, whose riches could not buy his life, to the seamstress of twenty, whose poverty and obscurity could not save her. Physical diseases, engendered in the vices and neglects of men, will seize on victims of all degrees; and the frightful moral disorder, born of unspeakable suffering, intolerable oppression, and heartless indifference, smote equally without distinction.

Charles Darnay, alone in a cell, had sustained himself with no flattering delusion since he came to it from the tribunal. In every line of the narrative he had heard, he had heard his condemnation. He had fully comprehended that no personal in-

fluence could possibly save him, that he was virtually sentenced by the millions, and that units could avail him nothing.

He had never seen the instrument that was to terminate his life. How high it was from the ground, how many steps it had, where he would be stood, how he would be touched, whether the touching hands would be dyed red, which way his face would be turned, whether he would be the first, or might be the last; these and many similar questions, in nowise directed by his will, obtruded themselves over and over again, countless times. Neither were they connected with fear: he was conscious of no fear. Rather, they originated in a strange besetting desire to know what to do when the time came; a desire gigantically disproportionate to the few swift moments to which it referred; a wondering that was more like the wondering of some other spirit within his, than his own.

The hours went on as he walked to and fro, and the clocks struck the numbers he would never hear again. Nine gone forever, ten gone forever, eleven gone forever, twelve coming on to pass away. After a hard contest with that eccentric action of thought which had last perplexed him, he had got the better of it. He walked up and down, softly repeating their names to himself. The worst of the strife was over. He could walk up and down, free from distracting fancies, praying for himself and for them.

Twelve gone forever.

He had been apprised that the final hour was Three, and he knew he would be summoned some time earlier, inasmuch as the tumbrils jolted heavily and slowly through the streets. Therefore, he resolved to keep Two before his mind, as the hour, and so to strengthen himself in the interval that he might be able, after that time, to strengthen others.

Walking regularly to and fro with his arms folded on his breast, a very different man from the prisoner who had walked to and fro at La Force, he heard One struck away from him without surprise. The hour had measured like most other hours. Devoutly thankful to Heaven for his recovered self-possession, he thought, "There is but another now," and turned to walk again.

Footsteps in the stone passage, outside the door. He stopped.

The key was put in the lock, and turned. Before the door was opened, or as it opened, a man said in a low voice, in English: "He has never seen me here; I have kept out of his way. Go you in alone; I wait near. Lose no time!"

The door was quickly opened and closed, and there stood before him, face to face, quiet, intent upon him, with the light of a smile on his features and a cautionary finger on his lip, Sydney Carton.

There was something so bright and remarkable in his look, that, for the first moment, the prisoner misdoubted him to be an apparition of his own imagining. But, he spoke, and it was his voice; he took the prisoner's hand, and it was his real grasp.

"Of all the people upon earth, you least expected to see me?" he said.

"I could not believe it to be you. I can scarcely believe it now. You are not"—the apprehension came suddenly into his mind—"a prisoner?"

"No. I am accidentally possessed of a power over one of the keepers here, and in virtue of it I stand before you. I come from her—your wife, dear Darnay."

The prisoner wrung his hand.

"I bring you a request from her."

"What is it?"

"A most earnest, pressing, and emphatic entreaty, addressed to you in the most pathetic tones of the voice so dear to you, that you well remember."

The prisoner turned his face partly aside. "You have no time to ask me why I bring it, or what it means; I have no time to tell you. You must comply with it—take off those boots you wear, and draw on these of mine."

There was a chair against the wall of the cell, behind the prisoner. Carton, pressing forward, had already, with the speed of lightning, got him down into it, and stood over him barefoot.

"Draw on these boots of mine. Put your hands to them; put your will to them. Quick!"

"Carton, there is no escaping from this place; it never can be done. You will only die with me. It is madness."

"It would be madness if I asked you to escape; but do I? When I ask you to pass out at that door, tell me it is madness and remain here. Change that cravat for this of mine, that coat for this of mine. While you do it, let me take this ribbon from your hair, and shake out your hair like this of mine!"

With wonderful quickness, and with a strength both of will and action, that appeared quite supernatural, he forced all these changes upon him. The prisoner was like a young child in his hands.

"Carton! Dear Carton! It is madness. It cannot be accomplished, it never can be done, it has been attempted, and has always failed. I implore you not to add your death to the bitterness of mine."

"Do I ask you, my dear Darnay, to pass the door? When I ask that, refuse. There are pen and ink and paper on this table. Is your hand steady enough to write?"

"It was, when you came in."

"Steady it again, and write what I shall dictate. Quick, friend, quick!"

Pressing his hand to his bewildered head, Darnay sat down at the table. Carton, with his right hand in his breast, stood close beside him.

"Write exactly as I speak."

"To whom do I address it?"

"To no one." Carton still had his hand in his breast.

"Do I date it?"

"No."

The prisoner looked up, at each question. Carton, standing over him with his hand in his breast, looked down.

"'If you remember,'" said Carton, dictating, "'the words that passed between us, long ago, you will readily comprehend this when you see it. You do remember them, I know. It is not in your nature to forget them.'"

He was drawing his hand from his breast; the prisoner chancing to look up in his hurried wonder as he wrote, the hand stopped, closing upon something.

"Have you written 'forget them'?" Carton asked.

"I have. Is that a weapon in your hand?"

"No; I am not armed."

"What is it in your hand?"

"You shall know directly. Write on; there are but a few words more." He dictated again. "'I am thankful that the time has come, when I can prove them. That I do so, is no subject for regret or grief.'" As he said these words with his eyes fixed on the writer, his hand slowly and softly moved down close to the writer's face.

The pen dropped from Darnay's fingers on the table, and he looked about him vacantly.

"What vapor is that?" he asked.

"Vapor?"

"Something that crossed me?"

"I am conscious of nothing; there can be nothing here. Take up the pen and finish. Hurry, hurry!"

As if his memory were impaired, or his faculties disordered, the prisoner made an effort to rally his attention. As he looked at Carton with clouded eyes and with an altered manner of breathing, Carton—his hand again in his breast—looked steadily at him.

"Hurry, hurry!"

The prisoner bent over the paper once more.

"'If it had been otherwise;'" Carton's hand was again watchfully and softly stealing down; "'I never should have used the longer opportunity. If it had been otherwise;'" the hand was at the prisoner's face; "'I should but have had so much the more to answer for. If it had been otherwise'"—Carton looked at the pen, and saw that it was trailing off into unintelligible signs.

Carton's hand moved back to his breast no more. The prisoner sprang up, with a reproachful look, but Carton's hand was close and firm at his nostrils, and Carton's left arm caught him round the waist. For a few seconds he faintly struggled with the man who had come to lay down his life for him; but, within a minute or so, he was stretched insensible on the ground.

Quickly, but with hands as true to the purpose as his heart was, Carton dressed himself in the clothes the prisoner had laid aside, combed back his hair, and tied it with the ribbon the prisoner had worn. Then he softly called "Enter there! Come in!" and the Spy presented himself.

"You see?" said Carton, looking up, as he kneeled on one knee beside the insensible figure, putting the paper in the breast: "is your hazard very great?"

"Mr. Carton," the Spy answered, with a timid snap of his fingers, "my hazard is not *that*, in the thick of business here, if you are true to the whole of your bargain."

"Don't fear me. I will be true to the death."

"You must be, Mr. Carton, if the tale of fifty-two is to be right. Being made right by you in that dress, I shall have no fear."

"Have no fear! I shall soon be out of the way of harming you, and the rest will soon be far from here, please God! Now, get assistance and take me to the coach."

"You?" said the Spy, nervously.

"Him, man, with whom I have exchanged. You go out at the gate by which you brought me in?"

"Of course."

"I was weak and faint when you brought me in, and I am fainter now you take me out. The parting interview has overpowered me. Such a thing has happened here, often, and too often. Your life is in your own hands. Quick! Call assistance!"

"You swear not to betray me?" said the trembling Spy, as he paused for a last moment.

"Man, man!" returned Carton, stamping his foot; "have I sworn by no solemn vow already, to go through with this, that you waste the precious moments now? Take him yourself to the courtyard you know of, place him yourself in the carriage, show him yourself to Mr. Lorry, tell him yourself to give him no restorative but air, and to remember my words of last night and his promise of last night, and drive away!"

The Spy withdrew, and Carton seated himself at the table, resting his forehead on his hands. The Spy returned immediately, with two men.

"How, then?" said one of them, contemplating the fallen figure. "So afflicted to find that his friend has drawn a prize in the lottery of Sainte Guillotine?"

"A good patriot," said the other, "could hardly have been more afflicted if the Aristocrat had drawn a blank."

They raised the unconscious figure, placed it on a litter they had brought to the door, and bent to carry it away.

"The time is short, Evrémonde," said the Spy, in a warning voice.

"I know it well," answered Carton. "Be careful of my friend, I entreat you, and leave me."

"Come, then, my children," said Barsad. "Lift him, and come away!"

The door closed and Carton was left alone. Straining his powers of listening to the utmost, he listened for any sound that might denote suspicion or alarm. There was none. Keys turned, doors clashed, footsteps passed along distant passages: no cry was raised, or hurry made, that seemed unusual. Breathing more freely in a little while, he sat down at the table, and listened again until the clocks struck Two.

Sounds that he was not afraid of, for he divined their meaning, then began to be audible. Several doors were opened in succession, and finally his own. A jailer, with a list in his hand, looked in, merely saying, "Follow me, Evrémonde!" and he followed into a large dark room, at a distance. It was a dark winter day, and what with the shadows within, and what with the shadows without, he could but dimly discern the others who were brought there to have their arms bound. Some were standing; some seated. Some were lamenting, and in restless motion; but, these were few. The great majority were silent and still, looking fixedly at the ground.

As he stood by the wall in a dim corner, while some of the fifty-two were brought in after him, one man stopped in passing, to embrace him, as having a knowledge of him. It thrilled him with a great dread of discovery; but the man went on. A very few moments after that, a young woman, with a slight girlish form, a sweet spare face in which there was no vestige of color, and large widely opened patient eyes, rose from the

seat where he had observed her sitting, and came to speak to him.

"Citizen Evrémonde," she said, touching him with her cold hand. "I am a poor little seamstress, who was with you in La Force."

He murmured for answer: "True. I forget what you were accused of?"

"Plots. Though the just Heaven knows I am innocent of any. Is it likely? Who would think of plotting with a poor little weak creature like me?"

The forlorn smile with which she said it, so touched him that tears started from his eyes.

"I am not afraid to die, Citizen Evrémonde, but I have done nothing. I am not unwilling to die, if the republic which is to do so much good to us poor, will profit by my death; but I do not know how that can be, Citizen Evrémonde. Such a poor weak little creature!"

As the last thing on earth that his heart was to warm and soften to, it warmed and softened to this pitiable girl.

"I heard you were released, Citizen Evrémonde. I hoped it was true?"

"It was. But, I was again taken and condemned."

"If I may ride with you, Citizen Evrémonde, will you let me hold your hand? I am not afraid, but I am little and weak, and it will give me more courage."

As the patient eyes were lifted to his face, he saw a sudden doubt in them, and then astonishment. He pressed the work-worn, hunger-worn young fingers, and touched his lips.

"Are you dying for him?" she whispered.

"And his wife and child. Hush! Yes."

"O you will let me hold your brave hand, stranger?"

"Hush! Yes, my poor sister; to the last."

* * * * * *

Along the Paris streets, the death-carts rumble, hollow and harsh. Six tumbrils carry the day's wine to La Guillotine. All the devouring and insatiate monsters imagined since imagination could record itself, are fused in the one realization, Guillotine. And yet there is not in France, with its rich vari-

ety of soil and climate, a blade, a leaf, a root, a sprig, a peppercorn, which will grow to maturity under conditions more certain than those that have produced this horror. Crush humanity out of shape once more, under similar hammers, and it will twist itself into the same tortured forms. Sow the same seeds of rapacious license and oppression over again, and it will surely yield the same fruit according to its kind.

Six tumbrils roll along the streets. Change these back again to what they were, thou powerful enchanter, Time, and they shall be seen to be the carriages of absolute monarchs, the equipages of feudal nobles, the toilets of flaring Jezebels, the churches that are not my Father's house but dens of thieves, the huts of millions of starving peasants! No; the great magician who majestically works out the appointed order of the Creator, never reverses his transformations. "If thou be changed into this shape by the will of God," say the seers to the enchanted, in the wise Arabian stories, "then remain so! But if thou wear this form through mere passing conjuration, then resume thy former aspect!" Changeless and hopeless, the tumbrils roll along.

As the somber wheels of the six carts go round, they seem to plow up a long crooked furrow among the populace in the streets. Ridges of faces are thrown to this side and to that, and the plows go steadily onward. So used are the regular inhabitants of the houses to the spectacle, that in many windows there are no people, and in some the occupation of the hands is not so much as suspended, while the eyes survey the faces in the tumbrils. Here and there, the inmate has visitors to see the sight; then he points his finger, with something of the complacency of a curator or authorized exponent, to this cart and to this, and seems to tell who sat here yesterday, and who there the day before.

Of the riders in the tumbrils, some observe these things, and all things on their last roadside, with an impassive stare; others, with a lingering interest in the ways of life and men. Some, seated with drooping heads, are sunk in silent despair; again, there are some so heedful of their looks that they cast upon the multitude such glances as they have seen in theaters,

and in pictures. Several close their eyes, and think, or try to get their straying thoughts together. Only one, and he a miserable creature of a crazed aspect, is so shattered and made drunk by horror that he sings, and tries to dance. Not one of the whole number appeals, by look or gesture, to the pity of the people.

There is a guard of sundry horsemen riding abreast of the tumbrils, and faces are often turned up to some of them and they are asked some question. It would seem to be always the same question, for, it is always followed by a press of people toward the third cart. The horsemen abreast of that cart, frequently point out one man in it with their swords. The leading curiosity is, to know which is he; he stands at the back of the tumbril with his head bent down, to converse with a mere girl who sits on the side of the cart, and holds his hand. He has no curiosity or care for the scene about him, and always speaks to the girl. Here and there in a long street of St. Honoré, cries are raised against him. If they move him at all, it is only to a quiet smile, as he shakes his hair a little more loosely about his face. He cannot easily touch his face, his arms being bound.

On the steps of a church, awaiting the coming-up of the tumbrils, stands the Spy and prison-sheep. He looks into the first of them: not there. He looks into the second: not there. He already asks himself, "Has he sacrificed me?" when his face clears, as he looks into the third.

"Which is Evrémonde?" said a man behind him.

"That. At the back there."

"With his hand in the girl's?"

"Yes."

The man cries, "Down, Evrémonde! To the Guillotine all aristocrats! Down, Evrémonde!"

"Hush, hush!" the Spy entreats him, timidly.

"And why not, citizen?"

"He is going to pay the forfeit; it will be paid in five minutes more. Let him be at peace."

But, the man continuing to exclaim, "Down, Evrémonde!" the face of Evrémonde is for a moment turned toward him.

Evrémonde then sees the Spy, and looks attentively at him, and goes his way.

The clocks are on the stroke of three, and the furrow plowed among the populace is turning round, to come on into the place of execution, and end. The ridges thrown to this side and to that, now crumble in and close behind the last plow as it passes on, for all are following to the Guillotine. In front of it, seated in chairs as in a garden of public diversion, are a number of women, busily knitting. On one of the foremost chairs, stands The Vengeance, looking about for her friend.

"Thérèse!" she cries, in her shrill tones. "Who has seen her? Thérèse Defarge!"

"She never missed before," says a knitting-woman of the sisterhood.

"No; nor will she miss now," cries The Vengeance, petulantly. "Thérèse!"

"Louder," the woman recommends.

Aye! Louder, Vengeance, much louder, and still she will scarcely hear thee. Louder yet, Vengeance, with a little oath or so added, and yet it will hardly bring her. Send other women up and down to seek her, lingering somewhere; and yet, although the messengers have done dread deeds, it is questionable whether of their own wills they will go far enough to find her!

"Bad Fortune!" cries The Vengeance, stamping her foot in the chair, "and here are the tumbrils! And Evrémonde will be dispatched in a wink, and she not here! See her knitting in my hand, and her empty chair ready for her. I cry with vexation and disappointment!"

As The Vengeance descends from her elevation to do it, the tumbrils begin to discharge their loads. The ministers of Sainte Guillotine are robed and ready. Crash!—A head is held up, and the knitting-women who scarcely lifted their eyes to look at it a moment ago when it could think and speak, count One.

The second tumbril empties and moves on; the third comes up. Crash!—And the knitting-women, never faltering or pausing in their work, count Two.

The supposed Evrémonde descends, and the seamstress is lifted out next after him. He has not relinquished her patient hand in getting out, but still holds it as he promised. He gently places her with her back to the crashing engine that constantly whirs up and falls, and she looks into his face and thanks him.

"But for you, dear stranger, I should not be so composed, for I am naturally a poor little thing, faint of heart; nor should I have been able to raise my thoughts to Him who was put to death, that we might have hope and comfort here to-day. I think you were sent to me by Heaven."

"Or you to me," says Sydney Carton. "Keep your eyes upon me, dear child, and mind no other object."

"I mind nothing while I hold your hand. I shall mind nothing when I let it go, if they are rapid."

"They will be rapid. Fear not!"

The two stand in the fast-thinning throng of victims, but they speak as if they were alone. Eye to eye, voice to voice, hand to hand, heart to heart, these two children of the Universal Mother, else so wide apart and differing, have come together on the dark highway, to repair home together and to rest in her bosom.

"Brave and generous friend, will you let me ask you one last question? I am very ignorant, and it troubles me—just a little."

"Tell me what it is."

"I have a cousin, an only relative and an orphan like myself, whom I love very dearly. She is five years younger than I, and she lives in a farmer's house in the south country. Poverty parted us, and she knows nothing of my fate—for I cannot write—and if I could, how should I tell her! It is better as it is."

"Yes, yes: better as it is."

"What I have been thinking as we came along, and what I am still thinking now, as I look into your kind strong face which gives me so much support, is this:—If the republic really does good to the poor, and they come to be less hungry, and in all ways to suffer less, she may live a long time; she may even live to be old."

"What then, my gentle sister?"

"Do you think"—the uncomplaining eyes in which there is so much endurance, fill with tears, and the lips part a little more and tremble: "that it will seem long to me, while I wait for her in the better land where I trust both you and I will be mercifully sheltered?"

"It cannot be, my child; there is no Time there, and no trouble there."

"You comfort me so much! I am so ignorant. Am I to kiss you now? Is the moment come?"

"Yes."

She kisses his lips; he kisses hers; they solemnly bless each other. The spare hand does not tremble as he releases it; nothing worse than a sweet, bright constancy is in the patient face. She goes next before him—is gone; the knitting-women count Twenty-two.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away. Twenty-three.

They said of him, about the city that night, that it was the peacefullest man's face ever beheld there. Many added that he looked sublime and prophetic.

One of the most remarkable sufferers by the same axe—a woman—had asked at the foot of the same scaffold, not long before, to be allowed to write down the thoughts that were inspiring her. If he had given any utterance to his, and they were prophetic, they would have been these:—

"I see Barsad, and Cly, Defarge, The Vengeance, the Jury-man, the Judge, long ranks of the new oppressors who have risen on the destruction of the old, perishing by this retributive instrument, before it shall cease out of its present use. I see a beautiful city and a brilliant people rising from this abyss, and, in their struggles to be truly free, in their triumphs and defeats, through long long years to come, I see the evil of this

time and of the previous time of which this is the natural birth, gradually making expiation for itself and wearing out.

"I see the lives for which I lay down my life, peaceful, useful, prosperous and happy, in that England which I shall see no more. I see Her with a child upon her bosom, who bears my name. I see her father, aged and bent, but otherwise restored, and faithful to all men in his healing office, and at peace. I see the good old man, so long their friend, in ten years' time enriching them with all he has, and passing tranquilly to his reward.

"I see that I hold a sanctuary in their hearts, and in the hearts of their descendants, generations hence. I see her, an old woman, weeping for me on the anniversary of this day. I see her and her husband, their course done, lying side by side in their last earthly bed, and I know that each was not more honored and held sacred in the other's soul, than I was in the souls of both.

"I see that child who lay upon her bosom and who bore my name, a man, winning his way up in that path of life which once was mine. I see him winning it so well, that my name is made illustrious there by the light of his. I see the blots I threw upon it, faded away. I see him, foremost of just judges and honored men, bringing a boy of my name, with a forehead that I know and golden hair, to this place—then fair to look upon, with not a trace of this day's disfigurement—and I hear him tell the child my story, with a tender and a faltering voice.

"It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known."

Notes and Queries.—What were the abuses that led to the French Revolution? Carlyle gives a good picture of it. How did it compare with the English Revolution? or the American? Why was it so disfigured by excesses? How does the character of Latin races like the French differ from that of the Anglo-Saxon? By what epigrammatic expression did the sharp tongue of Voltaire describe his countrymen?

HEROISM UNDER ADVERSE FATE

By OLIVER H. G. LEIGH

THE patience of Job has almost come to be a byword in an age of feverish activity and universal discontent. We fret over the veriest trifles, as if the discipline of spirit is not just as valuable as discipline is for the body. A sorry sight it is to see strong men, mature and of average self-control, complaining of petty ailments which women and girls would be ashamed to echo in their neighbors' ears. The hypochondriac and imaginary martyr need a wholesome reminder that the fretfulness they continually indulge in only exhibits the moral weakness which invariably breeds something akin to contempt. The miserable mortal who gives the blues to his household at breakfast by magnifying the penalties of careless dieting into deadly maladies, ought to be shamed into manliness by being reminded of the thousand heroisms of silent endurance of pain, of loss, of hopes turned into despairs.

We all know how great is the noble army of martyrs to disease, to injuries, lingering in pain without prospect of cure. Most of us have lovingly watched some sad-fated sufferer doomed to pass long years, as Heine did, on his "mattress-grave." The present writer knew two men, one a gentleman of birth and high culture, the other a workingman, each of whom had for thirty years been bedridden. Another, who had been a good friend to Edgar Allan Poe, never left his bed for the last eight or nine years of his life. For the four years preceding her death a gentle, godly woman, endured continual torment from cancer, while maintaining a marvelous cheerfulness of heart and speech, which drew around her not only a large circle of loving friends, but these brought to her bedside during

those years most of the eminent public characters who visited the famous city that they might share the affecting pleasure of seeing how a brave heart wrought a miracle of intellectual and spiritual strength in a frail body, racked with pain. These four direly afflicted persons were robust of soul, averse to talking of their heavy burdens. They lifted themselves above the trammels of bodily ills and each found happiness in the thought of how much worse their fate might have been. This is the secret of that rare contentment which enables the strong to bear troubles which all the rebellious whining in the world cannot lessen, but may increase.

The Last Days of General Grant

Of the countless examples of this inadequately appreciated order of heroism, the heroism of calm endurance under adverse fate, the case of President Grant stands conspicuous from any point of view. A strong man indeed, of will and physique, and in his prime of maturity. Few famous soldiers or statesmen have been crowned with more splendid laurels than those proffered him, not only by his grateful country but by the admiring great of other nations, impressed by the simple dignity of his nature. It was a life rich in the triumphs of well-won victories and well-deserved rewards. And then, at its enviable climax, when the career of heroic toil promised to close in an eventide of sunny ease, there came the insidious malady which ended all.

General James Grant Wilson, in his biography of Grant, tells how the slight pain in the mouth and throat was noticed early in 1884. This developed into cancer of the tongue, a very painful and incurable disease. "The cruel irony of fate was never perhaps displayed in a more striking manner than in the closing years of General Grant's career. What a startling revolution in the whirligig of time! Within the brief space of nineteen months was witnessed the occurrence in front of his door of an accident which lamed him for life. Five months later, when he believed he was worth a million of dollars, the

ex-President was suddenly financially ruined. Eight months after this heavy stroke the old soldier was assailed with a malady which baffled all human skill, and within five months of the period when it was announced that he had a mortal disease, the end came. . . . Fortunately his prayer was answered that he might be permitted to live to complete his 'Military Memoirs,' which were substantially finished. It may be doubted if since the world began any book has been written under similar conditions. It far surpasses Sir Walter Scott's gallant efforts to maintain the integrity of his character, that he might bequeath an untarnished name and a fantastic mansion to a long line of Scotts of Abbotsford. Seeing the last enemy approach, the dying but undaunted soldier, suffering almost constant, and at times the severest agony, determined to fight it out bravely, as he did when he faced General Lee in the Wilderness. This Grant did, to the general astonishment of publishers, physicians, family, and friends, the fruit of this great effort being a fortune for his family. It was probably the most successful expensive book ever issued, more than a quarter of a million copies having been ordered in advance of publication, and nearly half a million of dollars having been received by his family from the sale of the book. In clearness and accuracy of statement, in literary style and finish, it compares favorably with the models of English literature."

A more inspiring illustration of the heroism of patient endurance of suffering, of loving devotion to duty under painful circumstances, and of grand defiance of inexorable fate is not to be found in the records of human nobility.

Presidents Garfield and McKinley

A STOUT heart grows stronger under the blows of adversity. Perseverance is counseled as the wisest method of winning worldly success, yet it is a finer quality to have the defiant element in one's soul, to discipline our higher nature till it can smilingly withstand the mere physical ills and buffetings that

are permitted to test the diviner faculties by which alone greatness of character is attainable. The careers of the two Presidents named are familiar in their main features. In the manner of their premature death they are to be classed with Lincoln, except that in his case there was no lingering period of suffering. Each had lived the bravest of lives. Each entered upon the crowning responsibility of his career, well knowing the perils that must be braved in the doing of honest duty to the nation. Lincoln's chief work had been done when he fell. Garfield was only entering his larger sphere, sanguine of proving his devotion to the common welfare and winning the approval of the nation. When stricken down so cruelly he did not lose heart. The stroke was bitter enough to make the strongest collapse in utter and forgiveable despair. Every bright hope was shattered in a moment, except the rebounding hope that nothing but death can finally down, the hope that defies the massed ammunition of adversity. When President McKinley realized the gravity of his situation, his native courage rose above the common level, on which the dominant passion is to fight for life, to the serene altitude of resignation. "It is God's way; His will be done." Whatever the animating principle was, nothing can be more impressive than these heroic endurings of fatal anguish and eclipse of honorable ambition.

In pronouncing the formal eulogy upon President Garfield before Congress Mr. Blaine paid eloquent tribute to this high courage, no less conspicuous in the last hours of President McKinley.

"No foreboding of evil haunted him, not the slightest premonition of danger clouded his sky; his terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully out before him. The next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence, and the grave.

"Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death, and he did not quail, not alone

for the one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony, that was not less agony because silently borne. With clear sight and calm courage he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes! Whose lips may tell what brilliant broken plans, what baffled high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm manhood friendships, what bitter rending of sweet household ties! Behind him a proud, expectant nation, a great host of sustaining friends, a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full rich honors of her early toil and tears, the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic; the fair young daughter, the sturdy sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day and every day rewarding a father's love and care, and in his heart the eager, rejoicing power to meet all demands. Before him, desolation and great darkness, and his soul was not shaken.

"His countrymen were thrilled with an instant, profound, and universal sympathy. Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the center of a nation's love, enshrined in the prayers of a world; but all the love and the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the wine press alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the divine decree. As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the weary hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness, and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or die, as God should will. Within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices, with wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders, on its far sails whitening in the morning light, on its restless waves rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the

noonday sun, on the red clouds of evening reaching low to the horizon, on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning, which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that, in the silence of the receding world, he heard the great waves breaking on a farther shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning."

Untrumpeted Heroes and Heroines

If the simple truth could be known we might discover that we are surrounded by hidden doers of truly heroic deeds. Some of the noblest acts of endurance and self-sacrifice are performed within the four walls of home. In the privacy of domestic life, when suffering casts a gloom over the household, there develops in at least one of its members an unsuspected strength of character, as beautiful as it is noble. No labor is too severe or menial, no vigilance too exacting, no self-denial too great, if by enduring these duties of love some pain can be lightened or a drooping heart cheered. And these are not spasmodic exhibitions of bravery, which often bring their compensations in the applause that quickly follows. The devotion that shows itself in sick-room attentions may, and in a large proportion do, outweigh many of the vaunted heroisms of the battle-field. It is far easier to run risks in the temporary delirium of a bloody conflict than to endure, day after day and night after night, for weeks and months, the untheatrical monotony of nursing a sufferer, whose ailment may be the reverse of "interesting," and himself but a poor appreciator of what others sacrifice of their happiness for his sake.

Warriors and statesmen have their meed of praise,
And what they do, or suffer, men record;
But the long sacrifice of woman's days
Passes without a thought, without a word;
And many a lofty struggle for the sake
Of duties sternly, faithfully fulfilled—

For which the anxious mind must watch and wake,
And the strong feelings of the heart be stilled—
Goes by unheeded as the summer wind,
And leaves no memory and no trace behind!
Yet it may be, more lofty courage dwells
In one meek heart which braves an adverse fate,
Than his whose ardent soul indignant swells,
Warmed by the fight or cheered through high debate.
The soldier dies surrounded: could he *live*
Alone to suffer and *alone* to strive?

Charles Darwin

THE name of Darwin stands for forces which revolutionized intellectual opinion the world over. No single book in modern times has exerted so powerful an influence upon the leaders of thought, religious and secular, scientific and general, as his work on the "Origin of Species." Yet it was built up during twenty years of persistent physical disability, which greatly hampered his mental powers. Darwin was born in 1809, his father and grandfather being distinguished characters. He developed a taste for travel and for collecting natural history specimens. After serious study and experimentation in geology, he agreed to serve without pay as naturalist on the governmental expedition of the "Beagle." This voyage Darwin pronounces "by far the most important event in my life, and it determined my whole career."

His method was that of slow, long-continued observation of the facts and related data of the subject in hand. The result, when he published it, was a perfect work on whatever might be the subject. For example, his book on "Cirripedes," in two thick volumes, required eight years of steady work. Out of these he lost two years by sickness. He was so ill when his father died that he was unable to go to the funeral or act as executor. All his books were written in conditions of ill-health. Sleep less nights were a serious drawback to the minute and patient observation of phenomena and experiments, on which Darwin's

great work was based. His nights were generally bad, and he often lay awake or sat up in bed for hours, suffering much discomfort. He was troubled at night by the activity of his thoughts and would become exhausted by his mind working at some problem which he would willingly have dismissed. It was his habit to keep at his day's task up to the limit of his power, and then suddenly cease, dreading a possible catastrophe.

As early as 1840 he wrote of himself, "I am grown a dull, old, spiritless dog to what I used to be." And five years later, "I believe I have not had one whole day, or rather night, without my stomach having been greatly disordered, during the last three years, and most days great prostration of strength." This was his normal experience during the whole period in which he wrought his epoch-making books. He was unable to be present to receive "the greatest honor which a scientific man can receive in England, the Copley medal of the Royal Society." By his indomitable perseverance against heavy odds, aided by a fine spirit of stoical resignation, Darwin lived to receive world-wide honors for his services in enlarging our sphere of knowledge. He died on April 19, 1882. His life, as told by his son, is charming reading, by reason of the simplicity of character which accompanies true greatness, and for the inspiration it gives to all who are pursuing a high aim in the teeth of adverse conditions. Darwin was the last man to flatter himself in any way, he claimed to be no more than a painstaking workman in the calling he adopted, but the element of true heroism shone through his persistent and philosophical endurance of his affliction with cheerfulness, until his life-work was completed.

The Defenders of Thermopylæ

By CHARLOTTE YONGE

FOUR hundred and thirty years before Christ there was trembling in Greece. "The Great King," as the Greeks called the chief potentate of the East, whose domains stretched from the Indian Caucasus to the Ægæus, from the Caspian to the Red Sea, was marshaling his forces against the little free states that nestled amid the rocks and gulfs of the eastern Mediterranean. Already had his might devoured the cherished colonies of the Greeks on the eastern shore of the Archipelago, and every traitor to home institutions found a ready asylum at that despotic court, and tried to revenge his own wrongs by whispering incitements to invasion. "All people, nations, and languages," was the commencement of the decrees of that monarch's court; and it was scarcely a vain boast, for his satraps ruled over subject kingdoms, and among his tributary nations he counted the Chaldean, with his learning and old civilization, the wise and steadfast Jew, the skillful Phœnician, the learned Egyptian, the wild, freebooting Arab of the desert, the dark-skinned Ethiopian, and over all these ruled the keen-witted, active native Persian race, the conquerors of all the rest, and led by a chosen band proudly called the Immortal. His many capitals—Babylon the Great, Susa, Persepolis, and the like—were names of dreamy splendor to the Greeks, described now and then by Ionians from Asia Minor who had carried their tribute to the king's own feet, or by courtier slaves who had escaped with difficulty from being all too serviceable at the tyrannic court. And the lord of this enormous empire was

about to launch his countless host against the little cluster of states, the whole of which together would hardly equal one province of the huge Asiatic realm! Moreover, it was a war not only on the men, but on their gods. The Persians were zealous adorers of the sun and of fire; they abhorred the idol-worship of the Greeks, and defiled and plundered every temple that fell on their way. Death and desolation were almost the best that could be looked for at such hands—slavery and torture from cruelly barbarous masters would only too surely be the lot of numbers, should their land fall a prey to the conquerors.

True it was that ten years back the former Great King had sent his best troops to be signally defeated upon the coast of Attica; but the losses at Marathon had but stimulated the Persian lust of conquest, and the new King Xerxes was gathering together such myriads of men as should crush down the Greeks and overrun their country by mere force of numbers.

The muster place was at Sardis, and there Greek spies had seen the multitudes assembling and the state and magnificence of the king's attendants. Envoys had come from him to demand earth and water from each state in Greece, as emblems that land and sea were his; but each state was resolved to be free, and only Thessaly, that which lay first in his path, consented to yield the token of subjugation. A council was held at the Isthmus of Corinth, and attended by deputies from all the states of Greece to consider of the best means of defense. The ships of the enemy would coast round the shores of the Ægean Sea, the land army would cross the Hellespont on a bridge of boats lashed together, and march southward into Greece. The only hope of averting the danger lay in defending such passages as, from the nature of the ground, were so narrow that only a few persons could fight hand to hand at once, so that courage would be of more avail than numbers.

The first of these passes was called Tempe, and a body of troops was sent to guard it; but they found that this was useless and impossible, and came back again. The next was at Thermopylæ. Look in your map of the Archipelago, or Ægean Sea, as it was then called, for the great island of Negro-

pont, or by its old name, Eubœa. It looks like a piece broken off from the coast, and to the north is shaped like the head of a bird, with the beak running into a gulf, that would fit over it, upon the main land, and between the island and the coast is an exceedingly narrow strait. The Persian army would have to march round the edge of the gulf. They could not cut straight across the country, because the ridge of mountains called Œta rose up and barred their way. Indeed, the woods, rocks, and precipices came down so near the seashore, that in two places there was only room for one single wheel track between the steeps and the impassable morass that formed the border of the gulf on its south side. These two very narrow places were called the gates of the pass, and were about a mile apart. There was a little more width left in the intervening space; but in this there were a number of springs of warm mineral water, salt and sulphurous, which were used for the sick to bathe in, and thus the place was called Thermopylæ, or the Hot Gates. A wall had once been built across the westernmost of these narrow places, when the Thessalians and Phocians, who lived on either side of it, had been at war with one another; but it had been allowed to go to decay, since the Phocians had found out that there was a very steep narrow mountain path along the bed of a torrent, by which it was possible to cross from one territory to the other without going round this marshy coast road.

This was, therefore, an excellent place to defend. The Greek ships were all drawn up on the farther side of Eubœa to prevent the Persian vessels from getting into the strait and landing men beyond the pass, and a division of the army was sent off to guard the Hot Gates. The council at the Isthmus did not know of the mountain pathway, and thought that all would be safe as long as the Persians were kept out of the coast path.

The troops sent for this purpose were from different cities, and amounted to about four thousand, who were to keep the pass against two millions. The leader of them was Leonidas, who had newly become one of the two kings of Sparta, the city that above all in Greece trained its sons to be hardy soldiers,

dreading death infinitely less than shame. Leonidas had already made up his mind that the expedition would probably be his death, perhaps because a prophecy had been given at the temple at Delphi that Sparta should be saved by the death of one of her kings of the race of Hercules. He was allowed by law to take with him three hundred men, and these he chose most carefully, not merely for their strength and courage, but selecting those who had sons, so that no family might be altogether destroyed. These Spartans, with their helots or slaves, made up his own share of the numbers, but all the army was under his generalship. It is even said that the three hundred celebrated their own funeral rites before they set out, lest they should be deprived of them by the enemy, since, as we have already seen, it was the Greek belief that the spirits of the dead found no rest till their obsequies had been performed. Such preparations did not daunt the spirits of Leonidas and his men, and his wife, Gorgo, was not a woman to be faint-hearted or hold him back. Long before, when she was a very little girl, a word of hers had saved her father from listening to a traitorous message from the king of Persia; and every Spartan lady was bred up to be able to say to those she best loved that they must come home from battle "with the shield or on it," either carrying it victoriously or borne upon it as a corpse.

When Leonidas came to Thermopylæ, the Phocians told him of the mountain path through the chestnut woods of Mount Œta, and begged to have the privilege of guarding it on a spot high up on the mountain side assuring him that it was very hard to find at the other end, and that there was every probability that the enemy would never discover it. He consented, and encamping around the warm springs, caused the broken wall to be repaired, and made ready to meet the foe.

The Persian army were seen covering the whole country like locusts, and the hearts of some of the southern Greeks in the pass began to sink. Their homes in the Peloponnesus were comparatively secure—had they not better fall back and reserve themselves to defend the Isthmus of Corinth? But Leonidas, though Sparta was safe below the Isthmus, had no intention of abandoning his northern allies, and kept the other Peloponn-

nesians to their posts, only sending messengers for further help.

Presently a Persian on horseback rode up to reconnoiter the pass. He could not see over the wall, but in front of it and on the ramparts, he saw the Spartans, some of them engaged in active sports, and others in combing their long hair. He rode back to the king, and told him what he had seen. Now, Xerxes had in his camp an exiled Spartan prince, named Demaratus, who had become a traitor to his country, and was serving as counselor to the enemy. Xerxes sent for him, and asked whether his countrymen were mad to be thus employed instead of fleeing away; but Demaratus made answer that a hard fight was no doubt in preparation, and that it was the custom of the Spartans to array their hair with especial care when they were about to enter upon any great peril. Xerxes would, however, not believe that so petty a force could intend to resist him, and waited four days, probably expecting his fleet to assist him, but as it did not appear, the attack was made.

The Greeks, stronger men and more heavily armed, were far better able to fight to advantage than the Persians with their short spears and wicker shields, and beat them off with great ease. It is said that Xerxes three times leaped off his throne in despair at the sight of his troops being driven backward; and thus for two days it seemed as easy to force a way through the Spartans as through the rocks themselves. Nay, how could slavish troops, dragged from home to spread the victories of an ambitious king, fight like freemen who felt that their strokes were to defend their homes and children?

But on that evening a wretched man, named Ephialtes, crept into the Persian camp, and offered, for a great sum of money, to show the mountain path that would enable the enemy to take the brave defenders in the rear! A Persian general, named Hydarnes, was sent off at nightfall with a detachment to secure this passage, and was guided through the thick forests that clothed the hillside. In the stillness of the air, at daybreak, the Phocian guards of the path were startled by the crackling of the chestnut leaves under the tread of many feet. They started up, but a shower of arrows was discharged on

them, and forgetting all save the present alarm, they fled to a higher part of the mountain, and the enemy, without waiting to pursue them, began to descend.

As day dawned, morning light showed the watchers of the Grecian camp below a glittering and shimmering in the torrent bed where the shaggy forests opened: it was not the sparkle of water, but the shine of gilded helmets and the gleaming of silvered spears! Moreover, a Cimmerian crept over to the wall from the Persian camp with tidings that the path had been betrayed, that the enemy were climbing it, and would come down beyond the Eastern Gate. Still, the way was rugged and circuitous, the Persians would hardly descend before midday, and there was ample time for the Greeks to escape before they could thus be shut in by the enemy.

There was a short council held over the morning sacrifice. Megistias, the seer, on inspecting the entrails of the slain victim, declared, as well he might, that their appearance boded disaster. Him Leonidas ordered to retire, but he refused, though he sent home his only son. There was no disgrace to an ordinary tone of mind in leaving a post that could not be held, and Leonidas recommended all the allied troops under his command to march away while yet the way was open. As to himself and his Spartans, they had made up their minds to die at their post, and there could be no doubt that the example of such a resolution would do more to save Greece than their best efforts could ever do if they were careful to reserve themselves for another occasion.

All the allies consented to retreat, except the eighty men who came from Mycæne and the seven hundred Thespians, who declared that they would not desert Leonidas. There were also four hundred Thebans who remained; and thus the whole number that stayed with Leonidas to confront two millions of enemies were fourteen hundred warriors, besides the helots or attendants on the three hundred Spartans, whose number is not known, but there was probably at least one to each. Leonidas had two kinsmen in the camp, like himself, claiming the blood of Hercules, and he tried to save them by giving them letters and messages to Sparta; but one answered that "he had

come to fight, not to carry letters"; and the other, that "his deeds would tell all that Sparta wished to know." Another Spartan, named Dienices, when told that the enemy's archers were so numerous that their arrows darkened the sun, replied, "So much the better, we shall fight in the shade." Two of the three hundred had been sent to a neighboring village, suffering severely from a complaint in the eyes. One of them, called Eurytus, put on his armor, and commanded his helot to lead him to his place in the ranks; the other, called Aristodemus, was so overpowered with illness that he allowed himself to be carried away with the retreating allies. It was still early in the day when all were gone, and Leonidas gave the word to his men to take their last meal. "To-night," he said, "we shall sup with Pluto."

Hitherto, he had stood on the defensive, and had husbanded the lives of his men; but he now desired to make as great a slaughter as possible, so as to inspire the enemy with dread of the Grecian name. He therefore marched out beyond the wall, without waiting to be attacked, and the battle began. The Persian captains went behind their wretched troops and scourged them on to the fight with whips! Poor wretches, they were driven on to be slaughtered, pierced with the Greek spears, hurled into the sea, or trampled into the mud of the morass; but their inexhaustible numbers told at length. The spears of the Greeks broke under hard service, and their swords alone remained; they began to fall, and Leonidas himself was among the first of the slain. Hotter than ever was the fight over his corpse, and two Persian princes, brothers of Xerxes, were there killed; but at length word was brought that Hydarnes was over the pass, and that the few remaining men were thus enclosed on all sides. The Spartans and Thespians made their way to a little hillock within the wall, resolved to let this be the place of their last stand; but the hearts of the Thebans failed them, and they came toward the Persians holding out their hands in entreaty for mercy. Quarter was given to them, but they were all branded with the king's mark as untrustworthy deserters. The helots probably at this time escaped into the mountains: while the small desperate band

stood side by side on the hill still fighting to the last, some with swords, others with daggers, others even with their hands and teeth, till not one living man remained among them when the sun went down. There was only a mound of slain, bristled over with arrows.

Twenty thousand Persians had died before that handful of men! Xerxes asked Demaratus if there were many more at Sparta like these, and was told there were 8,000. It must have been with a somewhat failing heart that he invited his courtiers from the fleet to see what he had done to the men who dared to oppose him! and showed them the head and arm of Leonidas set up upon a cross; but he took care that all his own slain, except one thousand, should first be put out of sight. The body of the brave king was buried where he fell, as were those of the other dead. Much envied were they by the unhappy Aristodemus, who found himself called by no name but the "Coward," and was shunned by his fellow-citizens. No one would give him fire or water, and after a year of misery, he redeemed his honor by perishing in the forefront of the battle of Platæa, which was the last blow that drove the Persians ingloriously from Greece.

The Greeks then united in doing honor to the brave warriors who, had they been better supported, might have saved the whole country from invasion. The poet Simonides wrote the inscriptions that were engraved upon the pillars that were set up in the pass to commemorate this great action. One was outside the wall, where most of the fighting had been. It seems to have been in honor of the whole number, who had for two days resisted:—

> "Here did four thousand men from Pelops' land
> Against three hundred myriads bravely stand."

In honor of the Spartans was another column:—

> "Go, traveler, to Sparta tell
> That here, obeying her, we fell."

On the little hillock of the last resistance was placed the figure of a stone lion, in memory of Leonidas, so fitly named the

lion-like, and Simonides, at his own expense, erected a pillar to his friend, the seer Megistias:—

"The great Megistias' tomb you here may view,
Who slew the Medes, fresh from Spercheius fords;
Well the wise seer the coming death foreknew,
Yet scorned he to forsake his Spartan lords."

The names of the three hundred were likewise engraven on a pillar at Sparta.

Lion, pillars, and inscriptions have all long since passed away, even the very spot itself has changed; new soil has been formed, and there are miles of solid ground between Mount Œta and the gulf, so that the Hot Gates no longer exist. But more enduring than stone or brass—nay, than the very battle-field itself—has been the name of Leonidas. Two thousand three hundred years have sped since he braced himself to perish for his country's sake in that narrow, marshy coast road, under the brow of the wooded crags, with the sea by his side. Since that time how many hearts have glowed, how many arms have been nerved at the remembrance of the Pass of Thermopylæ, and the defeat that was worth so much more than a victory!

Notes and Queries.—Why is such great honor given to Leonidas and the Spartans for their stand at Thermopylæ? Who made the law of their country which they obeyed in refusing to retreat? Read Plutarch's life of "Lycurgus." Do you not think that even greater honor is due to the Thespians, who, unbound by any law, and untrained in a national custom that involved a special disgrace in withdrawal, nevertheless, stood by their comrades of their own free will and partook of certain death with them? Consider also, in this connection, that while the three hundred Spartans represented but a small proportion of the citizens capable of bearing arms, the seven hundred Thespians were probably the entire fighting force of that little city.

HEROISM OF THE ANCIENTS

The Death of Decius Mus

From TITIUS LIVIUS AND THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D.

[Titius Livius, the Roman historian, was born of an illustrious family at Palavium, now Padua, in 59 B.C. Very few facts concerning his life are extant, but he is reputed to have written on philosophic themes, and to have composed a manual of rhetoric dedicated to his son. He lived in Rome during the reign of Augustus and mingled in the circle surrounding him and Mæcenas. It is recorded, though on questionable authority, that he composed much of his history at Naples, seeking there quiet from the distracting life of the court. After the death of Augustus he retired to his native town where he died in 17 A.D., at the age of seventy-six.

His "History" originally covered one hundred and forty-two "Books," so bulky that Martial, in an epigram declares that his library could not hold all. Only thirty-five are extant. His account began with the founding of Rome and ended with the death of Drusus in Germany in 9 B.C. According to the modern theory of scientific investigation as a necessary groundwork of historical writing, this work has been described as romance rather than history, and it may be said further that its author lacked the habits of more careful research which Polybius, his predecessor in the field, possessed so signally. Still he is not believed to have been wilfully inaccurate with the scope of his knowledge, while his attitude toward the early story of Rome, which he tells most charmingly, is always that of a critical man of the world.]

THE sword was to decide whether Latium should from henceforth be subject to Rome, or Rome to Latium. The Romans, however, had made up their minds to this issue before they heard the proposals of the Latin ambassadors. They were anxious to engage in the war at a moment when they might be assisted by the whole force of the Samnites: the Latins, on the other hand, would gladly have reduced Samnium to submission before they came to an open breach with Rome. Resolved, therefore, on the struggle, and well aware of its importance, the Romans wished to anticipate the election of the

new consuls, that they might have more time for their preparations before the usual season for military operations arrived, which was not till after the harvest. Accordingly, the consuls of the year 409 were required by a decree of the senate to resign their office before the end of their year, the middle of the summer, and two men of the highest military reputation were appointed to succeed them. One of these was T. Manlius Torquatus, renowned in his youth, like Valerius Corvus, for having slain a gigantic Gaul in single combat and no less remarkable for a force of character, such as is best fitted for the control of great emergencies, when what in ordinary life is savageness becomes often raised and sobered into heroism. He had been consul only four years before; but a special act, we must suppose, dispensed in his case with the recent provisions of the Genucian law. His colleague was the deliverer of the Roman army from its imminent peril in Samnium in the first campaign of the late war, and a man no less distinguished nine years earlier for his moderation and equity as one of the five commissioners appointed to relieve the commons from the burden of their debts, the famous P. Decius Mus.

The stories which we are obliged to follow, shifting their scene as rapidly and unconnectedly as our old drama, transport the two armies without a word of explanation from the neighborhood of Capua to the foot of Mount Vesuvius, where, on the road which led to Veseris, according to their own way of expressing it, the decisive battle was fought. What Veseris was, or where it was situated, on which side of Vesuvius the action took place, or what had brought the two armies thither, are questions to which we can give no answers. But he who had been present at the last council, held by the Roman generals before they parted to take their respective stations in the line, might have seen that, having planned for the coming battle all that skill and ability could devise, they were ready to dare all that the most heroic courage could do or suffer: the aruspices had been consulted as to the import of the signs given by the entrails of the sacrifice; their answers had been made known to the principal officers of the army; and with it the determination of the consuls, that, on whichever side of the battle the

Romans should first begin to give ground, the consul who commanded in that quarter should forthwith devote himself, and the hosts of the enemy with himself, to the gods of death and to the grave: "for fate," said they, "requires the sacrifice of a general from one party, and of an army from the other: one of us, therefore, will be the general that shall perish, that the army which is to perish also may not be ours, but the army of the Latins."

We have seen that the arms and tactics of both armies were precisely similar. In each there were two grand divisions, the first forming the ordinary line of battle, and the second the reserve; the latter being, in point of numbers, considerably the stronger. The first division, however, was subdivided into two equal parts, the first of which, known by the name of the Hastati, consisted of light and heavy-armed soldiers, in the proportion of one-third of the former to two-thirds of the latter; the second part, called the principes, contained the flower of the whole army, all heavy armed men, in the vigor of their age, and most perfectly and splendidly accoutered. The reserve, forming in itself a complete army, contained a threefold subdivision; one-third of it was composed of veteran heavy-armed soldiers, the triarii; another third of light-armed rorarii; and the remainder were mere supernumeraries, accensi, who were destined to supply the places of those who should have fallen in the first line, or to act with the reserve in cases of the last extremity. These divisions being the same in both armies, the generals on either side knew precisely the force and nature of the enemy's reserve, and could calculate the movements of their own accordingly.

The Roman and Latin legions were, as we have seen, opposed to each other. The Samnites and Hernicans, who formed one wing of the Roman army, must, in like manner, have been opposed to the nations of their own or of a kindred stock, the Campanians, Sidicinians, and Volscians.

Of the Roman line itself, the legions on the right were commanded by Titus Manlius, those on the left by Publius Decius.

The battle began with the encounter of the hastati, who formed on each side, as we have seen, the first division of the

first line. Consisting both of light and heavy armed soldiers, they closed with each other with leveled pikes, amidst showers of darts from their light-armed men, who either skirmished in the intervals between the maniples of the pikemen, or, sheltered behind them, threw their missiles over the heads of their comrades into the line of the enemy.

In this conflict the right wing of the Latins prevailed, and the Roman hastati of the left wing fell back in disorder upon the principes, who formed what may be called the main battle.

Decius then called aloud for M. Valerius, the pontifex maximus. "The gods," he said, "must help us now"; and he made the pontifex dictate to him the form of words in which he was to devote himself and the legions of the enemy to the gods of death. It should be remembered that to Decius, as one of the commons, all the ceremonies of the Roman religion were an unknown mystery. The pontifex bade him take his consular toga and wrap it round his head, putting out his hand from under it, to hold it to his face, and to set his feet upon a javelin, and so to utter the set words which he should dictate. When they had been duly spoken, the consul sent his lictors to his colleague, to say that he had devoted himself to death for the deliverance of the Roman army. Then, with his toga wrapped around his body, after the fashion adopted in sacrifices to the gods, he sprung upon his horse, armed at all points, plunged amidst the ranks of the enemy and was slain. Such an example of self-devotion in a general is in all cases inspiriting; but the Romans beheld in this not only the heroic valor of Decius, but the certain devotion of their enemies to the vengeance of the gods; what was due from themselves to the powers of death Decius had paid for them; so, like men freed from a burden, they rushed on with light and cheerful hearts, as if appointed to certain victory.

The Latins, too, understood the meaning of Decius' death, when they saw his dress and heard his words of devotion; and no doubt it produced on their minds something of dismay. He was observed by both armies to present a more majestic appearance than human, as one sent from heaven as an expiation of all the wrath of the gods, to transfer to the enemy destruc-

tion turned away from his own side: accordingly, all the terror and panic being carried along with him, at first disturbed the battalions of the Latins, then completely pervaded their entire line. This was most evident, because, in whatever direction he was carried with his horse there they became panic-stricken, as if struck by some pestilential constellation; but when he fell overwhelmed with darts, instantly the cohorts of the Latins, thrown into manifest consternation, took to flight, leaving a void to a considerable extent. At the same time also the Romans, their minds being freed from religious dread, exerting themselves as if the signal was then given for the first time, commenced to fight with renewed ardor. For the rorarii also pushed forward among the antepilani, and added strength to the spearmen and principes, and the triarii, resting on the right knee, awaited the consul's nod to rise up.

Afterward, as the contest proceeded, when the superior numbers of the Latins had the advantage in some places, the consul, Manlius, on hearing the circumstance of his colleague's fall, after he had, as was right and just, honored his so glorious death with tears, as well as with praises so well merited, hesitated, for a little while, whether it was yet time for the triarii to rise; then, judging it better that they should be kept fresh for the decisive blow, he ordered the accensi to advance from the rear before the standards. When they moved forward, the Latins immediately called up their triarii, as if their opponents had done the same thing: who, when they had by desperate fighting for a considerable time both fatigued themselves, and had either broken or blunted their spears, and were, however, beating back their adversaries, thinking that the battle was now nearly decided, and that they had come to the last line; then the consul calls to the triarii: "Arise now, fresh as ye are, against men now wearied, mindful of your country and parents, your wives and children; mindful of your consul who has submitted to death to insure your victory." When the triarii arose, fresh as they were, with their arms glittering, a new line which appeared unexpectedly, receiving the antepilani into the intervals between the ranks, raised a shout and broke through the first line of the Latins; and goading their faces, after cut-

ting down those who constituted their principal strength, they passed almost intact through the other companies, with such slaughter that they scarcely left one-fourth of the enemy. The Samnites also, drawn up at a distance at the foot of the mountain, struck terror into the Latins. But of all, whether citizens or allies, the principal praise for that action was due to the consuls; the one of whom turned on himself alone all the threats and dangers (denounced) by the divinities of heaven and hell.

Notes and Queries.—By what means was the power of Rome extended, first, over the rest of Italy, and, later, over the greater part of the then known world? Wherein was the military organization of the Romans superior to that of most nations with which they came in contact? Read the article or articles appertaining to Roman military matters in any dictionary of antiquity to which you have access. How did republican institutions strengthen the national character? Did it not finally lose this strength after liberty had faded out under the Empire? Compare the Roman conquests with other great conquests of history. Have these as a rule been permanent? See if you can find out why the Roman Empire lasted longer than any other conquered empire of similar magnitude and character. What is the difference between a conquered nation held strictly as subjects and a conquered nation in which there is always the possibility of the people gaining citizenship in the conquering power?

HEROISM OF THE ANCIENTS

The Death of Socrates

By PLATO*

[Plato, the son of Ariston, was born at Athens, or, according to some authorities, in the island of Ægina in 429 B.C. He bore the name of his grandfather, Aristocles, until, according to tradition, on account of his broad shoulders and roaust person, he was named "Plato," by an Argive wrestler who taught him gymnastics. In the humanities his first master was Dionysius, the grammarian, and his early energies were devoted to poetry and painting. He met Socrates, and became his disciple, remaining constant to him up to the time of his death ten years later. He attended him in prison and committed to writing the philosopher's last discourse on the immortality of the soul.

After the death of Socrates, Plato returned to Megara. Later he traveled in Magna Græcia and Egypt, and, upon his return to Athens, established a school in the grove called the Academy. Here he taught gratuitously those who resorted to him; the line of exclusion being drawn only by the sign above the door: "Let no one ignorant of geometry enter here." He visited Syracuse at the invitation of Dionysius, but his doctrines proved distasteful to the tyrant, who banished him from Sicily and had him conveyed to Greece in the vessel of the Spartan ambassador. He was there sold as a slave but was redeemed by Aniciris, a philosopher of the Cyrenaic school, and returned to Athens. Twice again he was courted back by Dionysius, and on his third visit was received with honors and presented with eighty talents of gold. The corrupt court of Syracuse, however, was always unfavorable to him, and he finally returned to Greece to devote his remaining days to philosophy and the education of the youth of his own land. He died in 347 B.C. His learning was encyclopedic for his time. His principal works are the "Dialogues" and "The Republic."

THIS selection from Plato's "Phœdo" begins where Socrates, having been condemned on false charges, has been discussing with his friends the immortality of the soul, while awaiting the hour of execution. He proceeds in his discourse.

"WHEREFORE, I say, let a man be of good cheer about his soul, who has cast away the pleasures and ornaments of the body as alien to him, and rather hurtful in their

* Translation by Benjamin Jowett.

effects, and has followed after the pleasures of knowledge in this life; who has adorned the soul in her own proper jewels, which are temperance, and justice, and courage, and nobility, and truth—in these arrayed she is ready to go on her journey to the world below when her time comes. You, Simmias and Cebes, and all other men, will depart at some time or other. Me already, as the tragic poet would say, the voice of fate calls. Soon I must drink the poison; and I think that I had better repair to the bath first, in order that the women may not have the trouble of washing my body after I am dead."

When he had done speaking, Crito said: "And have you any commands for us, Socrates—anything to say about your children, or any other matter in which we can serve you?"

"Nothing particular," he said: "only, as I have always told you, I would have you look to yourselves; that is a service which you may always be doing to me and mine as well as to yourselves. And you need not make professions; for if you take no thought for yourselves and walk not according to the precepts which I have given you, not now for the first time, the warmth of your professions will be of no avail."

"We will do our best," said Crito. "But in what way would you have us bury you?"

"In any way that you like; only you must get hold of me, and take care that I do not walk away from you." Then he turned to us, and added, with a smile: "I cannot make Crito believe that I am the same Socrates who has been talking and conducting the argument; he fancies that I am the other Socrates whom he will soon see, a dead body—and he asks, How shall he bury me? And though I have spoken many words in the endeavor to show that when I have drunk the poison I shall leave you and go to the joys of the blessed—these words of mine, with which I comforted you and myself, have had, as I perceive, no effect upon Crito. And therefore I want you to be surety for me now, as he was surety for me at the trial: but let the promise be of another sort; for he was my surety to the judges that I would remain, but you must be my surety to him that I shall not remain, but go away and depart; and then he will suffer less at my death, and not be grieved when he sees

my body being burned or buried. I would not have him sorrow at my hard lot, or say at the burial, 'Thus we lay out Socrates,' or, 'Thus we follow him to the grave or bury him'; for false words are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil. Be of good cheer then, my dear Crito, and say that you are burying my body only, and do with that as is usual, and as you think best."

When he had spoken these words, he arose and went into the bath-chamber with Crito, who bid us wait; and we waited, talking and thinking of the subject of discourse, and also of the greatness of our sorrow; he was like a father of whom we were being bereaved, and we were about to pass the rest of our lives as orphans. When he had taken the bath his children were brought to him—(he had two young sons and an elder one); and the women of his family also came, and he talked to them and gave them a few directions in the presence of Crito; and he then dismissed them and returned to us.

Now the hour of sunset was near, for a good deal of time had passed while he was within. When he came out he sat down with us again after his bath, but not much was said. Soon the jailer, who was the servant of the eleven, entered and stood by him, saying: "To you, Socrates, whom I know to be the noblest and gentlest and best of all who ever came to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of other men, who rage and swear at me, when, in obedience to the authorities, I bid them drink the poison—indeed, I am sure that you will not be angry with me; for others, as you are aware, and not I, are the guilty cause. And so fare you well, and try to bear lightly what must needs be; you know my errand." Then, bursting into tears, he turned away and went out.

Socrates looked at him and said: "I return your good wishes, and will do as you bid." Then, turning to us, he said: "How charming the man is: since I have been in prison he has always been coming to see me, and at times he would talk to me, and was as good as could be to me, and now see how generously he sorrows for me. But we must do as he says, Crito; let the cup be brought, if the poison is prepared: if not, let the attendant prepare some."

"Yet," said Crito, "the sun is still upon the hilltops, and many a one has taken the draught late, and after the announcement has been made to him he has eaten and drunk and indulged in sensual delights; do not hasten then, there is still time."

Socrates said: "Yes, Crito, and they of whom you speak are right in doing thus, for they think that they will gain by the delay; but I am right in not doing thus, for I do not think that I should gain anything by drinking the poison a little later; I should be sparing and saving a life which is already gone; I could only laugh at myself for this. Please, then, to do as I say, and not to refuse me."

Crito, when he heard this, made a sign to the servant; and the servant went in and remained for some time, and then returned with the jailer carrying the cup of poison. Socrates said: "You, my good friend, who are experienced in these matters, shall give me directions how I am to proceed." The man answered: "You have only to walk about until your legs are heavy, and then to lie down, and the poison will act." At the same time he handed the cup to Socrates, who in the easiest and gentlest manner, without the least fear or change of color or feature, looking at the man with all his eyes, as his manner was, took the cup and said: "What do you say about making a libation out of this cup to any god? May I, or not?" The man answered: "We only prepare, Socrates, just so much as we deem enough." "I understand," he said, "yet I may and must pray to the gods to prosper my journey from this to that other world—may this then, which is my prayer, be granted to me." Then, holding the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerfully he drank off the poison. And hitherto most of us had been able to control our sorrow; but now when we saw him drinking, and saw too that he had finished the draught, we could no longer forbear, and in spite of myself my own tears were flowing fast, so that I covered my face and wept over myself, for certainly I was not weeping over him, but at the thought of my own calamity in having lost such a companion. Nor was I the first, for Crito, when he found himself unable to restrain his tears, had got up and moved away, and I followed;

and at that moment Apollodorus, who had been weeping all the time, broke out into a loud cry which made cowards of us all. Socrates alone retained his calmness: "What is this strange outcry?" he said. "I sent away the women mainly in order that they might not offend in this way, for I have heard that a man should die in peace. Be quiet then, and have patience." When we heard that, we were ashamed, and refrained our tears; and he walked about until, as he said, his legs began to fail and then he lay on his back, according to the directions, and the man who gave him the poison now and then looked at his feet and legs; and after a while he pressed his foot hard and asked him if he could feel; and he said, "No"; and then his leg, and so upward and upward, and showed us that he was cold and stiff. And he felt them himself, and said: "When the poison reaches the heart, that will be the end." He was beginning to grow cold about the groin, when he uncovered his face, for he had covered himself up, and said (they were his last words)—he said: "Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius; will you remember to pay the debt?" "The debt shall be paid," said Crito; "is there anything else?" There was no answer to this question; but in a minute or two a movement was heard and the attendants uncovered him; his eyes were set, and Crito closed his eyes and mouth.

Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend, whom I may truly call the wisest and justest and best of all the men whom I have ever known.

Notes and Queries.—Why does Socrates stand foremost among the philosophers of antiquity? Read some good translation of the "Phædo," and note how similar were many of his teachings to those of Christ. What school of philosophy did Plato found upon the teachings of Socrates? Wherein did the doctrines of the Academics differ from those of the Stoics? From those of the Cynics? From those of the Epicureans? You will find it most interesting to look up these ancient philosophies in your cyclopedia.

HEROISM OF THE ANCIENTS

Last Days of the Emperor Otho

By PUBLIUS CORNELIUS TACITUS

[Publius Cornelius Tacitus, the greatest of Roman historians, was the son of Cornelius Tacitus, procurator and governor of one of the provinces of Belgic Gaul. No positive evidence remains as to the date or place of his birth or the time of his death. The best authorities incline to A.D. 54 as the former date and between 115 and 117 as the latter. At the age of twenty-four he was governor of Aquitania, and three years later, in 78, he married the daughter of Agricola. He was pretor in the year 88 and a member of the quindecemviral college. He was consul under Nerva in 97 and Pliny records that he was a distinguished lawyer and orator as well as historian.

His earlier works were "The Dialogues of Orators" ("De Oratoribus"); "The Life of Agricola, a biography of the modern type written as a tribute of esteem by a member of his own household," and "Germany," a description of the early races, which forms the chief source of information concerning them. "The Histories," written probably in twelve books, narrated the events from the death of Nero, A.D. 68 to that of Domitian, A.D. 96. Of these have been preserved only the first four books and part of the fifth. "The Annals," his greatest work, was probably in eighteen books, of which books 1–6 and 11–16 remain to us, several of them in badly mutilated form. They covered the period from the death of Augustus, A.D. 14, to that of Nero, A.D. 68. Tacitus was a republican, and writes in detestation of the tyranny of Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, and Domitian; but he saw that the restoration of the republic was impossible and he looked with favor upon the rule of Nerva and Trajan, feeling that under them was to be found the best solution of the problems that beset the government of Rome.]

VITELLIUS, aspiring to the imperial purple, was advancing on Rome and had won a victory over the emperor's forces. Then it was that Otho, who in times of ease had lived as a gay and a selfish voluptuary, rose above the evil and weakness of his character and put aside ambition and life for the safety of his friends.

OTHO, in the meantime having taken his resolution, waited, without trepidation, for an account of the event. First, rumors of a melancholy character reached his ears; soon after,

fugitives, who escaped from the field, brought sure intelligence that all was lost. The fervor of the soldiers staid not for the voice of the emperor; they bade him summon up his best resolution: there were forces still in reserve, and in their prince's cause they were ready to suffer and dare the utmost. Nor was this the language of flattery: impelled by a kind of frenzy and like men possessed, they were all on fire to go to the field and restore the state of their party. The men who stood at a distance stretched forth their hands in token of their assent, while such as gathered round the prince clasped his knees; Plotius Firmus being the most zealous. This officer commanded the pretorian guards. He implored his master not to abandon an army devoted to his interest; a soldiery who had undergone so much in his cause. "It was more magnanimous," they said, "to bear up against adversity, than to shrink from it; the brave and strenuous sustained themselves upon hope, even against the current of fortune, the timorous and abject only allowed their fears to plunge them into despair." While uttering these words, accordingly as Otho relaxed or stiffened the muscles of his face, they shouted or groaned. Nor was this spirit confined to the pretorians, the peculiar soldiers of Otho; the detachment sent forward by the Mœsian legions brought word that the same zeal pervaded the coming army, and that the legions had entered Aquileia. Whence it is evident that a fierce and bloody war, the issue of which could not have been foreseen by the victors or the vanquished, might have been still carried on.

Otho himself was averse to any plans of prosecuting the war, and said: "To expose to further perils such spirit and such virtue as you now display, would, I deem, be paying too costly a price for my life. The more brilliant the prospects which you hold out to me, were I disposed to live, the more glorious will be my death. I and Fortune have made trial of each other; for what length of time is not material; but the felicity which does not promise to last, it is more difficult to enjoy with moderation. Vitellius began the civil war; and he originated our contest for the princedom. It shall be mine to establish a precedent by preventing a second battle for it. By

this let posterity judge of Otho. Vitellius shall be blest with his brother, his wife, and children. I want no revenge, nor consolations. Others have held the sovereign power longer, none have resigned it with equal fortitude. Shall I again suffer so many of the Roman youth, so many gallant armies, to be laid low, and cut off from the commonwealth? Let this resolution of yours to die for me, should it be necessary, attend me in my departure; but live on yourselves. Neither let me long obstruct your safety, nor do you retard the proof of my constancy. To descant largely upon our last moments is the act of a dastard spirit. Hold it as an eminent proof of the fixedness of my purpose, that I complain of no man: for to arraign gods or men, is the part of one who fain would live."

Having thus declared his sentiments, he talked with his friends, addressing each in courteous terms, according to his rank, his age, or dignity, and endeavored to induce all, the young in an authoritative tone, the old by entreaties, to depart without loss of time, and not aggravate the resentment of the conquerors by remaining with him. His countenance serene, his voice firm, and endeavoring to repress the tears of his friends as uncalled-for, he ordered boats or carriages for those who were willing to depart. Papers and letters, containing strong expressions of duty toward himself, or ill-will toward Vitellius, he committed to the flames. He distributed money in presents, but not with the profusion of a man quitting the world. Then, observing his brother's son, Salivius Cocceianus, in the bloom of youth, and distressed and weeping, he even comforted him, commending his duty, but rebuking his fears: "Could it be supposed that Vitellius, finding his own family safe, would refuse, inhumanly, to return the generosity shown to himself? By hastening his death," he said, "he should establish a claim upon his clemency; since, not in the extremity of despair, but at a time when the army was clamoring for another battle, he had made his death an offering to his country. For himself, he had gained ample renown, and left to his family enough of luster. After the Julian race, the Claudian, and the Servian, he was the first who carried the sovereignty into a new family. Wherefore he should cling to life with lofty aspira-

tions, and neither forget at any time that Otho was his uncle, nor remember it overmuch."

After this, his friends having all withdrawn, he reposed a while. When lo! while his mind was occupied with the last act of his life, he was diverted from his purpose by a sudden uproar. The soldiers, he was told, were in a state of frenzy and riot, threatening destruction to all who offered to depart, and directing their fury particularly against Verginius, whom they kept besieged in his house, which he had barricaded. Having reproved the authors of the disturbance, he returned, and devoted himself to bidding adieu to those who were going away, until they had all departed in security. Toward the close of day he quenched his thirst with a draught of cold water, and then ordered two poniards to be brought to him. He tried the points of both, and laid one under his head. Having ascertained that his friends were safe on their way, he passed the night in quiet, and, as we are assured, even slept. At the dawn of day he applied the weapon to his breast, and fell upon it. On hearing his dying groans, his freedmen and slaves, and with them Plotius Firmus, the pretorian prefect, found that with one wound he had dispatched himself. His funeral obsequies were performed without delay. This had been his earnest request, lest his head should be cut off and be made a public spectacle. He was borne on the shoulders of the pretorian soldiers, who kissed his hands and his wounds, amidst tears and praises. Some of the soldiers slew themselves at the funeral pile: not from any consciousness of guilt, nor from fear; but in emulation of the bright example of their prince, and to show their affection. At Bedriacum, Placentia, and other camps, numbers of every rank adopted that mode of death. A sepulcher was raised to the memory of Otho of ordinary structure, but likely to endure.

Notes and Queries.—What four emperors ruled Rome in the year 68–69 A.D.? Any school history will tell you. How was the succession to the imperial power in Rome frequently decided at this and later periods? What was the pretorian guard? Why did its candidate usually have the advantage, at least at first, over a rival set up by any of the frontier armies?

HEROISM IN LEGEND

Prometheus

By GEORGE WILLIAM COX

[The Rev. Sir George William Cox, author of important works on "Aryan Mythology," "Comparative Mythology and Folk-Lore," besides various essays in Greek history and biography, was born at Benares, India, in 1827, his father being a captain of the Bengal army. He came to England at the age of eight, and attended school at Bath, then at Ilminster, which he quitted in 1842 for Rugby, coming there under the instruction of Dr. Tait, the successor of Dr. Thomas Arnold. In May, 1845 he became a scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, and in 1848 received a second class in the classics. In 1849 he took up the study of civil law, and in the year following, being ordained deacon, was appointed to the curacy of Salcombe Regis, near Sidmouth. In 1851 he was ordained priest and two years later visited the Cape of Good Hope. Returning in 1854 he occupied, for the three years following, the curacy of St. Paul's, Exeter. In 1859 he received the degrees of B.A. and M.A. from Oxford, and in 1860 was appointed Master in Cheltenham College. In the year following he settled near London and in 1866 bought a small estate at Camberley, close to the Staff College, and built a house where he has since resided, pursuing his literary occupations, interrupted, however, by visits to Lisbon in 1872 and to India in 1878. In 1877 he succeeded to the title vacated by his uncle, Sir Edward Cox.]

The Wrath of Zeus

THERE was strife between Zeus and men; for Prometheus stood forth on their side and taught them how they might withstand the new god who sat on the throne of Kronos; and he said: "O men, Zeus is greedy of riches and honor; and your flocks and herds will be wasted with burnt offerings, if ye offer up to Zeus the whole victim. Come and let us make a covenant with him, that there may be a fair portion for him and for men." So Prometheus chose out a large ox and slew him, and divided the body. Under the skin he

placed the entrails and the flesh, and under the fat he placed the bones. Then he said: "Choose thy portion, O Zeus, and let that on which thou layest thine hands be thy share forever." So Zeus stretched forth his hand in haste, and placed it upon the fat; and fierce was his wrath when he found only the bare bones underneath it. Wherefore men offer up to the undying gods only the bones and fat of the victims that are slain.

Then in his anger Zeus sought how he might avenge himself on the race of men; and he took away from them the gift of fire, so that they were vexed by cold and darkness and hunger, until Prometheus brought them down fire which he had stolen from heaven. Then was the rage of Zeus still more cruel, and he smote Prometheus with his thunderbolts; and at his bidding Hermes bare him to the crags of Caucasus, and bound him with iron chains to the hard rock, where the vulture gnawed his heart with its beak.

But the wrath of Zeus was not appeased, and he sought how he might yet more vex the race of men; and he remembered how the Titan Prometheus had warned them to accept no gift from the gods, and how he left his brother Epimetheus to guard against the wiles of the son of Kronos. And he said within himself: "The race of men knows neither sickness nor pain, strife nor war, theft nor falsehood; for all these evil things are sealed up in the great cask which is guarded by Epimetheus. I will let loose these evils, and the whole earth shall be filled with woe and misery."

So he called Hephaistos, the lord of fire, and he said: "Make ready a gift which all the undying gods shall give to the race of man. Take earth, and fashion it into the shape of woman. Very fair let it be to look upon, but give her an evil nature, that the race of men may suffer for all the deeds that they have done me." Then Hephaistos took the clay and molded from it the image of a fair woman, and Athene clothed her in a beautiful robe, and placed a crown upon her head, from which a veil fell over her snowy shoulders. And Hermes, the messenger of Zeus, gave her the power of words, and a greedy mind, to cheat and deceive the race of men. Then Hephaistos brought her before the assembly of the gods, and they marveled

at the greatness of her beauty; and Zeus took her by the hand and gave her to Epimetheus, and said: "Ye toil hard, ye children of men: behold one who shall soothe and cheer you when the hours of toil are ended. The undying gods have taken pity on you, because ye have none to comfort you; and woman is their gift to men, therefore is her name called Pandora."

Then Epimetheus forgot the warning of his brother, and the race of men did obeisance to Zeus, and received Pandora at his hands; for the greatness of her beauty enslaved the hearts of all who looked upon her. But they rejoiced not long in the gift of the gods; for Pandora saw a great cask on the threshold of the house of Epimetheus, and she lifted the lid; and from it came strife and war, plague and sickness, theft and violence, grief and sorrow. Then in her terror she set down the lid again upon the cask, and Hope was shut up within it, so that she could not comfort the race of men for the grievous evil which Pandora had brought upon them.

The Punishment of Prometheus

In the halls of Inachos, king of Argos, Zeus beheld and loved the fair maiden Iô; but when Hêrê, the queen, knew it, she was very wroth and sought to slay her. Then Zeus changed the maiden into a heifer, to save her from the anger of Hêrê; but presently Hêrê learned that the heifer was the maiden whom she hated, and she went to Zeus and said, "Give me that which I shall desire"; and Zeus answered, "Say on." Then Hêrê said, "Give me that beautiful heifer which I see feeding in the pastures of King Inachos." So Zeus granted her prayer, for he liked not to confess what he had done to Iô to save her from the wrath of Hêrê; and Hêrê took the heifer and bade Argos with the hundred eyes watch over it by night and by day.

Long time Zeus sought how he might deliver the maiden from the vengeance of Hêrê; but he strove in vain, for Argos never slept, and his hundred eyes saw everything around him, and none could approach without being seen and slain. At the last Zeus sent Hermes, the bright messenger of the gods, who

stole gently toward Argos, playing soft music on his lute. Soothingly the sweet sounds fell upon his ear, and a deep sleep began to weigh down his eyelids, until Argos with the hundred eyes lay powerless before Hermes. Then Hermes drew his sharp sword, and with a single stroke he smote off his head; wherefore men call him the slayer of Argos with the hundred eyes. But the wrath of Hêrê was fiercer than ever when she learned that her watchman was slain; and she sware that the heifer should have no rest, but wander in terror and pain from land to land. So she sent a gadfly to goad the heifer with its fiery sting over hill and valley, across sea and river, to torment her if she lay down to rest, and madden her with pain when she sought to sleep. In grief and madness she fled from the pastures of Inachos, past the city of Erechtheus into the land of Kadmos the Theban. On and on still she went, resting not by night or day, through the Dorian and Thessalian plains, until at last she came to the wild Thrakian land. Her feet bled on the sharp stones; her body was torn by the thorns and brambles, and tortured by the stings of the fearful gadfly. Still she fled on and on, while the tears streamed often down her cheeks, and her moaning showed the greatness of her agony. "O Zeus," she said, "dost thou not see me in my misery? Thou didst tell me once of thy love; and dost thou suffer me now to be driven thus wildly from land to land, without hope of comfort or rest? Slay me at once, I pray thee, or suffer me to sink into the deep sea, that so I may put off the sore burden of my woe."

But Iô knew not that, while she spake, one heard her who had suffered even harder things from Zeus. Far above her head, toward the desolate crags of Caucasus, the wild eagle soared shrieking in the sky, and the vulture hovered near, as though waiting close to some dying man till death should leave him for its prey. Dark snow-clouds brooded heavily on the mountain, the icy wind crept lazily through the frozen air; and Iô thought that the hour of her death was come. Then, as she raised her head, she saw far-off a giant form, which seemed fastened by nails to the naked rock; and a low groan reached her ear, as of one in mortal pain, and she heard a voice

which said: "Whence comest thou, daughter of Inachos, into this savage wilderness? Hath the love of Zeus driven thee thus to the icy corners of the earth?" Then Iô gazed at him in wonder and awe, and said: "How dost thou know my name and my sorrows? and what is thine own wrong? Tell me (if it is given to thee to know) what awaits thee and me in the time to come; for sure I am that thou art no mortal man. Thy giant form is as the form of gods or heroes, who come down sometimes to mingle with the sons of men; and great must be the wrath of Zeus, that thou shouldst be thus tormented here." Then he said: "Maiden, thou seest the Titan Prometheus, who brought down fire for the children of men, and taught them how to build themselves houses and till the earth, and how to win for themselves food and clothing. I gave them wise thoughts and good laws and prudent counsel, and raised them from the life of beasts to a life which was fit for speaking men. But the son of Kronos was afraid at my doings, lest, with the aid of men, I might hurl him from his place and set up new gods upon his throne. So he forgot all my good deeds in times past, how I had aided him when the earth-born giants sought to destroy his power and heaped rock on rock and crag on crag to smite him on his throne; and he caught me by craft, telling me in smooth words how that he was my friend, and that my honor should not fail in the halls of Olympus. So he took me unawares and bound me with iron chains, and bade Hephaistos take and fasten me to this mountainside, where the frost and wind and heat scorch and torment me by day and night, and the vulture gnaws my heart with its merciless beak. But my spirit is not wholly cast down; for I know that I have done good to the sons of men, and that they honor the Titan Prometheus, who has saved them from cold and hunger and sickness. And well I know, also, that the reign of Zeus shall one day come to an end, and that another shall sit at length upon his throne, even as now he sits on the throne of his father Kronos. Hither come, also, those who seek to comfort me; and thou seest before thee the daughters of Okeanos, who have but now left the green halls of their father to talk with me. Listen then to me, daughter of Inachos, and I will tell thee

what shall befall thee in time to come. Hence from the ice-bound chain of Caucasus thou shalt roam into the Scythian land and the regions of the Chalybes. Thence thou shalt come to the dwelling-place of the Amazons on the banks of the river Thermodon; these shall guide thee on thy way, until at length thou shalt come to a strait, which thou wilt cross, and which shall tell by its name forever where the heifer passed from Europe into Asia. But the end of thy wanderings is not yet."

Then Iô could no longer repress her grief, and her tears burst forth afresh; and Prometheus said: "Daughter of Inachos, if thou sorrowest thus at what I have told thee, how wilt thou bear to hear what beyond these things there remains for thee to do?" But Iô said: "Of what use is it, O Titan, to tell me of these woeful wanderings? Better were it now to die and be at rest from all this misery and sorrow." "Nay, not so, O maiden of Argos," said Prometheus, "for if thou livest, the days will come when Zeus shall be cast down from his throne; and the end of his reign shall also be the end of my sufferings. For when thou hast passed by the Thrakian Bosporos into the land of Asia, thou wilt wander on through many regions, where the Gorgons dwell, and the Arimaspians and Ethiopians, until at last thou shalt come to the three-cornered land where the mighty Nile goes out by its many arms into the sea. There shall be thy resting-place, and there shall Epaphos, thy son, be born, from whom, in times yet far away, shall spring the great Herakles, who shall break my chain and set me free from my long torments. And if in this thou doubtest my words, I can tell thee of every land through which thou hast passed on thy journey hither; but it is enough if I tell thee how the speaking oaks of Dodona hailed thee as one day to be the wife of Zeus and the mother of the mighty Epaphos. Hasten, then, on the way, daughter of Inachos. Long years of pain and sorrow await thee still; but my griefs shall endure for many generations. It avails not now to weep; but this comfort thou hast, that thy lot is happier than mine; and for both of us remains the surety that the right shall at last conquer, and the power of Zeus shall be brought low, even as the power of Kronos, whom he hurled from his ancient throne. Depart hence

quickly, for I see Hermes the messenger drawing nigh, and perchance he comes with fresh torments for thee and me."

So Iô went on her weary road, and Hermes drew nigh to Prometheus, and bade him once again yield himself to the will of the mighty Zeus. But Prometheus laughed him to scorn; and as Hermes turned to go away, the icy wind came shrieking through the air, and the dark cloud sank lower and lower down the hillside, until it covered the rock on which the body of the Titan was nailed; and the great mountain heaved with the earthquake, and the blazing thunderbolts darted fearfully through the sky. Brighter and brighter flashed the lightning, and louder pealed the thunder in the ears of Prometheus, but he quailed not for all the fiery majesty of Zeus; and still, as the storm grew fiercer and the curls of fire were wreathed around his form, his voice was heard amid the din and roar, and it spake of the day when the good shall triumph, and unjust power shall be crushed and destroyed forever.

Notes and Queries.—How does this legend illustrate the way woman was regarded by ancient nations? What force has been the principal agency in the elevation of woman? What basic sacrifice of Christianity has the myth of Prometheus been supposed to typify from a pantheistic standpoint? How does it differ from the narrative of the mission and death of the Christ?

HEROISM IN LEGEND

The Story of Antigone

By ALFRED JOHN CHURCH

[The Rev. Alfred John Church, M.A., was born in London, January 29, 1829. He was educated at King's College, London, and at Lincoln College, Oxford, graduating from the latter in 1851. Two years later he took orders and held the curacy of Charlton, Malmesbury, till the end of 1856. In 1857 he became a teacher, and held an assistant mastership in the Royal Institute School, Liverpool, and, later, a similar post in the Merchant Taylor's School, London. In 1870 he became head master at Henley and in 1873 went to the Retford Grammar School, where he remained until 1880, when he was appointed to the chair of Latin in the University College, London. In 1892 he returned to the work of the ministry, and became rector of Ashley, Titbury, in Gloucestershire. His published work has been largely in the field of classical literature. He has edited editions of parts of Livy; of the letters of Pliny the Younger; and the "Agricola," "Germania" and Book VI. of the Annals of Tacitus, and, in collaboration with Rev. W. J. Brodribb, has published a translation of Tacitus. He has devoted a good deal of work to popularizing classical literature, and has published various collections of stories from Homer, Virgil, Livy, and stories from the Greek tragedians, stories from the Persian wars, and stories of Roman life in the days of Cicero.]

WHEN the two brothers, the sons of King Œdipus, had fallen each by the hand of the other, the kingdom fell to Creon, their uncle. For not only was he the next of kin to the dead, but also the people held him in great honor because his son Menœceus had offered himself with a willing heart that he might deliver his city from captivity. Now when Creon was come to the throne, he made a proclamation about the two princes, commanding that they should bury Eteocles with all honor, seeing that he died as beseemed a good man and a brave, doing battle for his country, that it should not be delivered into the hands of the enemy; but as for Polynices he bade them leave his body to be devoured by the fowls of the air and the

beasts of the field, because he had joined himself to the enemy, and would have beaten down the walls of the city, and burned the temples of the gods with fire, and led the people captive. Also he commanded that if any man should break this decree he should suffer death by stoning.

Now Antigone, who was sister to the two princes, heard that the decree had gone forth, and chancing to meet her sister Ismené before the gates of the palace, spake to her, saying, "O my sister, hast thou heard this decree that the king hath put forth concerning our brethren that are dead?"

Then Ismené made answer, "I have heard nothing, my sister, only that we are bereaved of both of our brethren in one day, and that the army of the Argives is departed in this night that is now past. So much I know, but no more."

"Hearken then. King Creon hath made a proclamation that they shall bury Eteocles with all honor; but that Polynices shall lie unburied, that the birds of the air and the beasts of the field may devour him; and that whosoever shall break this decree shall suffer death by stoning."

"But if it be so, my sister, how can we avail to change it?"

"Think whether or not thou wilt share with me the doing of this deed."

"What deed? What meanest thou?"

"To pay due honor to this dead corpse."

"What? Wilt thou bury him when the king hath forbidden it?"

"Yea, for he is my brother and also thine, though, perchance, thou wouldst not have it so. And I will not play him false."

"O my sister, wilt thou do this when Creon hath forbidden it?"

"Why should he stand between me and mine?"

"But think now what sorrows are come upon our house. For our father perished miserably, having first put out his own eyes; and our mother hanged herself with her own hands; and our two brothers fell in one day, each by the other's spear; and now we two only are left. And shall we not fall into a worse destruction than any, if we transgress these commands of the

king? Think, too, that we are women and not men, and must of necessity obey them that are stronger. Wherefore, as for me, I will pray the dead to pardon me, seeing that I am thus constrained; but I will obey them that rule."

"I advise thee not, and, if thou thinkest thus, I would not have thee for helper. But know that I will bury my brother, nor could I better die than for doing such a deed. For as he loved me, so also do I love him greatly. And shall not I do pleasure to the dead rather than to the living, seeing that I shall abide with the dead forever? But thou, if thou wilt, do dishonor to the laws of the gods."

"I dishonor them not. Only I cannot set myself against the powers that be."

"So be it: but I will bury my brother."

"O my sister, how I fear for thee!"

"Fear for thyself. Thine own lot needeth all thy care."

"Thou wilt at least keep thy counsel, nor tell the thing to any man."

"Not so: hide it not. I shall scorn thee more if thou proclaim it not aloud to all."

So Antigone departed; and after a while came to the same place King Creon, clad in his royal robes, and with his scepter in his hand, and set forth his counsel to the elders who were assembled, how he had dealt with the two princes according to their deserving, giving all honor to him that loved his country, and casting forth the other unburied. And he bade them take care that this decree should be kept, saying that he had also appointed certain men to watch the dead body.

But he had scarcely left speaking, when there came one of these same watchers and said, "I have not come hither in haste, O king, nay, I doubted much, while I was yet on the way, whether I should not turn again. For now I thought, 'Fool, why goest thou where thou shalt suffer for it'; and then again, 'Fool, the king will hear the matter elsewhere, and then how wilt thou fare?' But at the last I came as I had purposed, for I know that nothing may happen to me contrary to fate."

"But say," said the king, "what troubles thee so much?"

"First hear my case. I did not the thing, and know not

who did it, and it were a grievous wrong should I fall into trouble for such a cause."

"Thou makest a long preface, excusing thyself, but yet hast, as I judge, something to tell."

"Fear, my lord, ever causeth delay."

"Wilt thou not speak out thy news and then begone?"

"I will speak it. Know then that some man hath thrown dust upon this dead corpse, and done besides such things as are needful."

"What sayest thou? Who hath dared to do this deed?"

"That I know not, for there was no mark as of spade or pickaxe; nor was the earth broken, nor had wagon passed thereon. We were sore dismayed when the watchman showed the thing to us; for the body we could not see. Buried indeed it was not, but rather covered with dust. Nor was there any sign as of wild beast or of dog that had torn it. Then there arose a contention among us, each blaming the other, and accusing his fellows, and himself denying that he had done the deed or was privy to it. And doubtless we had fallen to blows but that one spake a word which made us all tremble for fear, knowing that it must be as he said. For he said that the thing must be told to thee, and in no wise hidden. So we drew lots, and by evil chance the lot fell upon me. Wherefore I am here, not willingly, for no man loveth him that bringeth ill tidings."

Then said the chief of the old men, "Consider, O king, for haply this thing is from the gods."

But the king cried, "Thinkest thou that the gods care for such an one as this dead man, who would have burnt their temples with fire, and laid waste the land which they love, and set at naught the laws? Not so. But there are men in this city who have long time had ill-will to me, not bowing their necks to my yoke; and they have persuaded these fellows with money to do this thing. Surely there never was so evil a thing as money, which maketh cities into ruinous heaps, and banisheth men from their houses, and turneth their thoughts from good unto evil. But as for them that have done this deed for hire, of a truth they shall not escape, for I say to thee, fellow, if ye bring not here before my eyes the man that did this thing, I

will hang you up alive. So shall ye learn that ill gains bring no profit to a man."

So the guard departed; but as he went he said to himself, "Now may the gods grant that the man be found; but however this may be, thou shalt not see me come again on such errand as this, for even now have I escaped beyond all hope." Notwithstanding, after a space he came back with one of his fellows; and they brought with them the maiden Antigone, with her hands bound together. And it chanced that at the same time King Creon came forth from the palace. Then the guard set forth the thing to him, saying, "We cleared away the dust from the dead body, and sat watching it. And when it was now noon, and the sun was at his height, there came a whirlwind over the plain, driving a great cloud of dust. And when this had passed, we looked, and lo! this maiden whom we have brought hither stood by the dead corpse. And when she saw that it lay bare as before, she sent up an exceeding bitter cry, even as a bird whose young ones have been taken from the nest. Then she cursed them that had done this deed; and brought dust and sprinkled it upon the dead man, and poured water upon him three times. Then we ran and laid hold upon her, and accused her that she had done this deed; and she denied it not. But as for me, 'tis well to have escaped from death, but it is ill to bring friends into the same. Yet I hold that there is nothing dearer to a man than his life."

Then said the king to Antigone, "Tell me in a word, didst thou know my decree?"

"I knew it. Was it not plainly declared?"

"How daredst thou to transgress the laws?"

"Zeus made not such laws, nor justice that dwelleth with the gods below. I judged not that thy decrees had such authority that a man should transgress for them the unwritten sure commandments of the gods. For these, indeed, are not of to-day or yesterday, but they live forever, and their beginning no man knoweth. Should I, for fear of thee, be found guilty against them? That I should die I knew. Why not? All men must die. And if I die before my time, what loss? He who liveth among many sorrows, even as I have lived, counteth it

gain to die. But had I left my own mother's son unburied, this had been loss indeed."

Then said the king, "Such stubborn thoughts have a speedy fall, and are shivered even as the iron that hath been made hard in the furnace. And as for this woman and her sister—for I judge her sister to have had a part in this matter—though they were nearer to me than all my kindred, yet shall they not escape the doom of death. Wherefore let some one bring the other woman hither."

And while they went to fetch the maiden Ismené, Antigone said to the king, "Is it not enough for thee to slay me? What need to say more? For thy words please me not nor mine thee. Yet what nobler thing could I have done than to bury my own mother's son? And so would all men say but fear shutteth their mouths."

"Nay," said the king, "none of the children of Cadmus thinketh thus, but thou only. But, hold, was not he that fell in battle with this man thy brother also?"

"Yes, truly, my brother he was."

"And dost thou not dishonor him when thou honorest his enemy?"

"The dead man would not say it, could he speak."

"Shall then the wicked have like honor with the good?"

"How knowest thou but that such honor pleaseth the gods below?"

"I have no love for them I hate, though they be dead."

"Of hating I know nothing; 'tis enough for me to love."

"If thou wilt love, go love the dead. But while I live no woman shall rule me."

Then those that had been sent to fetch the maiden Ismené brought her forth from the palace. And when the king accused her that she had been privy to the deed she denied not, but would have shared one lot with her sister. But Antigone turned from her, saying, "Not so; thou hast no part or lot in the matter. For thou hast chosen life, and I have chosen death; and even so shall it be." And when Ismené saw that she prevailed nothing with her sister, she turned to the king and said, "Wilt thou slay the bride of thy son?"

"Aye," said he, "there are other brides to win!"

"But none," she made reply, "that accord so well with him."

"I will have no evil wives for my sons," said the king.

Then cried Antigone, "O Hæmon, whom I love, how thy father wrongeth thee!"

Then the king bade the guards lead the two into the palace. But scarcely had they gone when there came to the place the Prince Hæmon, the king's son, who was betrothed to the maiden Antigone. And when the king saw him, he said, "Art thou content, my son, with thy father's judgment?"

And the young man answered, "My father, I would follow thy counsels in all things."

Then said the king, "'Tis well spoken, my son. This is a thing to be desired, that a man should have obedient children. But if it be otherwise with a man, he hath gotten great trouble for himself, and maketh sport for them that hate him. And now as to this matter. There is naught worse than an evil wife. Wherefore I say, let this damsel wed a bridegroom among the dead. For since I have found her, alone of all this people, breaking my decree, surely she shall die. Nor shall it profit her to claim kinship with me, for he that would rule a city must first deal justly with his own kindred. And as for obedience, this it is that maketh a city to stand both in peace and in war."

To this the Prince Hæmon made answer, "What thou sayest, my father, I do not judge. Yet bethink thee, that I see and hear on thy behalf what is hidden from thee. For common men cannot abide thy look if they say that which pleaseth thee not. Yet do I hear it in secret. Know then that all the city mourneth for this maiden, saying that she dieth wrongfully for a very noble deed, in that she buried her brother. And 'tis well, my father, not to be wholly set on thy own thoughts, but to listen to the counsels of others."

"Nay," said the king; "shall I be taught by such an one as thou?"

"I pray thee regard my words, if they be well, and not my years."

"Can it be well to honor them that transgress? And hath not this woman transgressed?"

"The people of this city judgeth not so."

"The people, sayest thou? Is it for them to rule, or for me?"

"No city is the possession of one man only."

So the two answered one the other, and their anger waxed hot. And at last the king cried, "Bring this accursed woman, and slay her before his eyes."

And the prince answered, "That thou shalt never do. And know this also, that thou shalt never see my face again."

So he went away in a rage; and the old men would have appeased the king's wrath, but he would not hearken to them, but said that the two maidens should die. "Wilt thou then slay them both?" said the old men.

"'Tis well said," the king made answer. "Her that meddled not with the matter I harm not."

"And how wilt thou deal with the other?"

"There is a desolate place, and there I will shut her up alive in a sepulcher; yet giving her so much of food as shall quit us of guilt in the matter, for I would not have the city defiled. There let her persuade Death, whom she loveth so much, that he harm her not."

So the guards led Antigone away to shut her up alive in the sepulcher. But scarcely had they departed when there came the old prophet Tiresias, seeking the king. Blind he was, so that a boy led him by the hand; but the gods had given him to see things to come. And when the king saw him he asked, "What seekest thou, wisest of men?"

Then the prophet answered, "Hearken, O king, and I will tell thee. I sat in my seat, after my custom, in the place whither all manner of birds resort. And as I sat I heard a cry of birds that I knew not, very strange and full of wrath. And I knew that they tore and slew each other, for I heard the fierce flapping of their wings. And being afraid, I made inquiry about the fire, how it burned upon the altars. And this boy, for as I am a guide to others so he guideth me, told me that it shone not at all, but smoldered and was dull, and that the flesh

which was burnt upon the altar spluttered in the flame, and wasted away into corruption and filthiness. And now I tell thee, O king, that the city is troubled by thy ill counsels. For the dogs and the birds of the air tear the flesh of this dead son of Œdipus, whom thou sufferest not to have due burial, and carry it to the altars, polluting them therewith. Wherefore the gods receive not from us prayer or sacrifice; and the cry of the birds hath an evil sound, for they are full of the flesh of a man. Therefore I bid thee be wise in time. For all men may err; but he that keepeth not his folly, but repenteth, doeth well; but stubbornness cometh to great trouble."

Then the king answered, "Old man, I know the race of prophets full well, how ye sell your art for gold. But, make thy trade as thou wilt, this man shall not have burial; yea, though the eagles of Zeus carry his flesh to their master's throne in heaven, he shall not have it."

And when the prophet spake again, entreating him, and warning, the king answered him after the same fashion, that he spake not honestly, but had sold his art for money. But at the last the prophet spake in great wrath, saying, "Know, O king, that before many days shall pass, thou shalt pay a life for a life, even one of thine own children, for them with whom thou hast dealt unrighteously, shutting up the living with the dead, and keeping the dead from them to whom they belong. Therefore the Furies lie in wait for thee, and thou shalt see whether or no I speak these things for money. For there shall be mourning and lamentation in thine own house; and against thy people shall be stirred up all the cities, whose sons thou hast made to lie unburied. And now, my child, lead me home, and let this man rage against them that are younger than I."

So the prophet departed, and the old men were sore afraid, and said, "He hath spoken terrible things, O king; nor ever since these gray hairs were black have we known him say that which was false."

"Even so," said the king, "and I am troubled in heart, and yet am loath to depart from my purpose."

"King Creon," said the old men, "thou needest good counsel."

"What, then, would ye have done?"

"Set free the maiden from the sepulcher, and give this dead man burial."

Then the king cried to his people that they should bring bars wherewith to loosen the doors of the sepulcher, and hasted with them to the place. But coming on their way to the body of Prince Polynices, they took it up, and washed it, and buried that which remained of it, and raised over the ashes a great mound of earth. And this being done, they drew near to the place of the sepulcher; and as they approached, the king heard within a very piteous voice, and knew it for the voice of his son. Then he bade his attendants loose the door with all speed; and when they had loosed it, they beheld within a very piteous sight. For the maiden Antigone had hanged herself by the girdle of linen which she wore, and the young man Prince Hæmon stood with his arms about her dead corpse, embracing it. And when the king saw him, he cried to him to come forth; but the prince glared fiercely upon him and answered him not a word, but drew his two-edged sword. Then the king, thinking that his son was minded in his madness to slay him, leapt back, but the prince drove the sword into his own heart, and fell forward on the earth, still holding the dead maiden in his arms. And when they brought the tidings of these things to Queen Eurydice, that was the wife of King Creon and mother to the prince, she could not endure the grief, being thus bereaved of her children, but laid hold of a sword, and slew herself therewith.

So the house of King Creon was left desolate unto him that day, because he despised the ordinances of the gods.

Notes and Queries.—Who was the author of the tragedy of Antigone? Who were the other two great Athenian dramatists whose works have come down to us? Look up Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides in the cyclopedia. What Greek belief gives the motive of this story? Look up the Greek burial customs in any cyclopedia of antiquities. Do you find any relics to-day of the classical belief that the lack of due funeral rites debars the soul from future happiness?

HEROISM IN LEGEND

Parting of Hector and Andromache

From THE "ILIAD" OF HOMER*

[Of authentic account of the life of Homer, the father of poetry, no vestiges remain. His date is most generally assigned to the ninth century B.C., though recent opinion inclines to put it as far back as 1300 B.C. The weight of authorities holds him to have been an Ionian of Asia Minor, and of the cities that claimed to be his birthplace, the choice usually falls to Chios or Smyrna. He is imagined as a blind rhapsodist wandering about the Asiatic coast and the islands of Greece and reciting verses in exchange for fame and maintenance.

The two chief poems ascribed to him are the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." The former is a tale of the episodes of the last year of the Trojan War: the wrath of Achilles and his withdrawal from the Grecian forces; his return to the fight; and the scenes attending the fall of Troy. The "Odyssey" deals with the wanderings of Ulysses after the sack of Troy and his return to Ithaca, with the circumstances attendant thereon. These poems are said to have been first reduced to writing by Pisistratus and his son Hipparchus, and have been regarded as the work of one man, until the publication of the "Prolegomena" by F. A. Wolf; since which time the controversy has been maintained as to whether they were not really a welding together of the ballads of a group of early singers. Assigned also to Homer, or the Homeridæ, are a group of some thirty-three hymns and a satirical piece called the "Battle of the Frogs and Mice."]

THE "Iliad" of Homer is the story of the last of the ten years during which the allied Greeks besieged Troy, to avenge the act of Paris, the son of King Priam, who carried away Helen, the wife of Menelaus, king of Sparta, while a guest at the latter's court. For this wrong against the laws of hospitality the gods had decreed that Troy must fall. By far the noblest figure in the great poem is that of Hector, the son of Priam and brother of Paris, who, knowing the decrees of fate, nevertheless performed his duty as a son, and a patriot, and

* Translation by the Earl of Derby.

went to his foreordained death without hesitation. The parting from his wife, Andromache, is one of the most famous passages in poetry.

TO whom great Hector of the glancing helm:
"Though kind thy wish, yet, Helen, ask me not
To sit or rest; I cannot yield to thee:
For to the succor of our friends I haste,
Who feel my loss, and sorely need my aid.
But thou thy husband rouse, and let him speed,
That he may find me still within the walls.
For I too homeward go; to see once more
My household, and my wife, and infant child:
For whether I may e'er again return,
I know not, or if Heav'n have so decreed,
That I this day by Grecian hands should fall."
Thus saying, Hector of the glancing helm
Turn'd to depart; with rapid step he reach'd
His own well-furnished house, but found not there
His white-arm'd spouse, the fair Andromache.
She with her infant child and maid the while
Was standing, bath'd in tears, in bitter grief,
On Ilium's topmost tower: but when her lord
Found not within the house his peerless wife,
Upon the threshold pausing, thus he spoke:
"Tell me, my maidens, tell me true, which way
Your mistress went, the fair Andromache;
Or to my sisters, or my brothers' wives?
Or to the temple where the fair-hair'd dames
Of Troy invoke Minerva's awful name?"
To whom the matron of his house replied:
"Hector, if truly we must answer thee,
Not to thy sisters, nor thy brothers' wives,
Nor to the temple where the fair-hair'd dames
Of Troy invoke Minerva's awful name,
But to the height of Ilium's topmost tow'r
Andromache is gone; since tidings came
The Trojan force was overmatch'd, and great
The Grecian strength; whereat, like one distract,
She hurried to the walls, and with her took,
Borne in the nurses' arms, her infant child."

So spoke the ancient dame; and Hector straight
Through the wide streets his rapid steps retrac'd.
But when at last the mighty city's length
Was travers'd, and the Scæan gates were reach'd,
Whence was the outlet to the plain, in haste
Running to meet him came his priceless wife,
Eëtion's daughter, fair Andromache;
Eëtion, who from Thebes Cilicia sway'd,
Thebes, at the foot of Placos' wooded heights.
His child to Hector of the brazen helm
Was giv'n in marriage: she it was who now
Met him, and by her side the nurse, who bore,
Clasp'd to her breast, his all unconscious child,
Hector's lov'd infant, fair as morning star;
Whom Hector call'd Scamandrius, but the rest
Astyanax, in honor of his sire,
The matchless chief, the only prop of Troy.
Silent he smil'd as on his boy he gaz'd:
But at his side Andromache, in tears,
Hung on his arm, and thus the chief address'd:
"Dear lord, thy dauntless spirit will work thy doom:
Nor hast thou pity on this thy helpless child,
Or me forlorn, to be thy widow soon:
For thee will all the Greeks with force combin'd
Assail and slay: for me, 'twere better far,
Of thee bereft, to lie beneath the sod;
Nor comfort shall be mine, if thou be lost,
But endless grief; to me nor sire is left,
Nor honor'd mother; fell Achilles' hand
My sire Eëtion slew, what time his arms
The populous city of Cilicia raz'd,
The lofty-gated Thebes; he slew indeed,
But stripp'd him not; he reverenc'd the dead;
And o'er his body, with his armor burnt,
A mound erected; and the mountain nymphs,
The progeny of ægis-bearing Jove,
Planted around his tomb a grove of elms.
There were sev'n brethren in my father's house;
All in one day they fell, amid their herds
And fleecy flocks, by fierce Achilles' hand.
My mother, Queen of Placos' wooded height,

Brought with the captives here, he soon releas'd
For costly ransom; but by Dian's shafts
She, in her father's house, was stricken down.
But, Hector, thou to me art all in one,
Sire, mother, brethren! thou, my wedded love!
Then pitying us, within the tow'r remain,
Nor make thy child an orphan, and thy wife
A hapless widow; by the fig-tree here
Array thy troops; for here the city wall,
Easiest of access, most invites assault.
Thrice have their boldest chiefs this point assail'd,
The two Ajaces, brave Idomeneus,
Th' Atridæ both, and Tydeus' warlike son,
Or by the prompting of some Heav'n-taught seer,
Or by their own advent'rous courage led."
To whom great Hector of the glancing helm:
"Think not, dear wife, that by such thoughts as these
My heart has ne'er been wrung; but I should blush
To face the men and long-rob'd dames of Troy,
If, like a coward, I could shun the fight.
Nor could my soul the lessons of my youth
So far forget, whose boast it still has been
In the fore-front of battle to be found,
Charg'd with my father's glory and mine own.
Yet in my inmost soul too well I know,
The day must come when this our sacred Troy,
And Priam's race, and Priam's royal self
Shall in one common ruin be o'erthrown.
But not the thoughts of Troy's impending fate,
Nor Hecuba's nor royal Priam's woes,
Nor loss of brethren, numerous and brave,
By hostile hands laid prostrate in the dust,
So deeply wring my heart as thoughts of thee,
Thy days of freedom lost, and led away
A weeping captive by some brass-clad Greek;
Haply in Argos, at a mistress' beck,
Condemn'd to ply the loom, or water draw
From Hypereia's or Messëis' fount,
Heart-wrung, by stern necessity constrain'd.
Then they who see thy tears perchance may say,
'Lo! this was Hector's wife, who, when they fought

ANDROMACHE IN CAPTIVITY

From a Painting by Sir Frederick Leighton.

On plains of Troy, was Ilium's bravest chief.'
Thus may they speak; and thus thy grief renew
For loss of him, who might have been thy shield
To rescue thee from slav'ry's bitter hour.
Oh may I sleep in dust, ere be condemn'd
To hear thy cries, and see thee dragged away!"
  Thus as he spoke, great Hector stretch'd his arms
To take his child; but back the infant shrank,
Crying, and sought his nurse's shelt'ring breast,
Scar'd by the brazen helm and horsehair plume,
That nodded, fearful, on the warrior's crest.
Laugh'd the fond parents both, and from his brow
Hector the casque remov'd, and set it down,
All glitt'ring, on the ground; then kiss'd his child,
And danc'd him in his arms; then thus to Jove
And to th' Immortals all address'd his pray'r:
  "Grant, Jove, and all ye gods, that this my son
May be, as I, the foremost man of Troy,
For valor fam'd, his country's guardian king;
That men may say, 'This youth surpasses far
His father,' when they see him from the fight,
From slaughter'd foes, with bloody spoils of war
Returning, to rejoice his mother's heart!"
  Thus saying, in his mother's arms he plac'd
His child; she to her fragrant bosom clasp'd,
Smiling through tears; with eyes of pitying love
Hector beheld, and press'd her hand, and thus
Address'd her—"Dearest, wring not thus my heart!
For till my day of destiny is come,
No man may take my life; and when it comes,
Nor brave nor coward can escape that day.
But go thou home, and ply thy household cares,
The loom and distaff, and appoint thy maids
Their sev'ral tasks; and leave to men of Troy
And, chief of all to me, the toils of war."
  Great Hector said, and rais'd his plumèd helm;
And homeward, slow, with oft-reverted eyes,
Shedding hot tears, his sorrowing wife return'd.
Arriv'd at valiant Hector's well-built house,
Her maidens press'd around her; and in all
Arose at once the sympathetic grief.

For Hector, yet alive, his household mourn'd,
Deeming he never would again return,
Safe from the fight, by Grecian hands unharm'd.

Notes and Queries.—What is the difference between the ancient leader in war and the modern? How did the long training to arms, and the means of obtaining complete defensive armor and the best weapons make the ancient hero in his chariot, or the knight of the Middle Ages on his war horse, more than a match for almost any number of common soldiers? What has been the tendency of military science in this respect? How did the scientific use of infantry in the phalanx and similar formations tend to neutralize the superiority of the full-armed cavalier? What invention decided his downfall? Note how, since the invention of gunpowder, the steady improvement of firearms has increased the distance at which battles are fought. Consider how this tends to substitute, more and more, the consummate skill of the general for the individual bravery of the soldier.

HEROISM

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON

[Ralph Waldo Emerson, the Concord philosopher, was born in Boston, May 25, 1803. At eleven years of age he translated Virgil into verse, but at Harvard, though prize essayist and class poet, he was not otherwise distinguished. After graduation he taught school and studied divinity under Dr. Channing. He was ordained but resigned on account of theological doubts. In 1833 he visited Europe and, in England, met Coleridge, Wordsworth, Landor, De Quincey, and Carlyle. The results of his observations were published in the volume "English Traits."

On his return from Europe he began lecturing, which he followed at intervals for the rest of his life. The lectures were turned into essays, and in this form they have been published. In May, 1834, he began the famous correspondence with Carlyle that since his death has been edited by C. E. Norton. In 1836 a little volume entitled "Nature" placed him in the first rank of American thinkers. On August 31, 1837, he delivered the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa address, "The American Scholar." About 1840 there appeared in certain intellectual circles of New England the so-called Transcendental movement which was accounted to spring from his writings. That he disclaimed responsibility for its extreme development is seen by his address on "The Conservative." The movement gave rise to the organ named "The Dial," edited first by Margaret Fuller, and afterward, for the three last years of its existence, by Emerson himself. In 1846 his first volume of poems was published, and, in 1850, "Representative Men," a series of lectures delivered in England. After 1860 his work savored more of the practical philosopher. In that year he published "Conduct of Life" and in 1870, "Society and Solitude," two series of lectures. He died at Concord April 27, 1882. Of all his essays this on "Heroism" exhibits the writer's characteristic acumen in its most interesting aspect. Emerson had the keenest eye for the real, which he unflinchingly detached from the many counterfeits that too generally pass current among the easily satisfied multitude. This essay fitly sums the lessons embodied in the varied examples of the heroic in actual life, here gathered for the inspiration of young and mature readers, who aim to make their lives helpful to those who shall come after them.]

"Paradise is under the shadow of swords."—*Mahomet.*

IN the elder English dramatists, and mainly in the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, there is a constant recognition of gentility, as if a noble behavior were as easily marked in the society of their age, as color is in our American population.

When any Rodrigo, Pedro, or Valerio enters, though he be a stranger, the duke or governor exclaims, This is a gentleman —and proffers civilities without end; but all the rest are slag and refuse. In harmony with this delight in personal advantages, there is in their plays a certain heroic cast of character and dialogue—as in "Bonduca," "Sophocles," the "Mad Lover," the "Double Marriage"—wherein the speaker is so earnest and cordial, and on such deep grounds of character, that the dialogue, on the slightest additional incident in the plot, rises naturally into poetry. Among many texts, take the following. The Roman Martius has conquered Athens—all but the invincible spirits of Sophocles, the duke of Athens, and Dorigen, his wife. The beauty of the latter inflames Martius, and he seeks to save her husband; but Sophocles will not ask his life, although assured that a word will save him, and the execution of both proceeds.

Valerius. Bid thy wife farewell.
Soph. No, I will take no leave. My Dorigen,
Yonder, above, 'bout Ariadne's crown,
My spirit shall hover for thee. Prithee, haste.
Dor. Stay, Sophocles—with this, tie up my sight;
Let not soft nature so transformed be,
And lose her gentler sexed humanity,
To make me see my lord bleed. So, 'tis well;
Never one object underneath the sun
Will I behold before my Sophocles:
Farewell; now teach the Romans how to die.
Mar. Dost know what 'tis to die?
Soph. Thou dost not, Martius,
And therefore, not what 'tis to live; to die
Is to begin to live. It is to end
An old, stale, weary work, and to commence
A newer, and a better. 'Tis to leave
Deceitful knaves for the society
Of gods and goodness. Thou, thyself, must part
At last, from all thy garlands, pleasures, triumphs,
And prove thy fortitude what then 'twill do.
Val. But art not grieved nor vexed to leave thy life thus?
Soph. Why should I grieve or vex for being sent

To them I ever loved best? Now, I'll kneel,
But with my back toward thee; 'tis the last duty
This trunk can do the gods.
Mar. Strike, strike, Valerius,
Or Martius' heart will leap out at his mouth:
This is a man, a woman! Kiss thy lord,
And live with all the freedom you were wont.
O love! thou doubly hast afflicted me
With virtue and with beauty. Treacherous heart,
My hand shall cast the quick into my urn,
Ere thou transgress this knot of piety.
Val. What ails my brother?
Soph. Martius, oh Martius,
Thou now hast found a way to conquer me.
Dor. O star of Rome! what gratitude can speak
Fit words to follow such a deed as this?
Mar. This admirable duke, Valerius,
With his disdain of fortune and of death,
Captived himself, has captived me,
And though my arm hath ta'en his body here,
His soul hath subjugated Martius' soul.
By Romulus, he is all soul, I think;
He hath no flesh, and spirit cannot be gyved;
Then we have vanquished nothing; he is free,
And Martius walks now in captivity.

I do not readily remember any poem, play, sermon, novel, or oration, that our press vents in the last few years, which goes to the same tune. We have a great many flutes and flageolets, but not often the sound of any fife. Yet, Wordsworth's "Laodamia," and the ode of "Dion," and some sonnets, have a certain noble music; and Scott will sometimes draw a stroke like the portrait of Lord Evandale, given by Balfour of Burley. Thomas Carlyle, with his natural taste for what is manly and daring in character, has suffered no heroic trait in his favorites to drop from his biographical and historical pictures. Earlier, Robert Burns has given us a song or two. In the Harleian Miscellanies, there is an account of the battle of Lutzen, which deserves to be read. And Simon Ockley's "History of the Saracens" recounts the prodigies of individual valor with

admiration, all the more evident on the part of the narrator, that he seems to think that his place in Christian Oxford requires of him some proper protestations of abhorrence. But if we explore the literature of heroism, we shall quickly come to Plutarch, who is its doctor and historian. To him we owe the Brasidas, the Dion, the Epaminondas, the Scipio of old, and I must think we are more deeply indebted to him than to all the ancient writers. Each of his "Lives" is a refutation to the despondency and cowardice of our religious and political theorists. A wild courage, a stoicism not of the schools, but of the blood, shines in every anecdote, and has given that book its immense fame.

We need books of this tart cathartic virtue, more than books of political science or of private economy. Life is a festival only to the wise. Seen from the nook and chimney-side of prudence, it wears a ragged and dangerous front. The violations of the laws of nature by our predecessors and our contemporaries, are punished in us also. The disease and deformity around us certify the infraction of natural, intellectual, and moral laws, and often violation on violation to breed such compound misery. A lockjaw, that bends a man's head back to his heels; hydrophobia, that makes him bark at his wife and babes; insanity, that makes him eat grass; war, plague, cholera, famine, indicate a certain ferocity in nature, which, as it had its inlet by human crime, must have its outlet by human suffering. Unhappily, almost no man exists who has not in his own person become, to some amount, a stockholder in the sin, and so made himself liable to a share in the expiation.

Our culture, therefore, must not omit the arming of the man. Let him hear in season that he is born into the state of war, and that the commonwealth and his own well-being require that he should not go dancing in the weeds of peace, but warned, self-collected, and neither defying nor dreading the thunder, let him take both reputation and life in his hand, and with perfect urbanity, dare the gibbet and the mob by the absolute truth of his speech and the rectitude of his behavior.

Toward all this external evil the man within the breast assumes a warlike attitude, and affirms his ability to cope single-

handed with the infinite army of enemies. To this military attitude of the soul we give the name of heroism. Its rudest form is the contempt for safety and ease which makes the attractiveness of war. It is a self-trust which slights the restraints of prudence in the plenitude of its energy and power to repair the harms it may suffer. The hero is a mind of such balance that no disturbances can shake his will, but pleasantly, and, as it were, merrily, he advances to his own music, alike in frightful alarms, and in the tipsy mirth of universal dissoluteness. There is somewhat not philosophical in heroism; there is somewhat not holy in it; it seems not to know that other souls are of one texture with it; it hath pride; it is the extreme of individual nature. Nevertheless, we must profoundly revere it. There is somewhat in great actions which does not allow us to go behind them. Heroism feels and never reasons, and therefore is always right, and although a different breeding, different religion, and greater intellectual activity would have modified, or even reversed the particular action, yet for the hero, that thing he does, is the highest deed, and is not open to the censure of philosophers or divines. It is the avowal of the unschooled man, that he finds a quality in him that is negligent of expense, of health, of life, of danger, of hatred, of reproach, and that he knows that his will is higher and more excellent than all actual and all possible antagonists.

Heroism works in contradiction to the voice of mankind, and in contradiction, for a time, to the voice of the great and good. Heroism is an obedience to a secret impulse of an individual's character. Now to no other man can its wisdom appear as it does to him, for every man must be supposed to see a little further on his own proper path, than any one else. Therefore, just and wise men take umbrage at his act, until after some little time be past: then, they see it to be in unison with their acts. All prudent men see that the action is clean contrary to a sensual prosperity; for every heroic act measures itself by its contempt of some external good. But it finds its own success at last, and then the prudent also extol.

Self-trust is the essence of heroism. It is the state of the soul at war, and its ultimate objects are the last defiance of

falsehood and wrong, and the power to bear all that can be inflicted by evil agents. It speaks the truth, and it is just. It is generous, hospitable, temperate, scornful of petty calculations, and scornful of being scorned. It persists; it is of an undaunted boldness, and of a fortitude not to be wearied out. Its jest is the littleness of common life. That false prudence which dotes on health and wealth, is the foil, the butt and merriment of heroism. Heroism, like Plotinus, is almost ashamed of its body. What shall it say, then, to the sugar-plums and cats'-cradles, to the toilet, compliments, quarrels, cards, and custard, which rack the wit of all human society. What joys has kind nature provided for us dear creatures! There seems to be no interval between greatness and meanness. When the spirit is not master of the world then is it its dupe. Yet the little man takes the great hoax so innocently, works in it so headlong and believing, is born red, and dies gray, arranging his toilet, attending on his own health, laying traps for sweet food and strong wine, setting his heart on a horse or a rifle, made happy with a little gossip, or a little praise, that the great soul cannot choose but laugh at such earnest nonsense. "Indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to take note how many pairs of silk stockings thou hast, namely, these and those that were the peach-colored ones, or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as one for superfluity, and one other for use."

Citizens, thinking after the laws of arithmetic, consider the inconvenience of receiving strangers at their fireside, reckon narrowly the loss of time and the unusual display: the soul of a better quality thrusts back the unreasonable economy into the vaults of life, and says, I will obey the God, and the sacrifice and the fire he will provide. Ibn Hankal, the Arabian geographer, describes a heroic extreme in the hospitality of Sogd, in Bokhara. "When I was in Sogd I saw a great building, like a palace, the gates of which were open and fixed back to the wall with large nails. I asked the reason, and was told that the house had not been shut, night or day, for a hundred years. Strangers may present themselves at any hour, and in whatever number; the master has amply provided for the reception of

the men and their animals, and is never happier than when they tarry for some time. Nothing of the kind have I seen in any other country." The magnanimous know very well that they who give time, or money, or shelter, to the stranger—so it be done for love, and not for ostentation—do, as it were, put God under obligation to them, so perfect are the compensations of the universe. In some way the time they seem to lose is redeemed, and the pains they seem to take remunerate themselves. These men fan the flame of human love and raise the standard of civil virtue among mankind. But hospitality must be for service, and not for show, or it pulls down the host. The brave soul rates itself too high to value itself by the splendor of its table and draperies. It gives what it hath, and all it hath, but its own majesty can lend a better grace to bannocks and fair water, than belong to city feasts.

The temperance of the hero proceeds from the same wish to do no dishonor to the worthiness he has. But he loves it for its elegancy, not for its austerity. It seems not worth his while to be solemn, and denounce with bitterness flesh-eating, or wine-drinking, the use of tobacco, or opium, or tea, or silk, or gold. A great man scarcely knows how he dines, how he dresses, but without railing or precision, his living is natural and poetic. John Eliot, the Indian apostle, drank water, and said of wine, "It is a noble, generous liquor, and we should be humbly thankful for it. But, as I remember, water was made before it." Better still, is the temperance of King David who poured out on the ground unto the Lord the water which three of his warriors had brought him to drink, at the peril of their lives.

It is told of Brutus, that when he fell on his sword, after the battle of Philippi, he quoted a line of Euripides, "O virtue, I have followed thee through life, and I find thee at last but a shade." I doubt not the hero is slandered by this report. The heroic soul does not sell its justice and its nobleness. It does not ask to dine nicely, and to sleep warm. The essence of greatness is the perception that virtue is enough. Poverty is its ornament. Plenty, it does not need, and can very well abide its loss.

But that which takes my fancy most, in the heroic class, is the good humor and hilarity they exhibit. It is a height to which common duty can very well attain, to suffer and to dare with solemnity. But these rare souls set opinion, success and life, at so cheap a rate, that they will not soothe their enemies by petitions, or the show of sorrow, but wear their own habitual greatness. Scipio, charged with peculation, refuses to do himself so great a disgrace as to wait for justification, though he had the scroll of his accounts in his hands, but tears it to pieces before the tribunes. Socrates' condemnation of himself to be maintained in all honor in the Prytaneum, during his life, and Sir Thomas More's playfulness at the scaffold, are of the same strain. In Beaumont and Fletcher's "Sea Voyage," Juletta tells the stout captain and his company,

Jul. Why, slaves, 'tis in our power to hang ye.
Master. Very likely,
'Tis in our powers, then, to be hanged, and scorn ye.

These replies are sound and whole. Sport is the bloom and glow of a perfect health. The great will not condescend to take anything seriously; all must be as gay as the song of a canary, though it were the building of cities or the eradication of old and foolish churches and nations, which have cumbered the earth long thousands of years. Simple hearts put all the history and customs of this world behind them, and play their own play in innocent defiance of the blue laws of the world; and such would appear, could we see the human race assembled in vision, like little children frolicking together, though, to the eyes of mankind at large, they wear a stately and solemn garb of works and influences.

The interest these fine stories have for us, the power of a romance over the boy who grasps the forbidden book under his bench at school, our delight in the hero, is the main fact to our purpose. All these great and transcendent properties are ours. If we dilate in beholding the Greek energy, the Roman pride, it is that we are already domesticating the same sentiment. Let us find room for this great guest in our small houses. The first step of worthiness will be to disabuse us of our superstí-

tious associations with places and times, with number and size. Why should these words, Athenian, Roman, Asia, and England, so tingle in the ear? Let us feel that where the heart is, there the muses, there the gods so sojourn, and not in any geography of fame. Massachusetts, Connecticut River, and Boston Bay, you think paltry places, and the ear loves names of foreign and classic topography. But here we are; that is a great fact, and, if we will tarry a little, we may come to learn that here is best. See to it only that thyself is here; and art and nature, hope and dread, friends, angels, and the Supreme Being, shall not be absent from the chamber where thou sittest. Epaminondas, brave and affectionate, does not seem to us to need Olympus to die upon, nor the Syrian sunshine. He lies very well where he is. The Jerseys were handsome ground enough for Washington to tread, and London streets for the feet of Milton. A great man illustrates his place, makes his climate genial in the imagination of men, and its air the beloved element of all delicate spirits. That country is the fairest which is inhabited by the noblest minds. The pictures which fill the imagination in reading the actions of Pericles, Xenophon, Columbus, Bayard, Sidney, Hampden, teach us how needlessly mean our life is, that we, by the depth of our living, should deck it with more than regal or national splendor, and act on principles that should interest man and nature in the length of our days.

We have seen or heard of many extraordinary young men, who never ripened, or whose performance in actual life was not extraordinary. When we see their air and mien, when we hear them speak of society, of books, of religion, we admire their superiority —they seem to throw contempt on the whole state of the world; theirs is the tone of a youthful giant, who is sent to work revolutions. But they enter an active profession, and the forming Colossus shrinks to the common size of man. The magic they used was the ideal tendencies, which always make the actual ridiculous; but the tough world had its revenge the moment they put their horses of the sun to plow in its furrow. They found no example and no companion, and their heart fainted. What then? The lesson they gave in their first

aspirations, is yet true, and a better valor, and a purer truth, shall one day execute their will, and put the world to shame. Or why should a woman liken herself to any historical woman, and think, because Sappho, or Sévigné, or De Staël, or the cloistered souls who have had genius and cultivation, do not satisfy the imagination, and the serene Themis, none can—certainly not she. Why not? She has a new and unattempted problem to solve, perchance that of the happiest nature that ever bloomed. Let the maiden, with erect soul, walk serenely on her way, accept the hint of each new experience, try, in turn, all the gifts God offers her, that she may learn the power and the charm, that like a new dawn radiating out of the deep of space, her newborn being is. The fair girl, who repels interference by a decided and proud choice of influences, so careless of pleasing, so willful and lofty, inspires every beholder with somewhat of her own nobleness. The silent heart encourages her; O friend, never strike sail to a fear. Come into port greatly, or sail with God the seas. Not in vain you live, for every passing eye is cheered and refined by the vision.

The characteristic of a genuine heroism is its persistency. All men have wandering impulses, fits and starts of generosity. But when you have resolved to be great, abide by yourself, and do not weakly try to reconcile yourself with the world. The heroic cannot be the common, nor the common the heroic. Yet we have the weakness to expect the sympathy of people in those actions whose excellence is that they outrun sympathy, and appeal to a tardy justice. If you would serve your brother, because it is fit for you to serve him, do not take back your words when you find that prudent people do not commend you. Be true to your own act, and congratulate yourself if you have done something strange and extravagant, and broken the monotony of a decorous age. It was a high counsel that I once heard given to a young person: "Always do what you are afraid to do." A simple manly character need never make an apology, but should regard its past action with the calmness of Phocion, when he admitted that the event of the battle was happy, yet did not regret his dissuasion from the battle.

There is no weakness or exposure for which we cannot

find consolation in the thought—this is a part of my constitution, part of my relation and office to my fellow-creature. Has nature covenanted with me that I should never appear to disadvantage, never make a ridiculous figure? Let us be generous of our dignity as well as of our money. Greatness once and forever has done with opinion. We tell our charities, not because we wish to be praised for them, not because we think they have great merit, but for our justification. It is a capital blunder; as you discover when another man recites his charities.

To speak the truth, even with some austerity, to live with some rigor of temperance, or some extremes of generosity, seems to be an asceticism which common good-nature would appoint to those who are at ease and in plenty, in sign that they feel a brotherhood with the great multitude of suffering men. And not only need we breathe and exercise the soul by assuming the penalties of abstinence, of debt, of solitude, of unpopularity, but it behooves the wise man to look with a bold eye into those rarer dangers which sometimes invade men, and to familiarize himself with disgusting forms of disease, with sounds of execration, and the vision of violent death.

Times of heroism are generally times of terror, but the day never shines in which this element may not work. The circumstances of man, we say, are historically somewhat better in this country, and at this hour, than perhaps ever before. More freedom exists for culture. It will not now run against an axe, at the first step out of the beaten track of opinion. But whoso is heroic will always find crises to try his edge. Human virtue demands her champions and martyrs, and the trial of persecution always proceeds. It is but the other day that the brave Lovejoy gave his breast to the bullets of a mob for the rights of free speech and opinion, and died when it was better not to live.

I see not any road of perfect peace, which a man can walk, but to take counsel of his own bosom. Let him quit too much association, let him go home much, and establish himself in those courses he approves. The unremitting retention of simple and high sentiments in obscure duties, is hardening the

character to that temper which will work with honor, if need be, in the tumult, or on the scaffold. Whatever outrages have happened to men, may befall a man again; and very easily in a republic, if there appear any signs of a decay of religion. Coarse slander, fire, tar and feathers, and the gibbet, the youth may freely bring home to his mind, and with what sweetness of temper he can, and inquire how fast he can fix his sense of duty, braving such penalties, whenever it may please the next newspaper, and a sufficient number of his neighbors, to pronounce his opinions incendiary.

It may calm the apprehension of calamity in the most susceptible heart, to see how quick a bound nature has set to the utmost infliction of malice. We rapidly approach a brink over which no enemy can follow us.

> "Let them rave:
> Thou art quiet in thy grave."

In the gloom of our ignorance of what shall be, in the hour when we are deaf to the higher voices, who does not envy them who have seen safely to an end their manful endeavor? Who that sees the meanness of our politics, but inly congratulates Washington, that he is long already wrapped in his shroud, and forever safe; that he was laid sweet in his grave, the hope of humanity not yet subjugated in him? Who does not sometimes envy the good and brave, who are no more to suffer from the tumults of the natural world, and await with curious complacency the speedy term of his own conversation with finite nature? And yet the love that will be annihilated sooner than be treacherous, has already made death impossible, and affirms itself no mortal, but a native of the deeps of absolute and inextinguishable being.

Notes and Queries.—You will find it interesting to look up in a cyclopedia the names mentioned in this essay, and to see if you can understand why Emerson mentions each one in the connection in which he uses it.